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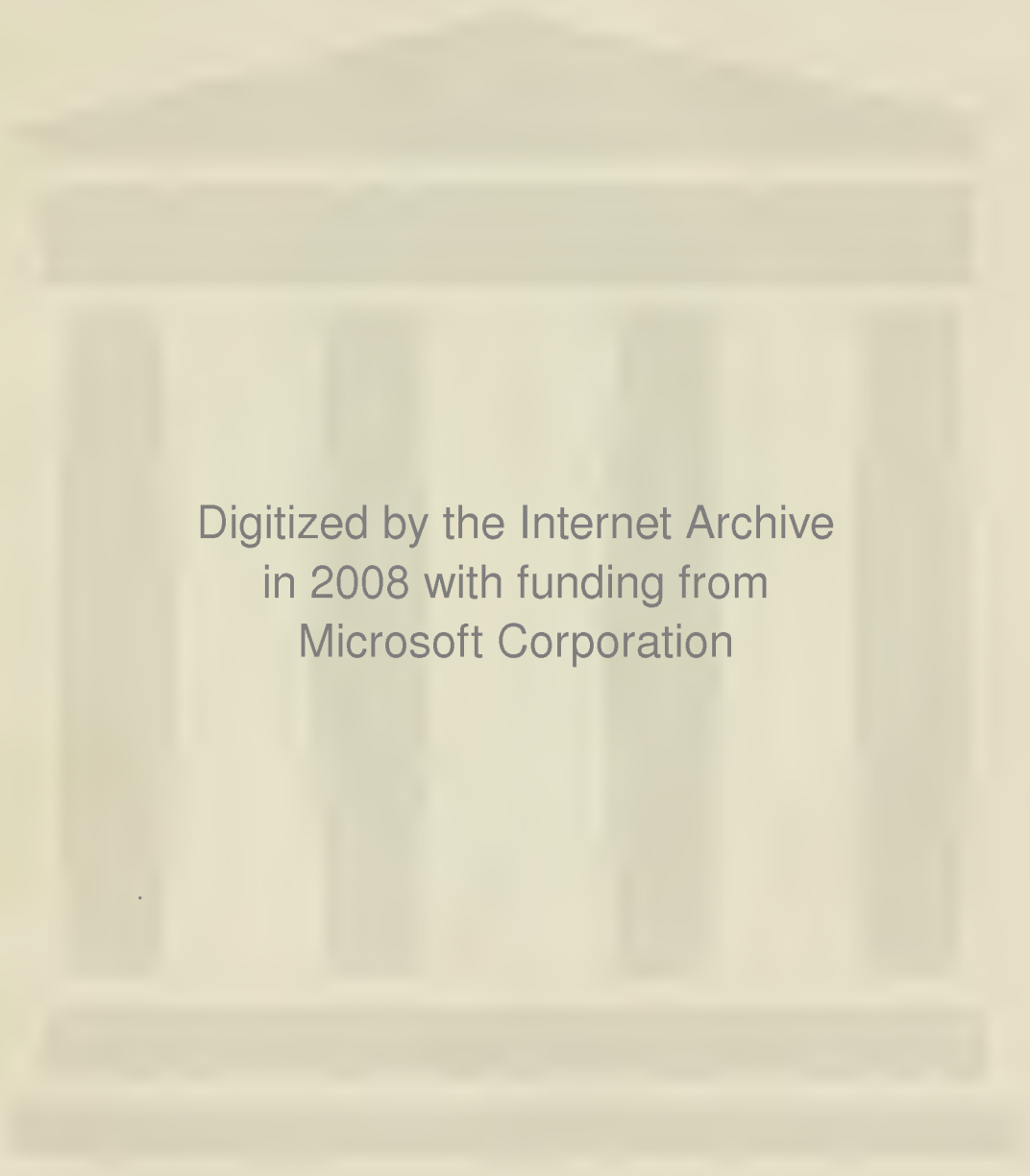
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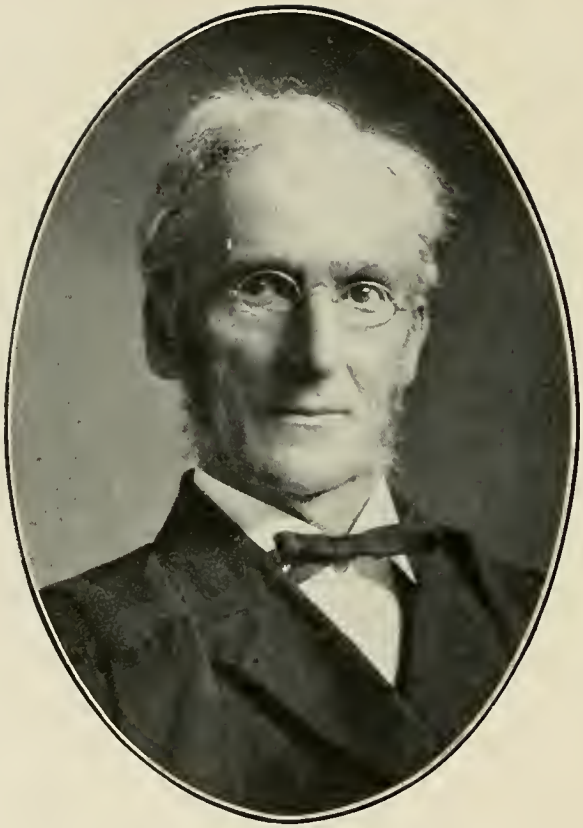

DANIEL MORSE WELTON

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
OCTOBER, 1904.

REV. DR. WELTON IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

It has been said that a minister's power is his message multiplied by his personality. Dr. Welton's personality was distinctly marked. In power of thought, quickness and range of feeling, and in strength of will, he gave the impression of original force guided, but not repressed, by education and high conscience.

Sympathethic, but not weak, he attracted friends and retained them. Intellectual, but not pedantic, he won respect and confidence, and stimulated others to mental activity ; but he did not, by display of learning, discourage those who were seeking the kingdom of knowledge. Acting from convictions intelligently formed, he was fitted as a leader to give direction; but he did not mistake obstinacy for firmness. By respecting the views of those with whom he was associated, he bound them most closely to what was best and to himself. He united sweetness with light, and the light turned to love. Such was Dr. Welton's personality as I knew him.

His message was in its "simplicity sublime." The great doctrines of God, of Christ and His salvation, of the Gospel church made the strong music which "his soul tried to catch." These great truths came unto him as the word of the Lord and then came forth from him winged with whatever power his personal force could impart to them. In declaring them he had the "simplicity that is in Christ." These doctrines gave him the grace of continuance. So he remained pastor of the Windsor church for seventeen years, and as often as he visited the town was

heard with an enthusiastic delight. This would not have been true if his message had been narrow or his personality weak.

These elements made him, according to the testimony of his brethren, a model pastor. He led in Bible study, in educating the people in missions, in denominational and philanthropic enterprises. He gave the Windsor church an ideal of service and of faith in the Gospel it has retained during the thirty years that have passed since he ceased to be its minister.

He loved Acadia where he had received his college education. He had supported it for years as a pastor and as a member of its Board of Governors, and when he was asked to take a place on the staff of instruction he consented, because he believed he could thereby aid in training the ministers of Eastern Canada. He worked with his might for that purpose. While his principal service as professor was in Ontario, his influence in promoting zeal for ministerial education among the churches of the Maritime Provinces has been clearly recognized.

Acadia, no doubt, owes to Dr. Welton the gift of the late Mr. G. P. Payzant for theological education—a bequest that will ultimately amount to one hundred thousand dollars.

These few statements will indicate some few of the reasons why the Baptist body in the Lower Provinces reveres the name of D. M. Welton. The evangelical character of his preaching, his quenchless love of the Gospel, his sincerity of friendship, his Christian brotherliness, his culture, scholarship and ability, endeared him to those who approve things that are excellent and of good report.

As Phillips Brooks said of the death of Dean Stanley, when such a man dies it is like the going out of a star whose light one has learned to watch.

E. M. Keirstead.

Acadia University,
Wolfville, N.S.

"RE-CONSTRUCTION IN THEOLOGY."*

A REVIEW.

In "Re-construction in Theology," Professor King aims—(1) "To show that such a re-construction is needed and demanded because of the changed intellectual, moral, and spiritual world in which we live; (2) to characterize briefly this new world of our day; and (3) to indicate the influence which these convictions of our time ought to have upon theological conception and statement, especially in bringing us to a re-statement of theology in terms of personal relation."

In his introduction he speaks of the spirit needed in theology to-day. There must be a clear recognition of the temporary task of any theologian or system; the theologian must have a sympathetic knowledge of his age; must have a sympathetic knowledge of the church of the past, and thus put a due value upon the great creeds of the church; he must frankly acknowledge difficulties, and must endeavor to understand other religious leaders and thinkers.

Evidence of the need of re-construction in theology is drawn from the writings of such theologians as Professor Fisher, Dean Church, Dr. R. W. Dale, Professor Beyschlag, Dr. D. W. Simon, Principal Fairbairn, and Professor Hermann. The points of criticism of the old theology are, that its statements are unhistorical, unprotestant, unbiblical, unreligious, unspiritual, or unscientific. The reason for this feeling of the need of re-construction is, not a rationalistic spirit in the church, not the reaction on the church of an anti-religious age, but simply because the living faith of the present finds it hard to express itself fully and naturally in the doctrinal statements of the Reformers, or even of the theology of fifty years ago. This faith has been nourished in a different atmosphere—the atmosphere of a new intellectual, moral and spiritual world.

Our age is revolutionary. It seeks to break the dominion of all prejudice, and to undermine every ill-founded belief. In

*Paper read at the annual Alumni Conference, May, 1904.

religion, in the state, in the intellectual sphere, tremendous changes have taken place during the past century, and side by side with these changes similar changes have occurred in general moral and spiritual convictions. Reverence for personality, freedom of conscience, and freedom of investigation, law in the spiritual world, yet the subordination of the mechanical, the unity of the ethical life in love, no separation of the sacred and secular, the social conscience, the central importance of action, the recognition of Christ as the supreme person—these are the convictions that are being emphasized to-day, and these are the source of our dissatisfaction with the older statements in theology, says Dr. King.

In the second part of the book the author discusses the influence of this new world on theology. Scientific influences are first referred to. The principle of freedom of investigation is shown to have a most important bearing upon theology. Scientific enquiry has to do with the problem of causal connection. This means that theology refuses to settle *a priori* how God must have acted in any case in nature or in revelation, but turns over to humble, patient, scientific enquiry how He did and does act. All questions as to the conditions of the appearance of life, of man, of conscience—all questions regarding the authorship, age and unity of the Scriptures, are to be freely and fearlessly investigated in the most strictly scientific way. Our only anxiety can be that the investigators be really competent. Of these scientific investigations theology simply takes the results and interprets them. The process belongs to science, the meaning to theology.

Theology accepts science's three-fold restriction of itself, to experience, to the tracing of purely causal connection, and to phenomena. Theology accepts unreservedly science's main contention of the universality of law, that mechanism is absolutely universal in extent, although it notes that the principle is the universality, not the uniformity of law. The contention of theology is that mechanism is means only, and that means must not be mistaken for ends nor dominate ends. With this contention the question of miracles has to do. The religious man insists upon a living God, and, therefore, that, though mechanism is absolutely universal in extent, it is, nevertheless, completely subordinate in significance. God will always act according to law, that is in

perfect consistency with His unchanging purpose of love; but His action may not always be capable of being formulated under any of the laws of nature known to us. Rare phenomena are not lawless. The question of the occurrence of miracles is primarily a question of fact. In the case of all asserted discoveries of extraordinary phenomena we simply ask, Are these things true? If they are, we say that, doubtless, they are illustrations of a wider law, a larger correlation than we have hitherto recognized. The attempts deliberately to eliminate the miraculous from the Gospel records scarcely follow this scientific procedure. They do not give the impression of scientific historical enquiry. They start from *a priori* assumptions, and the present is certainly no time for men to be determining what can or cannot be in the realm of facts. The historian who tries to construct a reasoned picture of the life of Christ finds that he cannot dispense with the miracles. Eliminate them from the career of Jesus, and the belief of Christians, from the first moment that we have undoubted contemporary evidence of it, becomes an insoluble enigma. The great miracle, in fact, is always Jesus Himself, His life, character and teaching. And this is incontestable fact. Here now is a great new cause. On the principle of causality itself, should we not expect new effects? Moreover, a miracle is not an isolated wonder. It has significance, and is connected with a larger order. There is no sound reason, philosophical or scientific, for denying that God has personal relation with other spirits, direct access to them. To deny such direct access of God to the human spirit is really to deny the possibility of revelation, to deny prayer, to deny any living contact with God, to deny any living concrete God at all. So far, therefore, as miracle implies only direct relation to men we find no difficulty. Our difficulty is felt only in the world of nature, and the solution of that difficulty is to be found in a larger dominant spiritual order.

In the relation of theology to natural science, theology accepts the theory of evolution as a general statement of the method of God's working. The theologian wishes only that there should be real precision of thought as to what the evolution theory is. Theology insists, in the first place, that evolution means real evolution—a succession of stages with new phenomena and new laws, not uniformity or identity of laws. In the second place,

theology insists that, if we are not to be only half evolutionists, it must be seen that evolution does not stop with the animal series, but includes the human stage. The most absolute evolution theory, so long as it is scientific at all, can only be a description of the process by which God has worked—of the method which He has employed. Theology is perfectly ready to accept the facts, whatever they may be. It rejoices in the larger view which evolution seems to give of the method, plan and aim of God in the universe ; in the great extension and strengthening of the design argument ; in the harmony it brings into the divine methods, and in the enlarged conception of God in His immanence in the world. Nevertheless, the theory of the evolution of the animal series, fully accepted in its radical form, is no universal solvent of ethical and theological questions, where personal relations replace organic. The application of evolution here will simply mean that, in personal relations with men, God's self-revelation at every stage will be adapted to man's capacities to receive, and will progress as rapidly as possible (p. 95). A consistent view of evolution must recognize the human stage with its personal relations. From the theory of evolution, in its narrower scope, we shall look in vain for revolutionary results in the statement of individual theological doctrines. Helpful analogies and suggestive points of view we shall have, but scarcely more. But the legitimate application of evolution in its entirety is a thing to be welcomed, not feared. All God's ways are harmonious (p. 96). From what has been said it will be seen that Professor King is a conservative evolutionist.

Sixty pages are devoted to the influence of the historical and literary criticism of the Bible upon theology. The general outcome of this criticism, so far as it concerns the New Testament, is certainly thought to be reassuring, to have given us stronger and better reasons for our faith in Christ. The question which is just now of the greatest importance to theology is the application of essentially the same historical and literary criticism to the books of the Old Testament. Higher criticism is defined as a careful historical and literary study of a book, to determine its unity, age, authorship, literary form, and reliability. In its purity the higher criticism of the Old Testament is simply an honest inductive study of the facts about the historical revelation of God, to determine,

just as in a truly scientific study of nature, how God actually *did* proceed, not how He *must have proceeded.* It stands squarely opposed to *a priori* attitudes of both abstract supernaturalism and abstract anti-supernaturalism. The inevitableness of the higher criticism of the Old Testament is pointed out, and the dangers, for the church, in passing over from the older view of the Bible to that involved in the critical position are dealt with by the author in an earnest and fearless manner.

The general result of the critical study of the Old Testament is that scholars have a different conception than that held by the traditional view of the dates, order, authors and mode of composition of the books of the Old Testament ; they do not put all parts upon the same level, but rather emphasize growth in the religious ideas, institutions and legislation of Israel, and hold that the earlier prophets preceded most of this development, and recognize the constant human element in the book. The questions are questions of scholarship, and can be settled only in the field of scholarship, but the church has no reason to fear the general outcome of the critical study of the Old Testament.

The author enumerates reasons for confidence in the abiding significance of the Old Testament, and then proceeds to discuss the gains from the higher criticism. The gains, chiefly intellectual, are that it relieves of the burden of the false *a priori* theories of inspiration ; that it has relieved of many minor difficulties that must be felt on the old hypotheses ; that it has helped historical credibility ; that it has brought into stronger light the true providential function of Israel and its literature—not to teach the world science or history, but to help men to find God and to be found of God. There is a gain, too, in view of the fact that Christianity is Biblical. The truth, only the truth, and the whole truth about the Bible must be finally best for Christianity. Moreover, there is a gain in the fact that a real historical interpretation of the Old Testament is possible to our generation to a degree never before true, and so we are helped to know God Himself better in the patient, loving adaptation of His redemptive leading of His people.

The present positive results for theology of the higher criticism are that it has brought out into clear prominence the one great purpose of the Bible—that it is neither science nor history,

but solely and simply a record of the historical self-revelation of God to a single people and so to all men, looking always to the winning of men to a character like God's ; it has emphasized the principle of progress in revelation ; it has shown that, with all its wonderful unity of development, there is no mechanical unity in the Bible or even in the New Testament, but that the different writers show individual reflections of a religious experience more or less common to them. Moreover, the theologian must frankly confess that he does not feel free to quote indifferently from any part of the Bible as of equal authority with every other. Proof texts, in the old sense, sink out of sight.

E. J. Stobo, Jr.

(To be Concluded.)

A STUDY OF POPULAR PROVERBS.

Everybody hears and, doubtless, utters a dozen of these pithy sayings every day, and yet, perhaps, never has taken the trouble to consider what a proverb is—what it is that makes it so popular among all classes, high and low, among all the nations of the world. But if we study them, we cannot fail to be impressed with the beauty which many have, and, still more important, with their significance and influence. The better class of proverbs contain good sense and good feeling ; kindness breathes out of them, and many prudent rules for the management of life are found among them. Higher things, too, ethics and theology, the relation of man to his fellow-man and to God, are treated. The realm of proverbs is comprehensive. Admittedly, all proverbs are not true, but they are of such importance that the student of humanity cannot afford to neglect or pass them by.

A proverb has been variously defined. Lord John Russell called it, "The wit of one and the wisdom of many ;" another defines it, "A common and pithy expression which embodies some moral precept or admitted truth." A number of other definitions have been suggested, but whichever we take must include in it as essential the ideas of triteness, common usage and

popular acceptance. The word "proverb" has several synonyms—maxim, saying, truism, adage, saw, aphorism, etc. A "saw" is much the same as a "saying," as illustrated by Shakespeare's line, "Full of wise saws and modern instances." To Hippocratus belongs the honor of the first aphorism, "Life is short and art is fleeting." Other words of slightly different shades of meaning are: dictum, by-word, apothegm, axiom, motto, and precept.

Collections of proverbs were made in England as early as the sixteenth century, and the first publication was that of John Heywood, in 1561. Since then, at intervals, a number of works have appeared, the most notable being those of Christy and Archbishop Trench. In addition to their books these two Englishmen, by magazine articles and by lectures at Oxford and elsewhere, have done praiseworthy work in showing the value of the study of proverbs.

The great popularity of proverbs is attributable especially to their brevity, their easy application, and their employment of concrete rather than abstract phraseology. It is patent that brevity, "the soul of wit," will eminently be the proverb's wit. Longer sentences would wane and die for very heaviness. "Haste makes waste" is a type of conciseness popular at present. It stands in striking contrast to the verbosity of expression common in the Elizabethan era. Ease of application is likewise characteristic of the well-known proverb. If a proverb requires meditation to ascertain the exact correctness of its statement, there will be no time left for its application. Further, in proverbs, as in any subject, concrete expression must be used if they are to gain great currency among men. The following is a well-known "concrete" proverb: "More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean." Other features that give them popularity are:—(1) Rhyme, of which these are illustrations, "No pains, no gains," and "Little strokes fell great oaks"; (2) Alliteration, examples being, "Frost and fraud both end in foul," and "Out of debt, out of danger"; and (3) a certain pleasant exaggeration, or the use of the figurative hyperbole, "A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends, the whole world is not too wide for two foes." Charm is added from the fact that the proverb is often in

the nature of a riddle which everyone thinks good who has had the cleverness to guess it.

Lord Bacon has well said that "the genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." Proverbs do reflect conspicuously the general character of a nation and constitute in some measure its actual code of social, political, and moral philosophy. Of the ancient countries, Greece and Rome bear testimony to this fact. Latin and Greek scholars tell us that the proverbs of these nations show distinctly their characteristics, the Greek dealing with the æsthetic life, while the Roman are intensely practical, treating of the severe, frugal business life and of the delights of agricultural pursuits. Of modern countries, England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Persia have the choicest proverbs, some of which we shall now consider.

A comparison of the German, Italian and Persian popular utterance on vindictiveness will afford a good instance of the light thrown on national character by these sayings. The "Vendetta" was common in states destitute of social organization, and the sentiment of it still lurks in some countries where legal punishment has taken its place. For example, in Italy the sweetness of revenge is extolled: "Revenge, though a hundred years old, still has its milk teeth." Such maxims are on a level with the Afghanistan saying, "Speak good words to an enemy softly; gradually destroy him, root and branch." How much purer is the German teaching, which declares revenge to be fresh wrong, and the positive Persian sentiment, that it is evil to return evil for evil, but the manly thing is to return good for it.

In Italy proverbial wisdom is, for the most part, concentrated in personal interests. Every tenth proverb is some cynical or selfish maxim, and many speak, as has already been pointed out, of the glorification of revenge: "Wait time and place to act thy revenge, for 'tis never well done in a hurry." But better than this is, "With the gospel one becomes a heretic." Let us note one more Italian proverb, showing how the descendants of Rome have inherited the practical traits of the mother-city: "Chi ben vive, ben predica," "He preaches well who lives well."

It is interesting to observe local proverbs—those which betray the country of their birth by some peculiar allusion to its particular history or scenery. This one must surely have origin-

ated in sunny England: "Make hay while the sun shines." Here is one evidently Oriental: "Death is like a black camel, which kneels at every man's gate." The following is clearly Jewish: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes." We have a striking allusion to it in English: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." A good example of a modern proverb coined for the occasion is one which comes from the Western States, where drought makes artificial irrigation necessary: "No vegetation without irrigation." It reminds students of psychology of "No psychosis without neurosis."

Many proverbs have their central idea expressed in several languages in styles which are very similar to one another. These parallelisms may, perhaps, best be illustrated in the proverbs of Spain and England. The following will serve to show how closely related these figures of speech are: "It must come out of the sleeves or skirt," (Spanish), for "By hook or crook"; "The sacristan's money singing comes, singing goes," for "Light come, light go"; and "Escaping the bull he fell into the brook," for "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Great interest attaches to universal proverbs, those which appear in substance, if not in form, among all nations. Good proverbs, like good gold, find acceptance everywhere. The following are directed in reproof of a fault by a person who himself is not exempt from it: "The pot calls the kettle black," (English); "The raven cried to the crow, 'Avaunt, blackamoor," (Spanish); and "One ass nicknames another, Longears," (German). These instances lead to a comparison of the values of the different forms. Let us take two further examples: "A burnt child fears the fire," and "A scalded dog fears cold water." Of these two, the latter is more expressive. The dog fears not only what injured it, but that which, resembling in appearance, has exactly opposite qualities. Many languages have the idea expressed in "God gives the cold according to the cloth," but none is so beautiful as our own, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Compare "The river past, and God forgotten," and "The river past, the saint forgotten," (Spanish). These are both bad enough, but how much sadder is the depth of ingratitude in the Italian, "The peril past, the saint mocked."

But there are many brighter aspects of proverbs. They

frequently contain much practical wisdom, as the following examples will testify: "He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps." What a volume of meaning there is in "Silence was never written down"! Procrastination is tersely treated here, "By the street of 'Bye-and-bye' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'" The French caution us, "Take the first advice of a woman and not the second." The following proverbs on money are sound: "A groat is ill-saved which shames its master"; "The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound."

The subject of beauty has been the inspiration of many wise sayings in all ages. This one, "Handsome is that handsome does," recognizes in concise language that gratitude is a greater beautifier than paint or pearls. Shakespeare has paid two very fine tributes to beauty in these lines: "All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth," and "Beauty lives with kindness." The latter suggests a passage from Bacon to this effect, "In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and graceful motion more than that of favour."

In theology the realm of proverbs is very large, the largest repository being, of course, the Bible. Outside of that, however, there are many in constant use, which the following examples will serve to illustrate: "A lie has no legs," "Tell the truth and shame the devil," "No cross, no crown," and "Love rules without law."

All countries have unjust maxims relating to womankind. Even the French say, "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold," through their proverb, "Ce que femme veut. Dieu le veut." In Germany women have suffered most from the shafts of the other sex. These are two examples: "There are only two good women in the world, one of whom is dead, and the other not to be found," and "Every daughter of Eve would rather be beautiful than good." The Spaniards have less spleen on this subject and have evidently had some happier experiences. This is an exception: "Beware of a bad woman, nor put any trust in a good one." A brighter glimpse of married life is revealed in this: "With a good wife a man may bear any adversity."

Female talkativeness has been the subject of lament the world over. In England they say, "A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail"; in China, "A woman's tongue is like a

sword whose owner never allows it to rest." This sentiment was once stoutly asserted by a Scotch clergyman, who denied that there would be a place for women in heaven, and who, on being summoned for his heresy, defended his opinion by a Scriptural text, "There was silence in heaven for about the space of half-an-hour."

Perversions among proverbs are common and sometimes ludicrous. The few which are here given speak for themselves: "Whatever is, is wrong," "Lies crushed to earth will rise again," "Co-education is the thief of time," (coined by a MONTHLY editor); "They never love at all who love but once"; "Dishonor and shame from bad condition rise" (motto for an athlete), and "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of another."

Let us now look at the weakness and immorality of proverbs. Some are mean in their deductions as to human motives and in their arguments for conduct. Here is a case of selfishly looking out for number one: "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindermost." What hypocrisy is contained in "Grant graciously what you cannot safely refuse." A commonly-received calumny is the proverb, "Every man has his price." There is no standard of right and wrong in the following: "A sin concealed is half forgiven." There is a right and a wrong view of "Honesty is the best policy." Some construe it to mean that we should do right, not because it is right, but because it is better in the end. It must be acknowledged that the wisdom of proverbs is often of that shrewd, practical sort which is very near being mere worldly wisdom. It is better to classify such proverbs, not selfish, but rather detecting such selfishness and laying it bare. Examples of this class are: "The burden is light on the shoulders of another," and "Men cut broad thongs from other men's leather."

Fortunately there are only a few immoral proverbs compared with the great host of what may truly be termed moral. What is false has a tendency to perish, and so true proverbs are the more abiding, and hence the more abundant. The great glory of proverbs is the conviction that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the world is God's world, and not the world of the devil or of the little-while prosperous, and that, if this is so, it must be well, both here and hereafter, with the doer of right.

The English language contains a magnificent set of wholesome proverbs. The first great volume in this set was furnished by William Shakespeare. He, in common with other great writers, delighted in proverbs, both using those of others and composing himself. For example, the titles of two of his plays, "Measure for Measure" and "All's Well that Ends Well." Volumes in this set have been added at intervals by other English men of letters, partly as translations from other languages, but chiefly from our own tongue. It is seldom that proverbs are disapproved of, but a titled Englishman did once advocate their disuse. Lord Chesterfield, in writing to his son, counselled him that "a man of fashion never had recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms." It is a fit saying for a man who seems to have set manners above morals.

But when all is said and done, it remains that, in general, proverbs are true and wholesome. They may truly be classed as character-builders—and of the more powerful sort. For example, an acquaintance of the writer was so impressed with the truth of "Actions speak louder than words," that his naturally garrulous tongue was permanently checked, and the time thus saved was spent in profitable thinking. Yet, to the use of proverbs as to all other accessories of conversation, we must apply the maxim, "Enough is as good as a feast." This last proverb admonishes that enough has been said for the reader's patience, though the topic is inexhaustible.

Fred. C. Mabee, '04.

AWAY FROM HOME.*

I dreamed of home—of home, sweet home,
Where the sunshine ever fell;
Where the wild rose grew,
And the moments flew
Like children's steps in a fairy dell.

I dreamed of home with those I loved,
Where the grass grew by the way;
Where the words were few,
But the smiles were true,
And angels' voices proclaimed the day.

I dreamed of home, and in my heart
Rang a call from all my loves:
The meadows wide
And the mountain side,
And soft canaries and cooing doves.

I heard the call of the trailing vines
And the hedges thick and green;
Of the sporting breeze
And the waving trees;
And the pavements sank away unseen.

I dreamed of home—of home, sweet home,
And its sunshine round me fell;
The wild rose grew,
And the moments flew
On wings of light in my fairy dell.

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

*Reprinted from "A Glimpse into My Garden," a dainty volume of verses by "Thornapple," the pen-name of a lady who is now a student at McMaster."

ON A NORTHERN TRAIL.

We had been tramping for several hours through the dense woods of the Highlands of North Ontario, and for some time we had followed a "blazed trail." The ground was dry and in places rocky. The surrounding country was evidently the *habitat* of numerous bear. There the walking had been easy, all the sharp edges of the rock being lost under the thick cover of grey moss. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the balsam and the fir. Here a rabbit would scamper across our path ; above, a hawk sailed serenely, far beyond rifle shot. Frequently we would stop to examine the large cow-like track of the moose, or less often the more sharply cut foot-print of the red deer. A little distance away we would occasionally hear the drumming of the male partridge ; immediately above our heads the red squirrels chattered, intensely angry ; and continually the black flies and mosquitos plied their nefarious trade on any and every particle of skin exposed. The mosquitos produced more lasting effects, but the black flies showed more persistency and also evinced a talent for exploration, even crawling down our necks in their search for pastures new.

Before long we left the rock behind and struck a "juniper" trail, used by the occasional pioneer with his rude sledge, often drawn by a yoke of oxen. Somewhere in the woods ahead of us was a lake of which we were in search. It was our intention to reach it before nightfall if possible and encamp on its shores. We were two college chums, who were situated for the summer in one of the most northerly of the rising towns of New Ontario. We had heard and seen much of the beauty of the woods and its tiny inland lakes, and we had taken a week's holiday for a short trip by stream and trail into their depths.

A twist in the trail suddenly brought us into full view of the lake. On three sides the forest stretched away, almost from the water's edge, with very little rise ; on the fourth, towering skyward, rose a wall of rock, its summit thickly crowned with evergreens. The mingled shades of the greens of the cedars, the

balsams and the pines produced with the white trunks of the interspersed birch a peculiar grizzly effect, giving an aspect of statliness to the landscape as a whole. Tiny and sparkling, the lake nestled at the foot of this hill, seemingly striving to reproduce the beauty of its surroundings in its own clear depths.

After some time and a good deal of labor, we stood high up on the rocky brow. Before us was spread out a panorama of such beauty as is not often seen by those who reside in the city. Here Nature ruled, a very czar, absolute, unopposed. As far as the eye could travel, there lay spread out mile after mile of forest in a tangle of verdure. Above our heads was the sky, its blueness accentuated by the few fleecy clouds sleeping on its surface. Beneath our feet, like a diamond in the cap of Nature, lay the lake, glistening in the rays of the declining sun. We gazed for some minutes with something akin to awe filling our hearts, and then we clambered down to the place of encampment, some little distance from the water's edge and near the foot of the hill.

The sun had been down some time ere our preparations for the night were completed, the fire lit, and the balsam twigs which were to serve for a bed gathered. The silver radiance of the full moon was playing on the ripples of the lake like quicksilver. The tops of the trees on the opposite shore were pencilled in black on a background of pearly white. The reeds and tagalders at the water's edge formed an impenetrable border of black for the picture they framed. Above our heads the clouds, scattered and fleecy, were hurrying. The light of the camp fire flung long wavering shadows, black even in the forest. Stretched on our blankets in front of the blaze we lay finishing our rather scanty supper. A partridge that had fallen to my rifle earlier in the day, some biscuits, and a blackened tin pail of tea hardly sufficed to allay the hunger caused by the tramping of the day. Now and then the hoot of an owl or the cry of some other nightbird would cleave the stillness of the night. The denizens of the forest who wander forth after nightfall were abroad. Rustlings in the bushes and trees close at hand proclaimed the fact that strange eyes were upon us.

Supper over we prepared to retire. We had erected a slight but sufficient shelter of balsam and cedar boughs, and balsam twigs served to make the ground less hard. Rolled in our

blankets we lay on our beds of "Temiscamingue feathers," with coats folded up for pillows, and rifles close at hand. The fire flared up for a moment or two and then died down and out. The spirit of the forest primeval held sway.

The forest at night! How dark! How lonely! How still, and yet how full of noise! The night wind moaned and sobbed in the tall spruce and cedar trees. They groaned as if their weight of years and knowledge was too great to be borne silently. There were other noises too. Away down the lake shore we heard a splash, splash. Next morning we saw traces of the moose which had been feeding among the reeds. Smaller quadrupeds played about in the rushes, perhaps a mink or a humbler musk rat. And perhaps Bruin himself was near at hand, noisily slaking his thirst, for we had seen tracks of bear that day. A padded thump on a log behind a clump of bushes fifteen feet from my head, followed by a short snarl, and my nerves were on edge and every muscle tingled as if shocked by an electric battery. Slowly, quietly, I rolled over on my face, propped myself on my elbows, and with Winchester at shoulder peered, until my eyes ached, into the inky darkness. But whatever was there remained still. I composed myself once more for sleep. A rustle and a cry in the trees to one side aroused me again. But Nature asserted herself after a time, and under the influence of her "sweet restorer" those things all passed away.

In the first grey of the dawn we were awake. But the strangest thrill of all awaited us. Far away we heard a long drawn howl, followed by half a dozen more in chorus. We wondered a minute and something very like a chill passed through us, mingling with our excitement as we gasped in unison the word, in some circumstances capable of being so terrible, "Wolves!"

In a grey dismal rain we made some tea, packed our packs and set off, not knowing, no, nor caring, where we should sleep that night, rejoicing in the freedom from the trammels of civilization which the virgin woods of Canada give to those who love them.

George R. M. Wells, '06.

"WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER."

There were a dozen boys sitting and lounging around the room, telling stories. At first a few jokes had been "sprung," then a fish story, and more fish stories, and still more, each new one becoming fishier and fishier. There was just one fellow who hadn't had his turn. The last yarn had really been an awful one; surely it had reached the climax. It was about a dog, a big yellow dog, of course, who knew as much as his master and was worth five hundred dollars a year to him.

When the teller had reached this point he had stopped so that everybody could say, "How?" "By fishing," was the answer. That certainly was a wonderful dog; it kept its owner's table supplied with fish, in fact, brought him all the fish he wanted. (Here the yarner had paused again, on policy, and the expectant hearers impatiently had called, "Well, how?") With a kind of sigh the narrator proceeded with the tale of the yellow dog.

Whenever the lucky owner wanted a fish he simply had to take the dog to the water's edge, tie a troll to his tail and start him off. The faithful animal would swim up and down, slowly wagging its tail to keep the troll spinning. When a fish had taken the hook he would come back to land.

We all had looked at him at this point and made an attempt at mind reading, but he had not finished.

This priceless dog, however, didn't manage so happily every time. One day a large pike had pulled him nearly half a mile before he finally mastered it. But, alas! now the poor doggie had gone to his reward. The last time he was seen he was travelling at a steamboat pace backwards through the water towards the setting sun, vainly endeavoring to swim home.

When we had recovered from this story, about eleven pairs of eyes focussed themselves on the face of the fellow at the end of the row. It was his turn next. With a troubled face and worried eyes, which, however, had an uncontrollable twitch in each corner, he began in a mournful voice. It was a very ordinary beginning. He was out fishing in a small lake with a couple of other

fellows. They had taken a rifle and a shot gun with them, "just in case." Fishing was poor that day, and by noon they had only forty-three bass and a fifty-pound maskinonge between them.

We thought this was a pretty good beginning for a fish story, so it rather puzzled us when he remarked that the fish, however, had nothing to do with the story.

As it was noon they decided to go into a little bay to cook dinner. Between them and the shore they saw what seemed to be a log floating on the water, but it was moving quite rapidly. On coming closer they saw that it was an animal of some kind. At first they thought it was a deer, then they were sure it was a bear, but on still closer examination it proved to be a moose.

A moose was an animal that had not been seen in the part of the country that he had mentioned for many a year, but a couple of winks across the room were all that told that this slip had been noticed.

As soon as they had made sure that it was a moose, the rifle was out and cocked before you could say "Jack Robinson," despite the fact that open season for moose was two months away yet. They decided to take shots in turn. The first shot went so far wide that the second fellow took great pains to point out the moose to the shooter. Then he (here the story-teller put in a very uncomplimentary remark about him, which we can do without) took the rifle and picked up the first thing that he could lay hands on and jammed it into the breech. He had put in a shot-gun cartridge and jerked the breech to close it, with the result that the cartridge was stuck. (Some rather hard language about the unfortunate fellow was brought into play in the story, but it is not necessary to repeat it.) Two of them worked and worked trying to remove the cartridge, while the third tried to keep the moose in sight. But it was all in vain. The rifle could not be fixed and the moose was now almost out of sight. (Some really very abusive language was used here, which added a great deal of color to the story, but was in reality too strong for domestic use.)

Well, it seemed to them as if the moose was lost, but they decided to have a look at it anyway. They all took to the oars and gradually overtook it. Of course it was a fine large one, with great spreading antlers and a tremendous head. As they drew near it turned for shore at full speed. They knew that if it reached shore it would be gone like a whirlwind, so they turned to head it

off, and managed to do so only with very hard pulling. As the rifle was useless they fired at it with the shot-gun. The shot struck the moose on the head, but it did not seem to mind at all; it just shook its ears as if a fly had bitten it. They gave it another charge from a much shorter distance, but the moose only turned and looked at them and swam on.

The boys were beginning to get desperate. They did not know what to do, but were bound to have that moose. If it hadn't been for that —— man who had broken the rifle, they would have had moose meat to burn. But they had to make the best of the situation. In the boat was a strong line used with a small anchor. He (the inventor of this yarn; of course it was his thought) picked up the line, hurriedly tied a slip-knot in it, and took up a position in the bow of the boat. The other two pulled as for dear life until they were right alongside the moose. Then he threw the line. The noose slipped beautifully over one antler.

Then they hauled in most of the rope and made it fast to the bow of the boat. The moose was rathed surprised, but continued to swim and turned for shore. This was another predicament. They had a line on the moose, but were being towed toward shore at a fast rate. What could they do? If the moose once planted its feet on bottom it was gone and they would have to cut the rope and go back to camp with only a story. They fired some more with the shot gun but the moose only seemed to increase its speed. They fired a shot just close to one side of its head, but the moose did not swerve in its course. They did not know what to do.

But a happy thought came to him (the yarner again). He picked up an oar and shook it right beside the moose's head. The moose turned away from it. He kept on shaking the oar and the moose turned still more and more until it was heading out into the lake again. He made the moose swim out for a distance, then turned it towards their camp. One man was told off to steer the boat, or, rather, the moose, while the others lit their pipes and threw out their trolls. It was just eleven and a half miles to the camp, but they covered the distance with the moose engine in exactly one hour and thirty-six minutes. The moose required a charge from the shot gun once in a while to keep it to its work.

Here the narrator stopped. Someone asked what was done with the moose after they reached the camp. He replied that the end of the moose was another tale. Another fellow moved an adjournment, which was readily seconded by all as we felt we needed a good night's rest.

E. Edmund Wells, '07.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The success of last year's Prize Story Competition was such as to warrant the Publication Board of The Monthly in again offering prizes for stories from graduates and undergraduates.

The first contest is open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts who are now registered in Theology). In connection with this contest three prizes are offered: First prize, five dollars; second prize, three dollars; third prize, two dollars.

The second contest is open to graduates in Arts and Theology and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University. In this contest two prizes are offered: First prize, six dollars; second prize, four dollars.

Rules governing the contests:—

1. Manuscript for both contests must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than December 15th, 1904.
2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.
3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words.
4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.
5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

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Editorial Notes.

ON behalf of Faculty and students THE MONTHLY has great pleasure in offering sincere congratulations to Chancellor Wallace on his marriage to Mrs. F. B. Wells. We welcome her to our midst with the heartiest good will and with the fullest appreciation of her worth. We congratulate ourselves upon her advent among us, for we know not only that she will be to her husband, our Chancellor, all that a good wife can be, but also that she will be a leader in the social life of the University and a true friend to every one connected with McMaster. We wish Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace every joy in their life together, and trust their union may be a long and happy one.

IN another part of this issue of THE MONTHLY will be found an excellent photo-engraving of our late professor, Dr. Daniel Morse Welton, and an appreciation of his character and influence. For the former we are indebted to the *Canadian Baptist*, and for the latter to one of his most intimate associates, Professor E. M. Keirstead, of Acadia University. All who knew dear Dr. Welton,

and who therefore loved him, will be grateful to Professor Keirstead for his sympathetic and penetrative estimate of the elements of his personality and message that made his life a blessing to men. On behalf of ourselves and our readers we thank Dr. Keirstead for his kindness in giving Ontario Baptists an opportunity of learning that their opinion concerning our late much-beloved colleague is fully shared by Acadian Baptists.

To FILL the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Welton, the Board of Governors have appointed Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th., as lecturer for one year, with the expectation of his being ultimately appointed to the Professorship in Hebrew and Cognate Languages and Old Testament Exegesis. Mr. Matthews graduated in Arts in 1897, and besides taking the first year in Theology took the degree of M.A. in 1898. He then entered the pastorate in British Columbia, and for five years labored acceptably and successfully at New Westminster. During these years he devoted himself assiduously to the study of Hebrew, and for some time was editor of the *Western Baptist.* Returning to McMaster last autumn, he completed his course in Theology in May of this year, taking first-class standing in all the subjects of his course. At the same time he took the first examination for the degree of B.D. He represented the University in two inter-college debates and showed himself a strong thinker, a close reasoner, and a forcible speaker. So strongly did he impress the professors in Theology with his scholarship and mental vigor that, when they looked among our own graduates for a successor to Dr. Welton, they were unanimous in their choice of him. Upon the recommendation of the Chancellor and his colleagues in Theology, the Board of Governors appointed Mr. Matthews lecturer for one year, and at the same time gave him a year's leave of absence in which more fully to prepare himself for his work. We congratulate Mr. Matthews upon the honor conferred upon him, and assure him that when he returns to enter upon his active duties as lecturer, he will have the sympathy of his colleagues in Arts and Theology and of the students who will be under him. We know that he will make the fullest use of his year of preparation, and we heartily wish him every success and satisfaction in his study

and travel. During his absence the work in Hebrew will be taken by another of our young graduates, Mr. R. H. Mode, M.A., B.D. When the late Dr. Welton fell ill, a year ago, Mr. Mode took his work and proved himself a sound scholar and a successful teacher. We are sure that during the present year he will enhance the reputation he made with us last year.

The University opened on Wednesday, September 28th, with chapel service, led by Chancellor Wallace and attended by a goodly number of students. Lectures began promptly the next morning and, with the exception of one afternoon during the Convention, have continued without interruption. The number of students registered up to the present (October 25th) is as follows: Arts, 123; Theology, 19; Partial Students, 8; Graduate students, 5. Total, 155. There has been some comment on the fact that so few students are enrolled in Theology, and various explanations have been offered, no one of which is adequate by itself. It is evident, however, that Baptists are not immune from that which afflicts other denominations, and that we are, therefore, now beginning to feel what they have been feeling for some time, a stringency in the supply of students for the ministry. There is every ground for hope, however, that this condition of affairs is merely temporary. A committee of the Senate has been appointed to consider the matter, and their report will, doubtless, contain practical suggestions looking to a speedy amelioration of the present condition of affairs.

There is, on the other hand, encouragement in the fact that the registration in Arts is so satisfactory. In judging the attendance of any particular year, it is necessary to eliminate partial students from the reckoning and to consider only those enrolled in full courses and proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, for it is they who constitute the real strength of a University. Up to the time of writing 123 regular students have registered, and without doubt several more will be enrolled before the end of the year. We have had two record years in the matter of attendance, 1898-99, when 136 regular students in Arts were registered, and 1899-00, when no less than 143 were in the classes. Omitting these two years, the largest attendance was 126 regular Arts

students. We venture to predict that the attendance this year, when finally calculated, will equal that of any year in our history except the record years we have mentioned. Whether that be so or not, it is evident that the Arts department is in a flourishing condition. We have the fullest confidence that, with the passing away of certain temporary conditions, the number of Theological students will increase, and that thereby the department of Theology will be enabled to continue its strong service to our denomination and the Church of Christ.

Book Reviews.

My Baptism and What Led to It.*

This is a neat volume of 205 pages, in cloth, well indexed both as to subjects and writers and scripture references. It is an interesting account of the way in which the writer, an Anglican clergyman, was led to see the scripturalness of believers' baptism, and in spite of much opposition and self denial, obeyed the command of his Lord and eventually became a Baptist minister. It is for the most part in the form of dialogue and is a very thorough and convincing treatment of the subject. Note the following quotation, from the preface, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer: "The author of this book has produced a treatise which, more concisely and fully than any that I know of, presents the case for believers' baptism. His statements and arguments are based on a careful exegesis of Scripture, are advanced with Christian charity, and without a word of unkind reflection on those who differ from him; and are supported by a wide citation of corroborative testimony, which adds greatly to the value of the book. It is an additional charm that the questions taken up in this work have cost the writer so dearly." C.H.S.

*My Baptism and What Led to It. By the Rev. James Mountain, Minister of St. John's Free Church, Tunbridge Wells, England. with preface by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Philadelphia, American Baptist Publication Society.

The Bible in Modern Light.*

This book puts into permanent form the course of lectures delivered by the author last winter before the Bible Department of the Women's Club of Omaha, Neb. The first half dozen chapters deal with the making of the Bible, its contents and essential character, and the confirmation it has received from ancient monuments and documents. In this portion of the work the author does little more than cull and condense from Bible dictionaries, though he does it in an interesting and discriminating way. The later chapters, however, are of real value. Here he discusses the relations of the Bible to modern science, art, ethics, woman, the schools, modern progress and Christ. The cream of the book is found in the chapters on science, art and ethics. These are well worth the price. The style is clear and direct. The author is evidently a broad-minded man who has kept in touch with the best thought of his age. J D.F.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: J. Herbert Cranston, '05.

Some Personal Words.—In making our bow to the public the staff of "Around the Hall" feel that much is expected of us. Previous editors and reporters have made this column a very interesting and readable one, and we are somewhat timid as we think of the great who have departed and left us such a reputation to sustain. Still we do not hesitate to take up the responsibilities, and we only hope when the year is done that we shall have merited the kind and generous support we are sure we shall get from our readers, especially those in attendance at McMaster. Even though you may not be on the staff, the editor will be pleased to receive any contributions for this department. Give us your co-operation and help us make The Monthly a success!

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*The Bible in Modern Light. By John Wesley Conley, D.D. Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society.

Overheard in the Ladies' Room.—First student: "When is Fyfe day coming? I do miss the meetings so." Second student: "That's just the way with me. I missed every meeting last year but one."

Thoughtful student muses—"Wonder how many equivalents to a lecture I miss in a year by being late to every 8.15 lecture?"

One of McMaster's numerous friends, appreciating the needs of the Ladies' Room, has donated a handsome rug to lay over the worn spot in front of the mirror. All contributions thankfully received.

Dr. Farmer's Trip.—The member of the faculty whose turn it is to go abroad this year is Professor Farmer. He is away in Europe studying and holidaying. A kindly message from him was read at the opening chapel service. We wish him a pleasant trip, and will look forward to his return. His work is being taken by Professor Campbell and A. C. Watson, B.A.

Our New Lecturer.—Dr. McCrimmon commenced his duties as lecturer in "Political Economy" on October 3rd, and has already become a great favorite with those who are meeting him for the first time. To the old Woodstock boys it is a great treat to again be under their former teacher.

Some Good Advice.—"Every student should be a subscriber to The Monthly, and should patronize the advertisers in The Monthly." So said Chancellor Wallace at a recent chapel service, and we re-iterate it. He should also be a member of the Athletic Association, the Literary Society, the Debating Society and the Fyfe. No one gets the full benefit of a college education unless he takes an interest in every department of college life. So in the language of Shakespeare, "Pay your fees."

Cupid's Work.—We miss much this year the bright cheery smile of our former librarian, who is no longer Miss White, but having taken to herself a husband, is known as Mrs. Alfred Stokes. Miss E. Wellinger, her successor, has begun her labors amongst us, and bids fair to become as popular as the late occupant of that position.

Congratulations.—The students extend their heartiest congratulations to Chancellor Wallace in his marriage to Mrs. F. B.

Wells, principal of Moulton College, which took place on Thursday, June 20th last, at Moulton College. The ceremony, which was a very quiet one, was performed by Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., of Bloor Street Baptist Church. That the Chancellor and his bride may long enjoy prosperity and happiness is the wish of every McMaster student.

A "New" Kakiak.—The vacancy on the student body Executive caused by the failure of N. A. Harkness, B.A., to return to school, was filled on October 11th by the unanimous election of Chester New, B.A., to the position of second vice-kakiak. W. J. Grigg, '05, and A. S. Woodburn, '06, were appointed press representatives for the term. Harry Moyle, '06, was added to the press staff at a subsequent meeting.

L.L.L. Officers and Prospects.—With as many new members as old ones, the Ladies Literary League looks forward to a most successful year. The society will miss those who for several years have faithfully worked in its interests, but it expects to find among its new members workers with fidelity and enthusiasm equal to that displayed in former years. The officers for the year are: President, Miss Senior, '05; Vice-President, Miss Phillips, '06; Secretary, Miss Wilkins, '07; Treasurer, Miss Murray, '08; Pianiste, Miss Stone, '06. It is hoped that much interest will be taken in the debates of the year, since the L.L.L. of McMaster must come out on top.

Some Appointments.—At a senate meeting held on June 8th provision was made for the filling of the chair in Hebrew and Cognate languages and Old Testament Exegesis, lately made vacant by the death of Dr. Welton. I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.D., a graduate in theology of 1904, was appointed lecturer in the subject with a view to permanency. He is spending a year in post graduate study at Chicago University and in Europe, before he assumes his duties. In the meantime Rev. R. H. Mode, M.A., is filling the chair acceptably. We congratulate Mr. Matthews on his appointment, and he has our best wishes for success when he comes back to us.

Autumn Convocation.—A larger audience than usual attended the autumn convocation held on Friday evening, October 7th. The various prizes won at the spring examinations were presented to the fortunate winners to the accompaniment of hearty hand clapping. The feature of the evening was a splendid lecture by Prof. Ten Brocke, Ph.D., on "Present Day Tendencies of Thought." He went fully into the writings of philosophers of to-

day as he had come to know them when in Germany last year, and he held the close attention of his audience throughout.

STUDENT WITTICISMS.—Dr. Goodspeed met with an accident in Paradise this summer, and returned to school with a lame foot. It does not follow, however, that he is one of the fallen angels. On the contrary, he is still able to teach "Systematic," and gave as the first assignment to the Theologs, sixteen pages of "Original Sin."——First student—"I wonder what makes the water so cold." Second student—"Why, it's right next the CHILI sauce."

FOUNDER'S DAY DATE.—An effort will be made to have the date set for Founder's Day, December 23rd, changed to one a few days earlier. It was found two years ago when the exercises were held on the same day, that, owing to the proximity of Christmas, a very small percentage of the students remained. The Founder's Day function should be participated in by all the students, and the best way to secure this is to fix on a date which will be satisfactory to all.

THE "THEOLOGS."—At a regular meeting of the Theological Society held on October 12th, the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Professor Geo. Cross, Ph.D.; President, D. J. Welsh, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, A. C. Campbell; Representative to Athletic Society, C. W. New, B.A. It is strongly felt that this society should be an important factor in the theological life of the University, and an earnest effort will be made to make the regular meetings as helpful as possible to the membership.

THE ATTENDANCE.—The registration up to Tuesday, October 25th, shows that 155 have put their names down in all faculties. This is made up as follows:—Seniors, 33; Juniors, 29; Sophomores, 31; Freshmen, 33; Theologs, 19, and M.A.'s, 5. But more students are arriving every day, and it is expected that the total will come up to 170. This means a slight falling off from last year, when 186 registered. It is especially noticeable in the Theological faculty.

"LIT" ELECTIONS.—G. S. Johnson has been elected to fill the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Literary Society, made vacant by the failure to return of W. C. Riddiford. W. C. Pearce takes the place of J. M. Warner, B.A., as Associate Editor of THE MONTHLY; W. J. Grigg succeeds W. C. Pearce, B.A., as editor of "Our Graduates," and M. H. Long has been appointed as reporter for the Freshmen.

THE READING ROOM IMPROVEMENTS.—During the summer the reading room has been re-papered and several minor improvements have been made, such as the introduction of arm chairs and hand files. More power to the elbow of the reading room committee.

THE SAGE SOPHOMORES.—The first class meeting of year '07 was held on October 7th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing session :—Hon. President, Professor A. C. McKay, LL.D. ; President, George Irons ; Vice-President, Miss Wilkins ; Secretary, R. E. E. Harkness ; Treasurer, Miss Moule ; Bard, J. D. Craig ; Musician, Miss Waters ; Orator, D. J. McPhail ; Historian, R. H. Roberts ; Captains of year teams—Association, N. McNaughton ; Hockey, R. W. Young ; Rugby, A. E. White. Among those who have not returned this year are :—Miss Parker and Miss Matthews, R. M. McIntosh, F. D. Wilson, W. E. Mason, F. B. Dixon, and J. S. Simpson. The number of new members is quite large and the class roll will contain about as many names as last year.

"MOST POTENT, GRAVE AND REVEREND SIGNIORS."—Class '05 met on October 5th to elect officers for the coming year. A '05 class meeting is not usually characterized by solemnity, but the wisdom of three years' experience has at last culminated in this seniorial dignity. There is no doubt of it, the members of old '05 are really reverend "seniors." Only once did the Chancellor find it necessary to pour oil on the troubled waters. Alas for "the good old days, the days that are no more!" The following officers were elected for the year 1904-5 :—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace ; President, E. Viens ; Vice-President, Miss Windsor ; Secretary-Treasurer, H. B. Parker ; Bard, W. J. Grigg ; Musician, J. Janes ; Captain Association Football, E. R. Fitch ; Captain Rugby, D. G. Munro ; Hockey Captain, J. B. McArthur ; Representative to Student Body, C. S. Eaton. "Palmam qui meruit," which translated means "Pogga-wogga."

A MCMASTER RHODES SCHOLAR!—When the news was flashed across the Atlantic that Ralph V. Bellamy, B.A., a graduate of the 1902 class from McMaster, had been selected as the representative from the Northwest Territories to go to Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholarship man, there was joy in the heart of every McMaster professor and student, old and new. Mr. Bellamy fulfils every idea of the founder of the scholarships, being a good student, a leader in social affairs, and an athlete. In his last year he was editor of this department of THE MONTHLY, and the excellence of his management gave him lasting fame. Ralph

paid us a visit on his way to Oxford, on September 27th, and was given a great welcome by those who were back. In a neat little speech, made in the dining-room, he thanked the boys for their congratulations, and said he would do his best to do honor to McMaster at the great English seat of learning.

FRESHMEN ORGANIZE.—The Freshman year met on Monday, October 3rd, for the purpose of organizing for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected :—Hon. President, Professor R. W. Smith ; President, G. G. Vichert ; Vice-President, Miss Pugsley ; Secretary-Treasurer, L. D. Jackson ; Musician, Miss Murray ; Historian, Miss McIntosh ; Bard, Mr. Pedford ; Representative to Literary Society, Miss Vansickle ; Representative to Student Body, L. C. Harkness ; Representative to Athletic Ass'n, W. B. Waters ; Captain Association Football, W. Edwards ; Rugby, R. D. Moyle ; Representative to Debating Club, B. Willoughby. With such a competent staff of officers the Freshmen are looking forward to a most successful year in every respect. Tremble all ye Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and Theologs !

THE WICKED JUNIORS.—The stalwarts of Naughty-six conspired together on Friday, October 6th. Some old familiar faces were missed when the roll was called. C. K. Gibson ("Chuck") has not returned ; E. R. Gray ("Buzzer") will spend a year upon the farm, at his home in Eden, Ont. ; J. H. Cohoe and E. F. Cohoe have not returned. All of these men will weaken the year by their absence. The year welcomes to its kindly society R. J. Currie, who has taken his Arts work previous to this in Rochester University. The election of officers, which took place with a great deal of enthusiasm and considerable noise, resulted as follows : — Honorary President, Professor J. TenBroeke, Ph.D. ; President, F. S. Beddow ; Vice-President, Miss Grace Stone ; Secretary-Treasurer, D. Buchanan ; Orator, J. B. Pengelly ; Musicians, Misses Phillips and Harton ; Historian, A. S. Woodburne ; Captain Rugby Football Team, G. R. M. Wells ; Captain Association Football Team, E. A. Miller ; Captain Hockey Team, H. H. Murray.

HUMOR OF THE CLASSROOMS.—Professor in Special Political Economy—"Why do we use money ?" Brilliant Junior—"Because there is nothing else to use."——Conservative in Fourth Year Ethics class, after the Liberals have been yelling L-A-U-R-I-E-R to put in the time till the Professor arrives : "Good job you Grits are having a few lessons in ethics ; you need them badly."—— Deep-thinking Senior, after listening to a disquisition on the conquering of hereditary tendencies : "Then, Professor, the man

who overcomes one evil tendency is better than an angel, because an angel inherits no evil nature." Professor—"The argument is a little beyond me, I never posed as an authority on angels."—— Puzzled student in Third Year Hebrew—"Professor, I know I'm a bit stupid, but would you mind explaining that pitchfork formation under that letter there?"

"Strenuous" Collecting.—The treasurer of one of the societies has adopted rather unique measures in the collection of fees. The other evening he walked into a room and asked for what was his rightful due, but he met with a point blank refusal. This is something which should never be tolerated by collectors, so off came a coat and up went a pair of sleeves, and the one who had refused was told to pay up or fly. "What shall I get if I pay that fee?" asked the student. "That is not the question, sir; it is what you will get if you do not pay," replied the treasurer, and the money was forthcoming. The other day he obtained an old-fashioned double-barrelled revolver. "One barrel for one dollar," said the collector, and started on his rounds once more. "Now pay or die!" shouted the coin-gatherer, as he placed the little gun near the seat of a freshman's brain. The treasurer says that money is flowing into the treasury.

Mayor Urquhart's Address.—On Tuesday, October 18th, we were honored by the presence of Mayor Urquhart at our supper table. Afterwards his Worship addressed a large and very enthusiastic assembly of the students on the subject of "A Young Man's Relation to Public Affairs," particularly municipal affairs. "Every young man," said he, "should take an intelligent interest in public affairs. The factors dealt with by the municipality were those which affected directly the homes and pockets of the individual citizens. In the hands of the municipality rests the duty of educating our children. Municipal affairs claim the aid of the brightest minds of our country in the solution of the question of public health, a question on which experts differ, and the municipality must choose for itself to the good or ill of the people. Such an element as the increasing importance of transportation has rendered great the need of careful, honest and well informed councillors to meet the constant attempts of corporations to encroach upon municipal rights. We need men of wide outlook to give us a system of roadways that will not be inferior to those well planned systems of the old world. The question of civic improvement is another element that requires thoughtful consideration. Every city, every country district as well should set aside spaces for breathing spaces for the people. The gravity of these and a thousand other questions

demands the fidelity and intelligence of our best men to guard our interests from dishonest encroachments and to develop these factors in our best interests. The Mayor was given a great ovation.

With the Ladies.—Once more Room 4 is full of life. The first few days of this month this room presented one of the most animated and interesting pictures of college life—the re-assembling of the college girls for another year's work. It is hard to tell which formed the chief interest of the first few days, the re-union of the old girls or the meeting of the new. Certainly taken both together these two features formed a picture worthy of an amusement arcade mutoscope. The number of lady students is about the same as in previous years. They come some from just a few blocks from the building and others again from far west Vancouver. And so "they press in from all the provinces, and fill the hive." We miss the girls of Naughty-Four. We miss the girls of other classes who have not returned. There are several of them and our circle does not seem complete, notwithstanding the fact that it has widened to receive about thirteen newcomers. We have various reports of the old girls, and we come to the conclusion that McMaster girls will try anything, One studies the science of making home happy in the Lillian Massey School, and another pursues the same course in a blue-checked apron in the home kitchen ; one teaches the young ladies of Moulton College and another teaches little Indians on a reserve. Others again are maturing their pedagogical ideas in the city of the mountain. We welcome to our number the new girls. They come to us ready and eager to fall into the ways of university life about them and to share the McMaster spirit. Many and interesting are the questions our freshettes are asking regarding lectures, professors, theologs, gongs, mottoes and all the other accessories to the college. "Come into chapel with me," said one, "and point out every professor, I want to know them all." Still another asked, "What is this MCM scribbled all over these books?" "Why," answered the prompt little sophomore, "matrimony made convenient," and in her eagerneess did not perceive that she had the letters turned around. The new girls promise to be valuable additions to our two societies, the Literary League and the Y.W.C.A.

Horrible Happenings. — The Freshman Reception came rather suddenly and in sections this year. Quiet and order had reigned supreme in the corridors, and the new-comers were beginning to think that they had drifted into a hermit's retreat, when the sweet dream of peace was rudely disturbed. On Satur-

day evening, October 1st, the members of Year 1 in Arts retired to their rooms orderly, and with easy minds. Some sought the revelry of Latin prose, while others, weighed down with new duties, were steering a straight course toward the land of dreams. It mattered not to the invader, all were one to him as he leaped high in air and brandished a broom, a pillow, or a stout pine log above the head of the innocent victim. In due time all were led to the scene of execution. The door was stoutly barred, and an old student of the University took the chair, and became "Master of Tortures." A tall book-case was placed in the centre of the "chamber of horrors," and standing upon the topmost shelf the budding orator declaimed in right gallant style. One man, unable to describe adequately his feelings, descended suddenly, and below he experienced such feelings as he had not felt since childhood's days. The splinters flew, the feathers flew, the freshmen flew, and the elders all flew after. The task completed, all retired feeling—some better, some worse. The new men had been initiated into the solemn rites of a student's life, and everyone was happy as the old halls rang with merry sound of "revelry by night."

The Opening Chapel Service.—On Wednesday afternoon, September 28th, the joyous clanging of the big hall gong summoned a waiting crowd of professors and students to the first chapel service of the year. In a minute or two all had flocked into Castle Memorial Hall and had taken their respective places. On the platform were the Chancellor and the various members of the faculty, with the exception of Professor J. H. Farmer, D.D., who is abroad, Dr. McCrimmon, Dr. Goodspeed and Professor Cohoe. Dr. Ten Brocke was back in his accustomed place after a year's post graduate study in Europe, and was given a hearty welcome, when called upon by the Chancellor to tell of his trip. He said that during his absence his heart had been with McMaster and the students whom he had learned to love and respect. One sweet, kindly Christian countenance, whose smile on similar occasions in the past was a benediction upon faculty and students alike, was not there, but from his portrait on the wall, the late Dr. Welton seemed to pronounce a blessing upon all. Chancellor Wallace opened the devotions by reading the 145th Psalm, "I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever." Then followed the singing of the McMaster hymn, "Jesus Wondrous Saviour," and an invocation. The Chancellor in appropriate words welcomed the students, old and new, and made the announcements for the session. Short speeches were made by some old boys present and the proceedings were brought to a close by the yelling of our famous slogan "Rah ! rah ! rah ! ski-u-mah ! " etc.

Annual Junior Collation.—Unfortunately, through an oversight, no report of this enjoyable function appeared in the May issue of The Monthly. It was the initial venture and was a complete success. Heretofore it has been the custom of the juniors to give a dinner to the graduating class in Arts. This was virtually a students' affair. It was decided last year to change the procedure and make the collation a University function, and an integral part of the commencement exercises. The covers were laid in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of May 4th, and besides the students about forty graduates took their places at the tables. The occasion was also graced by the presence of the faculty and their wives. Glionna's orchestra furnished the music. The toasts aud those proposing and responding to them were as follows: "The King," C. S. Eaton, president, '05; "The Graduates in Arts," A. G. Vining, '05, W. C. Pearce, '04; "The Graduates in Theology," D. J. Welch, B.A., I. G. Matthews, M.A.; "The Alumni," G. W. Gorman, '05, Rev. W. T. Graham; "Alma Mater," J. B. McLaurin, '05, Chancellor Wallace; "The Ladies," R. G. Hartley, '05, Miss Jessie S. Shields, '04. Chancellor Wallace made the principal speech of the evening, and dwelt at some length on the educational and financial needs of the University and affiliated schools. The speeches on the whole were very bright and interesting. The programme was enlivened by music of the highest order. Miss Mae Dickenson and Miss Helen K. Ferguson, soloists and favorites at McMaster, charmed their hearers, and had to respond to enthusiastic encores, as did also Mr. Robert Cringan, violinist. The new High Kakiak, W. G. Carpenter, '05, was installed by the retiring president, F. J. Scott, B.A., B.Th.; and Professor McLay called on Chancellor Wallace and Mr. R. C. Matthews to present the Chancellor's Medal and the Matthews cup, respectively. In announcing that the latter had been won by the Juniors for the second time in succession, Professor McLay quoted the words of the Junior song, "In the Good Old Autumn Time," and the hosts of the occasion gave vent to their feelings by singing the song and yelling "Pogga-Wogga." The singing of "Thy Praises McMaster" brought the happy gathering to a close at 10.30. The committee who had it in charge and deserve great credit for its success, were Professor W. S. W. McLay, M.A.; C. S. Eaton, President; Miss Annie Windsor, Vice-President; E. W. Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer; E. A. Helie, W. E. Matthews, Miss Edith Hartley, J. H. Cranston, W. J. Grigg, G. W. Gorman, H. W. Wright and A. G. Vining, all of '05, and D. J. Welch, B.A., of Theology.

The Evangelistic Bands.—The name of McMaster University was advertised through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec this summer by the work of the McMaster Evangelistic Bands in

a way that will make our school dearer to the hearts of the denomination than ever before, and also dear to hundreds of people of other faiths. The band which conducted such successful services during last term was divided into two sections, one going west under the leadership of J. Russell Coutts, B.A., the other east with W. A. Cameron, '06, as leader. The western section commenced their work by a series of meetings in the Dovercourt Road church, Toronto, after which they went in turn to Hamilton, Brantford, London, Ingersoll, Sarnia, Chatham, Ridgetown, Petrolea, Bunyan, Forest, Poplar Hill, Port Burwell, Simcoe, Aylmer, Berlin, Guelph and Woodstock. Those from the University who composed the band were: J. R. Coutts, B.A., leader; C. S. Eaton, '05; D. J. McPhail, '07; A. W. Torrie, B.A.; E. A. St. James, '06; W. W. Lailey, B.A.; N. A. Harkness, B.A.; R. C. Bensen, '06; and N. W. Piercey, Th. They were assisted by Dr. Metcalfe and Rev. H. Bryant, the latter an old student. The musical programmes for the meetings were furnished by a quartette composed of Rev. H. Bryant, K. Metcalfe, R. C. Bensen, and E. A. St. James, and two young ladies, Miss Lillie M. Senior, '05, and Miss Ethel Leinster of Brantford. The band was visited occasionally by Jack Cooke, the famous boy preacher, and by a number of McMaster men, past and present, who assisted in the services. Among these was A. E. Haydon, M.A., B.Th., who was with the band for some time. All the band worked hard during the summer, holding as many as four meetings in the day at times, in the open air and the various churches and halls where they went.

The eastern section was composed of seven students, with the help at intervals of other McMaster men. The work bagan in Ottawa on Sunday, May 6th, and was concluded in St. Catharines on Sunday, September 18th. During the summer thirteen different places were visited, as follows:—Ottawa, Montreal, Smith's Falls, Renfrew, Arnprior, Pembroke, Lanark, Peterborough, Lakefield, Cobourg, Port Hope, Orillia, St. Catharines. The great variety of the services was a unique feature of the tour. At times in the open air, upon athletic fields, in parks, or upon the street; again, in the great saw-mills of the Ottawa, in foundries and factories of many kinds, in halls, opera houses and churches, small and great. In this way each class was reached and in that place where it would most readily gather. The band was composed of the following:—W. A. Cameron, '06, leader; A. L. Huddlestone, B.A., B.Th.; H. R. Nobles, '06; D. H. Williamson, '07; D. A. McGregor, '05; D. Buchanan, '06, and R. A. F. McDonald, B.A. The four last mentioned formed the band quartette, whose singing was the subject of much praise.

The two bands have amalgamated for the college year. C. G. Beck, B.A., has been elected leader, and J. B. Pengelly, '06, secretary-treasurer. It has been decided to limit the out-of-town engagements to one per month.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR : W. J. GRIGG, '05.

WHEREABOUTS OF CLASS '04.

THE slogan, "Noughty-four has got the floor" is heard no more around the College halls. But that the spirit which it cultivated has not died down, the following items concerning Class '04 will testify :

Six have accepted calls to the pastorate : J. G. Whiten to Burlington and Waterdown ; A. D. Werden to Selkirk, Cheapside and Rainham Centre ; L. A. Vail to Belfontain ; J. M. Warner to Winchester ; A. R. Borrowman to Osnabruck Centre and Newington ; J. T. Priest to Queenston ; Rev. J. T. Morris is at Clinton St. Methodist Church, Toronto, and Rev. W. G. Sargeant is pastor of the First Christian Church, Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Four have returned to their Alma Mater for B.Th. work C. G. Beck, H. H. Bingham, J. T. Priest, and W. C. Pearce.

Four are at Hamilton Normal College : Miss K. McLaurin, Miss L. J. Layng, Miss M. E. Culver, and R. A. F. McDonald.

Five have registered for M.A. work : J. M. Warner and L. A. Vail in History ; R. A. F. McDonald in Classics ; H. C. Mann in English (extra-mural), and F. C. Mabee in Chemistry (in attendance.

Moulton College has secured Miss J. S. Shields. She is teaching in that institution.

N. A. Harkness is emulating the example of Cincinnatus at the paternal homestead, near Sarnia.

Two of the class are located in Toronto : E. G. Blackadar, who is on the actuarial staff of the Canada Life Assurance Co., and H. E. Mihell, who is a chemist in one of the manufacturing concerns of the city.

Ottawa has laid hold of W. V. Poapst. He is in the office of the Chief Astronomer in that city.

W. W. Lailey is registered at Varsity. He is taking a course in medicine.

J. R. Coutts is resting in Muskoka for a few weeks after his arduous labors with the Western Evangelistic Band.

A. H. Baker, after spending the summer in British Columbia, has returned to Toronto, where he expects to spend the winter.

H. C. Mann is in Fenelon Falls. He is engaged in teaching.

C. G. Beck is a happy man these days. On Wednesday, September 14th, he entered the ranks of the Benedicts. The bride was Miss Catharine Cole, of Delhi. The Monthly extends its congratulations.

J. T. Priest is wearing a broad smile, one of the "won't-come-off" kind. Most people would say, "It's a girl;" the proud father avers, "It's a young lady."

On August 22nd a number of graduates of McMaster gathered at an informal dinner near the University of Chicago, where all of them have pursued graduate instruction in the past, or are at present in residence. The recital of reminiscences, the renewal of earlier fellowship, and the good spirits and humor of the occasion made the meeting especially enjoyable to everyone. The large number of the party and the distinctions they have won are an impressive evidence of the quality and training of the young men which McMaster is sending out every year. The guest of the evening was Professor George B. Foster, Ph.D., of the Divinity School, who was formerly Professor of Philosophy in McMaster, and among the "boys" who were present were: Rev. I. G. Matthews, W. W. Charters, '98, Ph.D., Winona State Normal School, Minn.; R. D. Sayles, '01, B.D., University of Chicago; J. A. McDonald, '01, G.M., Supt. of Instruction, Canon City, Col.; H. L. McNeill, '94, G.M., Brandon College; H. E. Jordan, '00, Ph.D., Brandon College; H. McKechnie, '97, M.D., Chicago, Ill.; I. G. Matthews, '97, B.Th.; C. P. McGregor, '99, B.A., Bayonne, N.J.; R. D. George, '97, Ph.D., Professor of Geology, University of Colorado; Frederick Eby, '95, Ph.D., Professor of Education, Baylor University, Waco, Texas. The separation took place at a late hour, and all expressed the highest appreciation of the life which is fostered at Alma Mater, and all wished her the greatest success in the future.

The North-west is claiming its share of McMaster men. C. C. Sinclair, '02, is on the actuarial staff of the Great West Assurance Co., at its head office in Winnipeg. C. A. Grant, '02, and E. J. Tarr, '02, are in the same city, studying law. W. H. Hawkings, '02, is teaching at Montmart, Assa.

The Ordination Councils have handled a few McMaster graduates this summer, and their decisions give the following men a right to use the prefix "Rev.":—H. W. Piercy, B. G. Stewart, W. T. Roberts, W. E. Bowyer, '02, G. R. Finch, W. H. Walker, '02, W. C. Riddiford, and G. W. Elliott.

A COUPLE of our graduates, both "Reverend" gentlemen, are taking post-graduate work in the United States. Rev. J. J. Reeve, '94, is at Louisville Theological Seminary, Kentucky, and Rev. J. H. Hannah, '99, is at Newton Theological Institution, Mass.

THE god Hymen has been busy among our graduates this summer. Among the marriage notices we saw these :

S. A. Buckberrough, '02, to Miss Emily A. Wilcox, at Hartford, Ont., August 17th.

Rev. C. J. McLean, '02, to Miss Jean A. McGillivray, in Toronto, May 24th.

Rev. G. C. Lamont, '03, to Miss Ida M. Walker, in Toronto, June 15th.

E. E. Wood, '00, to Miss Mary Gertrude Eberle, at Owen Sound, July 20th.

A. Stokes to Miss Florence White, in Toronto, June.

Rev. J. M. Cornwall, '00, to Miss Corrigan, at Inkerman, Ont., August 24th.

C. C. Lumley, '03, to Miss Mary Maud Westren, at Toronto, September 21st.

H. N. McKechnie, '97, M.D. (Trinity), to Miss Nellie Dorcas Cohoon, '00, at Calton, October 15th. The officiating clergyman was Rev. E. J. Stobo, jr., B.A., B.D.

ALUMNI COLLATION.—The McMaster University Alumni Association held a very enjoyable and largely attended Convention collation on Thursday, October 20th, at 5.30 o'clock, in Castle Memorial Hall. The president, Mr. R. C. Matthews, B.A., occupied the chair, and among those present were : Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, Hon. John Dryden and Mrs. Dryden, and Rev. Dr. LaFleur, of Montreal.

The toast-list, while rather short, included a good set of addresses by enthusiastic members of the Association. "King and Country" was proposed by the president, Mr. R. C. Matthews, who paid graceful a tribute to the personality of our King and his rare diplomatic ability, and then passed on to an optimistic declaration of faith in the future greatness of Canada, "the brightest gem in Britain's crown." "The University," proposed by Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.Th., of Ottawa, was heard wlth attention by all, the theological members in particular. He pointed out that there was a great exaggeration in the statements made regarding the alleged exodus to the United States of Baptist theological students, declared his confidence in the Theological Department, and advocated complete separation of Arts and Theological Faculties. Chancellor Wallace, in reply, made a brief statement of the

amounts received by the University from the McMaster Estate, and the extra expenditures for Woodstock and Moulton, and pointed out the necessity for presenting the claims of the University before the churches. Rev. E. A. Brownlee's song, "Who carries the gun?" was well received, after which the list of toasts was continued with "The Alumni," proposed by Rev. G. R. Welch, B.A., of Lindsay, who spoke feelingly of departed members of the Association, paid a tribute to the good work of our graduates, and urged the loyal support and advocacy of University claims before our constituency. Rev. C. H. Schutt's reply took the form of a brief and practical statement regarding the Library Extension Fund now being raised by the Association.

The collation was over in ample time to enable dolegates to reach Jarvis Street Church for the evening session ot the Convention, and thus ended one of the most successful and enthusiastic gatherings evcr held under the auspices of the Alumni Association.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. S. EATON, '05.

MCMASTER 13, TRINITY 1.—Our initial game in the intermediate Inter-Collegiate Rugby series took place on October 15th on the University athletic field. McMaster, in the presence of a large number of enthusiastic spectators, succeeded in defeating Trinity by a score of 13 to 1. The wearers of the *rouge et noir* played in better form and condition than they have exhibited in previous years. Fresh from their Victory over Varsity, with a good following of lively rooters they became confident that they would carry back the championship of the district. The score above shows how far their expectations were realized. The representatives of McMaster played a fast and clean game, and in form showed a vast improvement over that displayed in the game against St. Andrews earlier in the week. The one unfavorable criticism that might be offered would be of the wing men continually getting off-side, and thereby allowing Trinity many free kicks. The punting and fine generalship of Captain McArther and the clever runs of Peine were the things that counted for the team. Early in the game McMaster carried the ball into Trinity territory. Johnstone muffed a long punt from McArthur, and Munroe, who was always aggressive, dropped on the ball for a try, which Jordan failed to convert. A few minutes later Holman

caught Smith behind the latter's goal line and forced him to rouge. Trinity, by good kicking and fast following down, worked the ball near to the McMaster line, and, on a high punt, made their only point by compelling McArthur to rouge. At half time the score stood 6-1. In the second half Johnstone was again forced to rouge, enabling McArthur to add a point by kicking into touch-in-goal. Peine ended the scoring by the most brilliant play of the game ; securing the oval from a long throw-in by McArthur, he made a splendid run, dodged several opponents and carried the ball over for a try. This was not converted. Trinity kept down the score in the second half by a good deal of successful line bucking.

The teams were : McMaster—Full back, Peine ; halves, Bensen, J. B. McArthur (captain), R. W. Young ; quarter, McEwen ; scrimmage, D. Campbell, McGregor, Fitch ; wings, Parker, Jordan, Munroe, Holmes, Bingham, Moyle.

Trinity—Full back, Johnstone ; halves, Mitchell, J. F. Smith, Ingles ; quarter, Lawson ; scrimmage, DeFallat, Hewtson, Errikila ; wings, Clarke, Arnolt, Wilkinson (captain), Kelly, Keefer, V. R. Smith.

Referee, Ned Boyd ; umpire, G. H. Southam.

A Word of Advice.—Every college man who desires to live the full all-round university life should embrace every opportunity of making his college a part of himself. Each department deserves its full share of the true student's interest. Let one side of the life be neglected, and the man, as a college man, is weakened. It is a deplorable fact that there are some men in McMaster University whose horizon does not extend as far as our athletic campus. A man may be weak physically, he needs the rough and tumble of a game of Rugby. He may not care to don a Rugby armour and enjoy the open life of the battle royal, yet he can at least attend our football games and exercise his lungs to their fullest development. If it is impossible for him to appear on the campas, he can become a member of the Athletic Association, and thereby have a very personal interest in this important department of college life. Let us as McMaster men live the full college life. Rally around the green and black, shout and yell as warriors ready for the fray, get interested in athletic doings, catch the spirit, and be men. It is said that the McMaster "spirit" is a lively one. We feel that the saying is true. Watch it, catch it, nourish it, feed it, give it liberty, and all shout together "Mac for ever."

The senior championship in the annual College meet at Woodstock, held on September 30th, was won by Russell Kin-

near, junior champion of 1902. He scored 42 points out of a possible 60. John Freeman, jr., won the junior championship, making a total of 48 points. Mr. Freeman is a son of Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., of Toronto.

Woodstock College Wins Championship.—At the second annual interscholastic meet, held on October 7th on Varsity athletic field, Woodstock College had five representatives. Russell Kinnear scored 17 points and E. Newton 6 points, giving their college the championship by a lead of four points. Kinnear was a close second for the individual championship.

The 5th annual games of the University of Toronto Track Club were held on October 14th, on the University athletic field. The individual honors went to W. R. Worthington, of S.P.S., and the faculty championship to the school he represented. Two records were broken; one by Worthington, who went 21 ft. 8½ in. in the broad jump; the other by H. Gillies, who put the shot 35 ft. 10½ in. H. H. Murray, '06, of McMaster, was a close second in the 100 yards dash, and H. E. White, '07, tied for second place in the pole vault, but lost to Bricker on a toss up.

The University athletic championship at Queen's was won by A. G. Cameron, of Montague, P.E.I., a member of the senior Rugby team.

Trinity College surprised everybody by defeating Varsity in the opening contest of the intermediate series of the Inter-Collegiate Rugby Union. The game was played on October 8th at Trinity grounds. The representatives of the latter school scored a total of 7 points; Varsity II. made a total of 3.

Owing to the non-return of several officers, the personnel of the Athletic Association Executive Committee is considerably changed from that of the executive elected last spring. The following will direct the Association in the ensuing year: Hon. president, Prof. Cohoe; president, J. B. McArthur, '05; vice-president, E. R. Fitch, '05; secretary-treasurer, H. R. Nobles, '06; captain Rugby team, J. B. McArthur, '05; captain Association team, H. W. Wright, '05; captain Hockey team, M. S. McArthur, '05; representatives from the years, C. W. New, B.A. Theology; R. C. Bensen, '06; R. E. E. Harkness, '07; Lieut. W. B. Waters, '08.

McGill I. defeated Queen's I. at Montreal on October 15th by a score of 12 to 6.

McGill I. defeated Varsity Seniors in Toronto on October 8th by a close score of 9 to 8. The local team was somewhat handicapped by the absence of Captain "Casey" Baldwin. George Stephens, at one time a member of the McMaster team, played a good game for McGill at middle wing.

Queen's II. and Royal Military College played a tie game on October 15th ; the score at full time was 13 to 13.

Tennis.—Tennis has its usual number of devotees. G. S. Johnson is the manager of the club, and has arranged an interesting tournament, several matches in which have already been played.

Association Football. — Many of the old Association veterans have left the University, but there is an abundance of new material. Captain Wright has had his men out for several practices, and hopes to enter a team in the Inter-College Union of the city.

The McMaster University Band (western section), besides conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings dur- the past summer in the towns of Western Ontario, played a number of games with the athletic clubs of these towns. The members of the Band were not selected for their athletic ability, but in every contest they made a good showing. The games were all keenly contested and were witnessed by large crowds of interested spectators.

The following is a list of games and scores :

Base Ball.—

McMaster Band	8	Poplar Hill	6

Association Football.—

McMaster Band	1	Simcoe	2
McMaster Band	0	Aylmer	1
McMaster Band	0	Guelph	1
McMaster Band	1	Woodstock College	2
McMaster Band	0	Woodstock College	1

Rugby.—

McMaster Band	3	Woodstock College	12
McMaster Band	11	Woodstock College	13

Frank S. Beddow, '06, who spent the past summer coaching and playing with the M.C.C., the famous cricket club at Lord's, London, reports a very delightful summer. In his first game on an English crease he made 54 runs. During his engagement he met most of the great players in the cricket world of England.

Rev. A. E. Haydon, B.A., '01, B.Th., '03, was a star member of the Chatham Lacrosse team, which made such a good showing in the intermediate series of the C.L.A. last season.

E. J. Farmer, B.A., '03, now of the Toronto College of Music, has been selected as a member of the University of Toronto track team to compete with McGill on October 21st.

McMaster 5, St. Andrews 0.—As a rule McMaster plays a friendly match with St. Andrews College every season. The contest this year took place on Rosedale grounds on October 13th, when McMaster defeated the collegians by a score of 5 to 0, in the presence of quite a number of students. St. Andrews have a good team, who from the kick-off worked hard and for the first ten minutes had the better of the play. After that the ball was carried into their territory, where it was always to be found until the finish. The only score of the game was made in the second half by McEwen, who very cleverly broke through St. Andrews' line and made a pretty run for a try which Jordan failed to convert. At half time and at the conclusion of play the ball was within 10 feet of St. Andrews' goal line.

The teams were: McMaster—Full back, Peine; halves, Bensen, J. B. McArthur (captain), R. W. Young; quarter, White (first half), McEwen (second half); scrimmage, D. Campbell, McGregor, Fitch; wings, Parker, Jordan, Munroe, Holman, Wells, Moyle, Pengelly, Bingham; the latter two replacing Holman and Wells in the second half.

St. Andrews—Full back, Ferguson; halves, Greer, Sale (captain), Cotton; quarter, Allan; scrimmage, Spohn, McPhedran, Douglas; wings, McLaren, Thorne, May, Chase, Ferguson, Allison.

Referee, J. G. Wallace; umpire, M. S. McArthur.

Here and There.

EDITOR: J. B. MCLAURIN, '05.

FAITH.

Once in a seaport on the coast of France
I found a tranquil church, time-scarred and gray,
High on a hill, a beacon to the bay;
I saw a rough lad reverently advance,
Drop his small coin and, with an upward glance
At the dim altar, light his candle. Yea,
Amid the wild storm of the ocean spray
This token had been vowed against mischance.

"O Faith," I cried, "Thou art a wondrous thing!"
Forthwith I lighted candles that were mine—
Tapers of trust in purpose, kindness, youth;
Now, when the beating waves or still calms bring
Discouragement, I bend before the shrine
Of the dead mighty ones who strove for Truth."

—ELIZA BOYLE O'REILLY, *in "My Candles and Other Poems."*

As VERY few of our exchanges have arrived at the time of writing, the editor will seize the opportunity—and the space—to state his belief in the need and value of the exchange department, and to outline his conception of its aims and uses. The need of such a department in a college journal is apparent, for if we are to profit by the best thought of others, to receive the schooling of the just and kindly criticism of our fellow-students all over Canada and the United States, we must have a department where these thoughts are gathered and where such criticisms can be acknowledged, and some advanced on the faults of others. Beyond this practical value in showing each his errors and weaknesses, it is pleasant to keep in touch with the great world of student life, to share in the sorrows of sister institutions and to join in their triumphs.

There is in North America a large throng of critical yet appreciative youth gathered into our higher schools of learning, and any institution whose magazine has no exchange editor or department is deliberately closing its doors to an influence which is as broadening as it is helpful, and removes one of the most potent influences in correcting the faults and strengthening the already strong features of its publication, besides shutting out from its students the rich fund of poetry, story and humor to be garnered from contemporary college journals.

Needless to say, the spirit that will characterize this department will be one of friendliness and good fellowship. Our criticisms, if appreciations, will be sincere; if otherwise, will be put in a kindly way, with the purpose of helping, not hindering. In either case, we shall endeavor to make them just; avoiding flattery on the one hand, and unkind and unjust ridicule or sarcasm on the other. We bespeak the same attitude on the part of our contemporaries, feeling sure that in this way we can be of the greatest mutual benefit. We shall, of course, gather from month to month the cream of the literature found in our exchanges to enrich the pages of THE MONTHLY, and hope that it may offer material worthy of repetition in turn.

Of the the magazines received so far the "Notre Dame Scholastic" bids fair to continue to hold its place as one of our best exchanges. It is well balanced as to proportion of verse, essay and story, and each of these is generally high in quality. The literary compositions on Coleridge and Shakespeare's character "Shylock" are very interesting to a lover of English poets, and very suitable to a college journal. Two good, though rather melancholy poems dealing with retrospection, have also appeared, which seem rather out of touch with the usual trend of university thought at this time of year. The "Athenaeum," from West Virginia University, is more in the nature of a newspaper than a magazine. We should like to see the "Athenaeum" become more a literary and less a prosy sheet.

We welcome two new exchanges this year, the "Montreal Monthly," from Diocesan College, Montreal, and "The Collegian," from Oakland, in sunny California. Both these bear every evidence of representing a spirited and able body of students, and we shall watch for future visits with pleasure.

Two years ago the buildings of Ottawa College, Kansas, were burned to the ground. Last winter a similar disaster overtook Ottawa University, Canada. Our sympathies with both these were expressed at the time. To our table this month comes from the south "The Ottawa Campers," from the north "The University of Ottawa Review," telling of the laying of the corner-stones of larger and grander buildings, and their dedication to the cause of Christian learning. It is the privilege of the present editor to extend the congratulations of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY to these institutions in their triumph, and to wish them every success in the new era which each see opening before them.

THE following editorial from the "Kenyon Collegian" gives an interesting glimpse of initiation proceeding there: The rush is regarded by the students more as a contest, less as a fight. Of course there is still kicking and squeezing and choking and some-

times even biting, but there was little viciousness in the doing and no angry afterthoughts. This tendency was shown at the meeting of the upper classmen the night before the rush to determine the rules to govern it. It was proposed that tennis shoes be worn and that the stealing should not begin before morning and thus give the Freshmen a chance for a good night's sleep. The idea of tennis shoes is good but not practical, because it would be a strenuous job to provide shoes for a horde of Freshmen. The all-night watch lends an air of excitement to the whole affair that would be wholly wanting if the Freshmen were allowed to snooze peacefully in their beds—and after all, the rush is held largely for the diversion of the Upper Classmen.

The all-night watch against being stolen by an enemy, and the spectacle of a biting, kicking mob, with an appropriate accompaniment of eggs and flour, must indeed prove a "diversion" for the Upper Classmen.

AMBITION.

He started in his freshman year,
  And gained deep learning there;
He meant to go through college, and
  Become a millionaire.

He grew to be a sophomore—
  His wisdom came in chunks;
He thought a salary would do
  Of fifteen thousand plunks.

His junior year passed rapidly;
  He'd learned by this time that
A man's in luck if he can earn
  Say, fifteen hundred flat.

And when his senior year was o'er,
  He started out to seek
A modest little job that paid
  Ten dollars every week.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1904.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "ULYSSES."

It seems very untimely to discuss at the present date Stephen Phillips' drama, "Ulysses," seeing that it has already been before the reading public for two years at least; but if the request of the editor of this magazine could have been complied with immediately, this article would have been timely enough. Still, it may even now not be entirely out of place, since the literary world is expecting at any moment to see another drama by this young English poet issued from the press. If this article, then, serves no other purpose than to draw the attention of even a few to the fact that Stephen Phillips yet lives and moves in the world of letters, the present writer will be satisfied.

The personality of Ulysses has been a favorite with dramatists since the golden age of Athenian literature. "The man of many wiles" appears in several of the extant plays of Sophocles and Euripides; in the Philoctetes and Ajax of the former, and in Rhesus, Hecuba, Troades and Cyclops of the latter. It is quite probable that he appeared in several of the last plays which we know only by name or through scanty fragments; for instance, in the Aeolus and Philoctetes of Euripides. But it must be noted that in these dramas Ulysses is only an accessory character, never the leading personage. He is the complicator, the unraveller, the contriver of the plots which twine around the character of some one less shrewd and far-seeing than himself. This may have been for either or both of two reasons; the wanderings of Ulysses were too extended to be dramatically practicable according to the Greek canon of unity of time and place of action; or, further, the

story had been so admirably and charmingly told in the Odyssey that attempts at dramatization seemed like literary sacrilege.

We moderns, however, have lost that warm intimacy with the Greek tongue which forbids anything that appears like parody on any of its almost sacred themes, and it is to our own days that we have to attribute serious and successful attempts at dramatizing the story of Ulysses' home-return. Monsieur Ponsard has written a lyrical drama on the subject to the music of Gounod; and in English Mr. Robert Bridges has composed a poetical drama called "The Return of Ulysses." The canon of the romantic drama, modern stage devices, and the boundless liberties permitted the modern playwright have made this possible.

Before undertaking his "Ulysses," as Mr. Phiilips tells us in an appended note, he carefully considered the vast differences between the epic and the drama. The result is an omission of very many Homeric episodes, an interchange in the order of events, and a general confusion of characters that is very startling to anyone who is well acquainted with the copious and clear-cut narrative of Homer. That Mr. Phillips himself was startled is only too evident from the apology for his course which he has seen fit to make. Had he sinned with his eyes closed, as so many playwrights do in treating classical themes, he and his drama would have been drowned under the flood of adverse criticism.

It will be interesting to compare in detail that portion of Ulysses' story told in Mr. Phillips' drama with the same portion as narrated by Homer.

In the first book of the Odyssey the poet shows us a solemn conclave of the Olympians discussing the home-return of the wandering Ulysses. Poseidon wishes to afflict and annoy him further, but the will of Zeus overrules him, and the mandate goes forth that Ulysses must be permitted to go back to his island home. Hermes bears the divine judgment to Calypso, then detaining the Ithacan in the hollow grotto of her island of Ogygia. She, only half divine, yields to the superior will of Zeus, and even assists her guest in his preparations for departure. On a rude raft he is borne to the island of the Phoeacians and cruelly tossed by Poseidon on its rocky shores Here, in his destitution, he is found and entertained by the ruling family among the Phoeacians.

Previous to his arrival at the home of Calypso, it must be

carefully borne in mind, Ulysses had experienced his most grievous trials. He had encountered the Cicanians, had been sore tempted by the languorous eaters of the lotus-bloom, had experienced the cruelty and ferocity of the Cyclops and Laestrygones, had dallied away a twelvemonth with Circe, and at length had descended to the house of Hades and the realms of the departed. Emerging from Hades, he again visited Circe, escaped the coaxing-voiced Sirens and the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, and, after a bitter time on the island of Sicily, reached the island of Ogygia. The reason of calling particular attention to the Homeric order of events will be more apparent later.

During the long wandering of Ulysses his island home was in a state of turmoil and anarchy. Telemachus, just attained to man's estate, had not the strength or experience to rule the people as his father had done. His mother, Penelope, was besieged with a clamorous host of suitors for her hand, now that it seemed tolerably sure that her husband had been swallowed by the waves of Poseidon. Ever hopeful in her husband's return, she kept putting them off by a clever excuse, and held aloof in her own chamber from their noise and revelry. Telemachus at length began to share in the anxiety and hope of his mother and went on a long journey to the mainland to get news of his father. The suitors, knowing the purpose of his absence, and moved by fear of the now grown lad, planned to waylay his vessel on his return and make away with him. But their plan failed, and Telemachus safely reached his home. Cautiously he first visited the hut of his father's faithful swineherd, Eumaeus, to learn of the condition of things at home, and there chanced on Ulysses himself, who had been conducted safely home by his presiding goddess, Athena. The father feelingly made himself known to his son. Together they devised a plan for wreaking a death revenge upon the suitors. Ulysses proceeded to the banquet hall where the suitors were feasting, and began to beg from each in turn, awaiting patiently until Athena should put it in his mind that the moment for action had arrived. Buffeted by the suitors and jibed by the faithless maid-servants, without a murmur he waited until Penelope proposed to raise the siege waged against her by the suitors by promising to wed him who could bend Ulysses' bow. At that moment Ulysses, who had just made himself known to his old nurse,

stepped outside and told Eumaeus also who he was. Then, followed by his son and the swineherd, he entered the palace, bent the bow, and began to slay the suitors one by one with his unerring, swift shafts While this was taking place, the old nurse told Penelope that Ulysses had returned. After long doubt and wavering and hesitation, she at length accepted the proofs that he offered her that, despite his changed appearance, he was still her husband, the wise Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, and the sacker of Troy city.

Mr. Phillips' story differs considerably from the original. It opens with a prologue depicting the gods deciding in august assembly the future career of Ulysses. This resembles somewhat the formal prologue of the Euripidean plays, which was generally assigned to a god ; but it is much more interesting in that it does not anticipate the entire action of the play as does the latter. The rhymed pentameter in which it is written gives a strong flavor of the French classical drama with its unceasing jingle both in solemn passages and in those of lighter vein. The effect in English is not altogether pleasing. It is doubtful, too, whether any but those with considerable classical training could appreciate at all the ruling of the gods in the affairs of men.

The first act opens with a scene presenting the confusion and rioting caused by Penelope's suitors on the little isle of Ithaca. With the faithless handmaids the suitors are dallying in wanton luxury. Ulysses' wine is poured all over the floor in their hysterical recklessness. Fruits and flowers of all hues are tossed about in wild extravagance. Some of the faithful servants reprove all this waste and revelry, but are severely used by the suitors for venturing even to address them. Thoughtless of the cost, the latter only clamor for more viands, more wine, and more pleasure. "A fresh feast, and swiftly !" cry the chief suitors, Clessippus, Eurymachus and Antinous, three characters borrowed from the Odyssey. "Come, come," they shout, "show us the wine !"

Telemachus, up to this time but a powerless youth, has looked on all this passively. "I am but one and they are many," was his excuse to the chiding Athena. "How have I raged and fumed in vain, and pondered on the doing. Now to do." With that resolution made he rises and sternly rebukes the suitors and bids them begone. But one and all are so amused at his burst of youthful wrath that he realizes he has made himself only the butt

of their scoffing and mockery. Weakly he sits down beside his despoilers and listens to the music of the bard singing of the voyage home from Troy. During the song Penelope has quietly entered the hall and stands listening. As the bard sings the last two verses—

> "And she shall fall upon his heart
> With never a spoken word,"

she drops her veil and bids him cease, as the words have hurt her heart.

> "Others return, the other husbands, but
> Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
> Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
> Nor sudden step beside me at midnight;
> Never Ulysses! Either he is drowned,
> Or his bones lie on the mainland in the rain."

The last thought reminds one of the words put by Homer into the mouth of Eumaeus:—"His bones lie on the shore wrapped up in much sand."

The appearance of Penelope is taken by the suitors as a signal for another outburst of their importunity. The helpless woman, with only her son beside her in the midst of the rabble, puts them off again, begging for more time to think the matter over. Bent on sport in the market-place, they all troop out gaily and leave her to herself and the thoughts of her beloved Ulysses:

> "Where art thou, husband? Dost thou lie even now
> Helpless with coral, and swaying as the sea sways?
> Or dost thou live, and art with magic held
> By some strange woman on a lone sea-isle?
> Yet we are bound more close than by a charm;
> By fireside plans and counsel in the dawn——
> Like gardeners have we watched a growing child,
> Thy son is tall, thou wilt be glad of him;
> All is in order; by the fire thy chair,
> Thy bed is smoothed, but now these hands have left it.
> Thou knowest the long years I have not quailed,
> True to a vision, steadfast to a dream,
> Indissolubly married to remembrance;
> But now I am so driven I faint at last!

Why must my beauty madden all these wolves?
Why have the gods thus guarded my first bloom?
Why am I fresh, why young, if not for thee?
Come! come, Ulysses! Burn back through the world!
Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,
Ere 'tis too late, at the last, last instant—come!"

In the second scene we are shown the vine-hung cave of Calypso, the sea nymph, half mortal, half goddess. Mr. Phillips has added to her the characteristics of the Homeric Circe. To tell the truth, she is more Circe than Calypso, for it is the former who exercised her bewitching charms for so long a time over Ulysses and his men. It was she whose servants were the nymphs, the daughters of the groves, the rivers and the fountains. It was she who swore the Stygian oath; and it was from her home that Ulysses visited the lower realms. In Mr. Phillips' play all this is attributed to Calypso.

When Hermes arrives at Ogygia he finds Ulysses and the nymph lolling among the fragrant thickets of oleander. Their speech is slow and dreamy, like that of the "melancholy lotus-eaters."

"Thy name, then? Hast no thought of it at all," languidly asks Calypso.

"It seemeth to me like a far, faint place."

"Rememberest thou thy wife," she asks further. As in a dream Ulysses answers:

"As through a mist;
And dim she seems, and muffled, and away."

But the next moment the Ogygian witchery steals over him again and he forgets wife, and son, and name—and all:

"Those crimson lips again! O eyes half-closed,
That, closing slowly, draw my soul from me!
Thou fallest back, thy hair blows in my face,
And all the odour goeth to my brain."

But Hermes breaks the spell with the mandate of Zeus. The goddess and the man cannot believe at first that they must part. "But Zeus commands!" repeats Hermes sternly, and Ulysses

slowly comes to his senses. With entreating caress Calypso seeks to weave again her broken spell, to bring back the old-time love to his kisses, to turn to herself his eyes now gazing into dreamy space. Does he love another? Can it be Penelope?

> "How shall my heart contend against your brain?
> Now by that time I thought eternity,
> By long sea-evenings when all words would cease,
> By all the sad tales of thy wandering,
> Sad tales which will be happy to remember,
> Tell me the reason of this haste to go.
> 'Tis she, I know; I want no words to tell me.
> But is it she? And now I do recall
> Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld,
> Even in abandonment a something kept;
> When veil on veil fell from you, still a veil.
> When you so poured your soul out that a woman,
> Even a woman, had in her heart said, 'Now!'
> I felt in all that sweet a something stern."

But all the yearning entreaties of the nymph are in vain. Ulysses' love is cold and the eyes of his heart are gazing homewards. Little by little their vision broadens, and he begins sympathetically to see the glad home-coming of those who are with him as well as that of himself. Having seen beyond himself he has won the victory, and his ears are deaf to the magic voice of Calypso. Wildly he bursts out at last:

> "Then have the truth; I speak as a man speaks;
> Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.
> This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
> That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
> With brooding music over noontide moss,
> And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee—
> Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers—
> Palls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
> Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
> Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
> The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I am an-hungered for that human breast,
> That bosom a sweet hive of memories—
> There, there to lay my head before I die,
> There, there to be, there only, there at last!"

Filled with the enthusiasm of the home-return, Ulysses breaks from her coaxing, clinging wiles, rouses his men by his zeal, and launches his boat, which, impelled by the fair following breeze raised by the now resigned nymph, soon bears them swiftly away towards the rim of ocean deep, stained with the red of sunset. Calypso stands upon the shore, sad and alone, gazing wistfully over the deep.

The second act reveals Ulysses on a barren, craggy shore, at the mouth of a gloomy cavern. He is cast down. "The gods lied to me who swore that we should see our homes again," he sobs. At this complaint Athena appears, and in language that almost makes the reader shudder and crouch for fear warns him that this cave is but the gate of Hades, which he must enter ere reaching his loved home.

At the bidding of Athena Ulysses slowly descends through the cave, guided by Hermes, the conductor of the dead, into a dismal, gloomy realm of invisible flying things, into "A whist world, but for whirring as of wings" Trembling and fearful he gropes his way still downwards, surrounded by the flitting ghosts of little children, by circling furies, and by the spirits of those who died by the violence of their own hand. He calls to them for news of Ithaca. His only answer is a horrible chorus of sad, indistinguishable cries. He shrinks from these terrors and approaches the livid-shining river where Charon has just brought his barge to shore. By Hermes' permission he enters and is soon floating slowly and mournfuliy down the cold stream. Past Tantalus, the never-attaining, he drifts; past Teiresias, who calls out as he passes that Penelope lives; past Sisyphus and the cruel boulder. On, on they drift, past the shade of Agamemnon, that warns him bitterly not to trust his wife on his home-return; on, past the torn and lacerated Prometheus, fast bound to the rock; on to the shade of Ulysses' mother, Anticleia. Fondly hoping to embrace her he leaps to the bank and embraces naught but an airy, vacant memory, which still has voice enough to give him news of Penelope. Fired with new courage, he leaps upward towards the day. The ghosts clamor about him. He fights through them. "Ithaca! Ithaca!" he cries, and emerges into the brightness of the upper world.

With Ulysses' visit to Hades Mr. Phillips has taken a great

deal of liberty. For obvious reasons he has both shortened the utterances of these spirits with whom Homer makes Ulysses converse, and has omitted altogether to mention some of the spirits. In one case he has made a substitution ; he puts Prometheus in the place of Tityas, probably because the myths centering around the former's name are better known. Moreover, in the Homeric story Ulysses never crosses the threshold of Hades' dwelling ; he simply stands around the blood-filled trench at its portal, and beholds the ghosts as they emerge to drink of the blood. This is a Virgilian imitation. In the sixth book of the Aeneid the Cumaean Sibyl actually conducts Aeneas past the portals into the gloom and horror below. There he sees the ferryman, Charon, piloting across the dark river the spirits of those whose bodies had been laid to rest in the world above ; there he sees weeping ghosts of infants, malicious flitting Furies, the ghosts of suicides, and of those who wrongly loved, still loving as in the realms of light above. After a time Charon makes room for him and the Sibyl in his craft, and he is piloted safely to the other side of the Stygian pool. One may safely say that this second act of "Ulysses" is Homeric only in so far as Virgil got the idea and inspiration for his Aeneid from Homer. Mr. Phillips' preference for the Virgilian story is evidently due to its greater suitability for dramatic and spectacular purposes.

The last act shows us the misty shores of Ithaca, on which lies the slumbering, fatigued Ulysses. We know from the Odyssey that the Phoeacians had borne him home asleep. Athena wakes him, but he does not recognize the land. At first he seems stupid in his ignorance of the country, but when Athena tries his wits she finds them as nimble to lie and talk evasively as even in his younger days. Mercifully she makes known to him his land and home by gently and slowly dispersing the mist. He cannot believe his eyes nor the goddess. Is it true? Or is it a lure?

> "I am fooled by the old sea-magic ; my home trembles :
> An apparition of the glassy deep,
> A fading island that we come to never!
> Is it rooted, rooted fast, and cannot fly?
> I shall go mad if I am fooled! Speak! speak!
> Is this the earth, the earth where I was born?"

Firmly Athena answers :

> " Ulysses, 'tis at last, 'tis Ithaca ! "

Then she tells of the peril in which Penelope lies. But Ulysses does not become frantic. As of old he governs himself patiently, and resolves to work out his vengeance even though the waiting for it be long. Craftily he guises himself as a beggar and enters the hut of the swineherd Eumaeus, claiming he has tidings of Ulysses. He is ungraciously, yet not roughly, received by the old servant. When about to set out to the palace, Telemachus comes rushing in, pursued by the minions of the suitors who are seeking his life. With mighty grasp Ulysses seizes the chief pursuer and so binds him that he screams for pain. The others cease their pursuit and slink away in fear of such a powerful beggar.

When they have gone Ulysses looks long and tenderly into his son's face. He cannot stand the gaze with his moistening eyes, and bows his head. Then he says softly :

> " I saw thy father on a lone sea-isle
> Once, and he spoke thy name."

" What said he ? " asked Telemachus.

> " Only thy name. He looked o'er the wide sea,
> And softly said, ' Little Telemachus.' "

In a moment the son's eyes are as filled with tears as the father's. The boy feels that something he longs for is to be revealed to him, yet he cannot say just what it is. His whole heart goes out to the unkempt man, he knows not why. Lovingly he stoops and kisses the old grey head. The old man's frame is shaken with deep sobs. Slowly he says to the youth :

> " From here thy palace roofs can we descry ;
> Seest thou that upper chamber looking south ?
> There wast thou born upon a summer night."

" But thou then ? " exclaims Telemachus.

" I stood by the door in fear," was the old man's answer. Then raising himself to his full height he cast off his ragged cloak and said, " Child, I begot thee."

Without further questioning the boy takes his father's word and falls in his arms. Excitedly he calls Eumaeus, who recognizes his old master by the scar on his knee. With his old-time promptness Ulysses gets them to promise to stand by him patiently till his plan be carried out, and they move off together towards the palace.

In the palace the usual feasting and revelry is going on. The bard Phemius is singing the praises of the festive cup. Suddenly he breaks off and sees portents of blood about to be spilt in the gaudy halls. The suitors mock him so that he hurries forth. At this moment Ulysses enters and begins to beg from suitor to suitor, from maid to maid, from all the feasters. Their gifts are only scoffing and buffeting. He tells them of his former high estate among men and they laugh him down. Telemachus groans in his impatience, and even Ulysses fears that perhaps Athena may fail to give the expected sign.

Penelope enters and wishes to speak with her son, but the suitors prevent her, fearing further plots on their part to put them off. Instead, they crowd around and urge their suits. One by one the chief suitors make their pleas, and she makes reply to each in turn :

> "Not the glory of gems or gold
> Can move me : hath the sea a pearl so rich
> As dead Ulysses which it treasureth
> Far down, far from these eyes? Rather would I
> Possess some ray of him drawn up perchance
> By nets of seamen hauling 'neath the moon,
> Than all these jewels glistering at my feet.
> . . . . . .
> Splendid Antinous, I tell thee this ;
> That if my husband on this moment came
> In by that door, even as yon beggar man,
> So bowed, so worn, so ragged, and so fallen,
> Him would I rather catch unto this heart
> And hold his holy ruins in my arms,
> Than touch thee in thy glory and thy strength."

Overcome with loving admiration Ulysses leaps up and loudly shouts approval. The suitors silence him. But to their astonishment Penelope makes, as a last request of them before making her choice, to speak one word with the aged beggar. In a mo-

ment Ulysses whispers to her that her husband is even then in Ithaca, but till he comes to the palace she must put the suitors off still longer. He suggests that she propose to them that she choose the one of their number that can bend Ulysses' bow.

Telemachus takes down the bow, and one by one they essay to bend it ; but one by one they fail even to twang the string. Suddenly the lightning of Athena flashes and Ulysses springs up, amid general laughter, to take the bow. After a moment of simulated faltering he strings it, bends it back strongly, and, appearing suddenly in his own likeness, lets loose an unerring, deadly shaft at the heart of the suitor Antinous. In the confusion that follows Eumaeus and Telemachus seize their weapons and the slaughter and groanings that ensue are terrible.

Falteringly Ulysses and Penelope approach one another across the hall, scarcely believing that what they see is not some vision sent down by the gods to vex them. When they meet, Ulysses opens his arms and draws her to his heart. Outside the door the voice of the minstrel is heard singing :

> " And she shall fall upon his breast
> With never a spoken word."

The last act of Mr. Phillips' play is far the best, both as a whole and as to individual scenes, from the standpoint of pure drama. The scene where son and father meet is the strongest work that Mr. Phillips has done in all of his three plays. From the standpoint of expression and sentiment nothing could be more fitting and beautiful than the words of Penelope in rejecting the suitors whom she did not love.

In this act, too, many liberties are taken with the Homeric story. The revelation of Ulysses to Eumaeus should come just before the trial with the bow. The attempts on the life of Telemachus did not take the form of personal assault as in the play. The original Eumaeus has no humor in him such as Mr. Phillips adds to his character. Homer represents Penelope as instituting the trials with the bow without the prompting of Ulysses. Further, it is the old nurse in the Odyssey who first makes known to Penelope the return of Ulysses.

On the other hand, a surprising number of small points which

in the aggregate count for much have been taken directly from the Odyssey. These are too numerous to mention.

To our mind the great interest in this particular play does not lie so much in language, sentiment and plot, as it does in Mr. Phillips' previous dramas ; rather, it lies in the study of the outside literary influences that have worked on the poet and in the consideration of how near his Ulysses approaches in character and personality to the original Ulysses in the epic of Homer. That the Homeric Ulysses is the greater character will be conceded by anyone of general literary taste and information. It is a hopeless task for anyone to attempt to make a drama, with its narrow limitations as to place and time of action, draw the lines of a character as boldly and clearly as can a great epic. Probably no one knows this so well as Mr. Phillips himself.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

THE SUNSET.

There was a deep, sweet stillness over all.
Entranced, we watched the lingering day decline,
And worshipped at the ever sacred shrine
Of the Eternal—Nature's palace hall.
Softly the lengthening shadows were unroll'd
As Sol's great chargers neared the sinking west.
Then Heaven's artist dipped his brush, and dressed
The whole in hues of purple, red and gold.

Breathless with awe we watched its splendor die,
Greatest in glory ere it sank to rest.
What strange emotion entered every breast,
As joy and peace with sadness seemed to vie!
Then, as the gentleness of even fell,
The calm of Heaven whispered, "All is well."

A. S. Woodburne, '06.

"RE-CONSTRUCTION IN THEOLOGY."*

A REVIEW.

(Concluded.)

Further, the results of the higher criticism mean for theology a re-statement of the doctrine of Inspiration, just because the older views were *a priori* (p. 155). The chapter dealing with this matter is one of the most interesting and at the same time disappointing chapters in the book. Professor King declares the Bible to be a record of revelation rather than the revelation itself. God, he says, inspires the life, the experience, and the man speaks or writes out of this experience. The aim is plainly not to get certain words spoken or certain acts done, but to get righteous and godly men (p. 157). Such a view of inspiration implies always both human and divine elements, for it seeks the moral and spiritual growth of men under God's education : and such a revelation can be a growing revelation only as the man grows, as he comes little by little into that experience out of which he can interpret the revelation. God has, therefore, not stepped in miraculously to get a mechanically perfect outcome, when the morally ideal result did not appear. He is not dictating ideal propositions ; He is educating men (p. 161). This view of inspiration means for us, too, in this day, that if the Bible is to be to us a revelation, *we* must be inspired too.

Let us see what all this means. It means : (1) That the Bible is not the word of God, but only contains the word of God. (2) That the purpose of inspiration may be said to be achieved in the individuals inspired. (3) That we must have the same kind of inspiration as the Scripture writers possessed if the Bible is to have any revelation for us.

How does this agree with the words of Peter : "Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you ; searching what or what manner of time the Spirit which was in them did

*Paper read at the annual Alumni Conference, May, 1904.

signify when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow, unto whom it was revealed that not unto themselves *but unto us* they did minister the things which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, which things the angels desire to look into"? Does that teach that the purpose of inspiration is, for the most part, exhausted in the person of the individual inspired? I trow not. That one passage smashes the entire theory, at any rate as far as prophecy is concerned, and prophecy is a very large factor in revelation. If the theory is applicable at all it must be outside of the realm of prophecy.

It is unnecessary to point out that this theory, that the Bible is not the word of God but only contains the word of God, points directly to rationalism. Who is to determine just what God's word is, as it lies amidst a mass of human rubbish which has gathered round it in bygone ages?

Dr. King, when he comes to treat of the difference between biblical and post-biblical inspiration, is not satisfactory. Is there any difference between the inspiration of the Bible and that of many men and writings since? In answer he says that he recognizes degrees of inspiration in the books of the Bible, especially in the Old Testament, and we are certainly not to deny the work of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men since biblical times, inspiring them and making them the mediums of revelations to others. The Bible stands apart from all other books just because it is the record of the most marked of all the actual historical meetings of God with men for moral and spiritual ends, and this historical self-revelation of God culminated in Christ (p. 166).

But the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg, the revelations of Mrs. E. G. White of Seventh Day Adventist fame, and of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy of Christian Science notoriety, the famous Book of Mormon, and the hysterical ravings of the Flying Roll, all claim to culminate in Jesus Christ, and since they are more modern than the sacred writings, should they not be accepted as more complete revelations than those given to the Scripture writers? There is very serious difficulty in making post-biblical inspiration a matter of degree rather than of kind. The answer of every one of the authors I have mentioned is that they have received more

truth than the Bible contains, and that the Scriptures are to be interpreted in the light of their so-called later revelations.

Is the Bible a final and authoritative revelation to men? Unhesitatingly we say, Yes! It is what no other book is—the authoritative voice to the soul. "I see," said Hallam, the historian, "that the Bible fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart." Dr. Dale's experience is ours: "I think that the universal experience of devout Christians will sustain me when I say that, in reading the New Testament, the idea of the authority of the book as a book is hardly ever thought of. The book, explain it how we may, vanishes. The truth I read there shines in its own light. Whether the writers of the New Testament are infallible or not is a question which rarely occurs to me. Somehow, when they tell me a truth, I come to know it for myself; this truth is mine and not theirs. Practically the Bible does not come between me and God." That is the testimony of nineteen centuries, and no other book has ever received such praise, nor is it likely to.

The ninth chapter deals with the influence of the deepening sense of the value and sacredness of the person. Dr. King believes in the universal fatherhood of God, and regards love as the unifying principle in the Divine government, whereas the older theology has taught that holiness is the unifying principle. The deepening sense of the worth of the person means the recognition of the whole man, the exclusion of the mechanical, the rejection of sacramentalism, and the quickening of the social conscience. The author says: "The very definition of religion is changed. Religion is clearly seen to be no device for avoiding the necessity of character, no substitute for it, but the one truest way to character—a relation which involves character in its very existence. The separation of the ethical and religious life is becoming impossible" (p. 81). If Dr. King had told us at what church system he is flinging his taunt we should know how to answer him, but evangelical Christianity has always taught that religion and character cannot be divorced.

Professor King says that the practical test of doctrine is that it shall have a solely practical source. All doctrine must be seen to bear on life. Something must follow from it for attitude and

conduct, and a practical theology must also be a missionary theology.

The tenth chapter of the book treats of the recognition of Christ as the supreme person of history. In Dr. King's view, "the simple truth is that we stand face to face with the historical Christ, as it has been said, 'in a sense and to a degree unknown to the church since the apostolic age.'" Theology to day accepts Christ as the supreme revelation of God, and God as Father as the ruling conception in theology. In discussing the humanity of Christ Professor King makes a curious statement. He says: "We find in Christ not God *and* man, but God revealed because true man" (p. 191). Is that a safe statement? I think not.

Moreover, when Dr. King discusses the question of a social Trinity, in his eagerness to reject the metaphysical conception of the Trinity as tri-theistic, he comes very near making our Lord divine only in the sense of manifesting God. Hear this: "The religious need of the strict unity of God is very great. I want to know that God Himself, the infinite Source of all, is my Father; that He, not some second being, loves me. And this is the very significance of Christ, that God is in him, speaks and works through him" (p. 193). In avoiding the Scylla of tri-theism the Doctor has narrowly missed falling into the Charybdis of Unitarianism.

The third part of the book is occupied with discussing the re-construction in theology which results from honestly taking into account the great convictions of our age. First, religion is shown to be a personal relation of man to God, and the laws which govern this relation are those of a deepening friendship. Its basis is mutual self-revelation and answering trust, mutual self-surrender, and deep community of interest. The conditions for deepening it are: Assurance of the meaning of the friendship, but non-expectancy of continuous emotion; association; time; expression; a sacred respect for the personality of the other; reality. This is a good chapter and should be homiletically suggestive.

The last chapter of the book deals with theology in terms of personal relation. The reasons for such a re-statement of theology are briefly summarized as follows:—1. Because the very word Christian implies it. 2. Because of the growing recognition

among theologians of this point of view. 3. Because religion is itself personal relation to God. 4. Because the philosophic trend is distinctly personal. 5. Because the moral and spiritual characteristics of our time show that the personal has a new clearness for us and far greater recognition. 6. Because of the psychological emphasis on the entire man. 7. Because the whole problem of life is ultimately the problem of the fulfilment of personal relations, and because this personal conception lies closest to Christ's own thought and to the directest reflections of it in the New Testament (p. 241).

Dr. King gives us an illustration of what he means by such a re-statement in terms of personal relation. He applies it to the doctrine of Christ. The questions, Who is Jesus Christ? What does He mean? How does He reveal God? lead to a series of propositions, as a basis of his belief in Christ's real divinity, all of which concern his character and personal relations. They are, he says, the outcome of a man's own personal experience of Jesus Christ. It can easily be seen that, since experience is to be the test in theology, there can be no final statement of truth; that experience is of value only to the individual concerned, and that a theology which depends upon experience alone might not be as satisfactory as one which is drawn directly from the word of God. Is the ground of authority in religion the human consciousness?

It is disappointing to find Dr. King avoiding such subjects as sin and atonement. It appears to the reviewer that these doctrines might be harder to state in terms of personal relation than the doctrine of Christ. Until an attempt has been made to give us a bird's eye view of all the doctrines thus stated, it will be difficult to say what the effect upon the old theology of such a re-construction may be.

On the whole, however, the book is stimulating. The chapter on the relation of evolution to miracles is reassuring. But in one word the book may be characterized as destructive rather than constructive.

E. J. Stobo.

JOHN MORLEY IN TORONTO.

That to be one of the world's great men and a philosopher does not require that a man should lose that touch which makes the whole world kin, was abundantly attested in connection with the recent visit of the Right Hon. John Morley, thinker, journalist, and litterateur, to Toronto. While here Mr. Morley was the guest of Dr. Goldwin Smith, and made addresses at the Canadian Club and the University of Toronto. The latter institution honored itself by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

In the speech which he delivered on the occasion of receiving his degree he not only fulfilled but exceeded the expectations of his audience. In every way it was an utterance to be remembered. Its direct simplicity, its re-assertion of old, even homely, truths in straightforward, easily flowing English, its unexpected flashes of humor, made it one of the most forceful addresses ever delivered within the walls of the University of Toronto.

Mr. Morley's conception of the purpose of a university is that it should aim at making men of strong character and personality. That it may do this, he would have a university concentrate its attention on the simple and fundamental things. "I take it that one of the main objects of education is character, and if I were asked to define the elements that a university may be expected to strengthen in character, it would be the two simplest virtues in all the world. But, simple as they are, in my experience of life, now becoming long and very varied, there are none more constantly forgotten by men. You will be curious to know what they are. The first is that there is a relation between cause and effect, and the second is that there is a difference between right and wrong."

This was prefaced, and his meaning made clear, by these words concerning Oxford :—"This afternoon I have a vision in my mind's eye of that venerable city, of its spires and quadrangles, its libraries and lecture rooms, and all the rest of the visual associations of that memorable place. Nothing in my own life can I compare in its influence with the accident—if accident it was—of

my being educated at the University of Oxford. At Oxford the bulk of the graduates in the centuries bygone held—and perhaps even to-day they hold—opinions on many great subjects which Mr. Goldwin Smith and I entirely dissent from, but that does not affect the fact of the influence of that university, and of its charm of historic association in aspects which are different from those of education alone. At the University of Oxford you are never taught that learning is the only thing, and, indeed, it might seem as if learning there were the only thing for which it did not exist. You are never taught there that knowledge is always power, but I think what you do derive in Oxford—and I do not deny it to Cambridge and other universities of the same standing in Great Britain—that the influence of residence at Oxford, the force of its association, is rather upon character than upon the mere acquisition of knowledge. I do not think it at all unbecoming for me to say that residence at Oxford is not enough to give you a good character, but I mean to say that being educated at this university fits a man in an extraordinary degree for performing his work in the country where his work lies. It is a university well adapted to the social conditions of Great Britain, just as the Scottish universities, to which, I believe, your type of universities more nearly conforms, fit men for their work. The strenuous existence in Scottish universities fits the graduate for his work in life wherever he may be called."

As he proceeded with his address Mr. Morley spoke of another fundamental element in a well-rounded character. "When I was in Edinburgh the other day, I ventured to say that a love of truth was the first thing to be required from a public man or a private man, that the truth was a much less common virtue than it appeared, and that I, for my part, had only been acquainted with four men whose love of truth was unassailable, impregnable. I was taken to task in a good-natured way by a critic who said this love of truth means a detachment of mind which is fatal to action, and if you always assume a question has two sides you will take away the driving power from those who have to conduct the affairs of the world. I do not think so at all. I think it perfectly possible to see that a question which deeply engages you has two sides, or more than two sides, and yet be able to make up your mind that in the case in hand a certain course is to be fol-

lowed. There is nothing inconsistent in having a fair mind and a very effective hand: the fairness of mind that ought to come from university training is no bar to effective action."

The illustration to prove the last statement was at once pertinent and convincing. On the two front benches of the English House of Commons sit the men who carry on the business of the nation. It is presumed that in them are concentrated the wisdom and ability of the House :—

"On those two benches, with one remarkable exception, the whole of them chance to be masters of arts of either Oxford or Cambridge, and some of them distinguished graduates. This shows that the habit of mind which a university ought to give and sometimes does give is no bar whatever to effective action when action is demanded."

What should accompany the love of truth he indicates thus :— "I believe there are few greater virtues than the ability to recognize that a man or body of men may differ from you upon things which you have much at heart ; that you should be perfectly able to contend with them fairly, and as incisively as you like, but able to keep a steady consciousness in your own mind, not that they may be right after all, but that there is another point of view from which they act. You say that is a small thing. Is it ? Look around about you among your leaders and even among your pastors and masters, and I do not think you will find that virtue is a general or common virtue or that there is too much of it."

As one would expect, the distinguished litterateur said a few words about literature. In part this was his reference :—"In our day, in England certainly, literature as distinguished from science is less brilliant, less powerful, less an object of general popular interest than formerly. The strongest intellects seem to have turned their powers in the direction of the physical sciences, but, of course, the human mind is so constituted that a reaction from that is inevitable. Although discoveries in the domain of the physical sciences are of great importance, it would be a great calamity if literature should fall into anything like second place. Of course, the great form of literature, poetry, does not depend upon the care or desire of anybody, that depends upon men being born who have the power and imaginative force to stir the mind and heart of their generation. In the middle of the nineteenth century there

was a great poetical influence. Now we have no great poetic force."

But more than literature has felt the influence of the attention given to the physical sciences :—"History, too, has become less literary and more a matter of research. It may be that the matter of research has been rather indifferently prosecuted till now, but I do contend that if you get history without literary form you will not get students, much less the mass of people generally, to take that interest in history which it so well deserves."

His remarks regarding the ancient languages may be regarded as an evidence of his conservatism. But surely his reason for retaining them upon our curricula is worthy of more than a passing notice :—"I confess I see with the greatest regret the movement that is taking place in England and Scotland for putting Greek out of the line of teaching, or, at all events, into second place. I dare say it is not of the least practical use in some directions. It will not stimulate increased trade or new manufactures. It will not touch that side of life at all. But there is nothing more desirable in developing the character of men and increasing the wisdom of the community than a recognition, than a consciousness that we who are in this hall to-day in the great mass of thought, of ideas, of purpose that animate us, are the last link in a long chain of antecedents which have made us what we are, and have made the situation for us with which we have to deal."

And unquestionably his closing words may be regarded as Mr. Morley's message to the young men and women in the universities and colleges of this great Dominion :—"I envy the young. I never look upon an audience of young men and women with all their lives before them, without sympathy and without envy. There is no part of life comparable, in my experience, to early days at college. There you have truth and beauty dawning upon you. You have your aptitudes to train, whatever they may be, but more important than this is the inculcation in the minds of the young, who have the world before them, of high and noble and pure ideals. Time may deface them, they may be dimmed, the dust of life may choke the purposes, but at all events seize the time whilst you are still young, seize the time, and whatever calamities, whatever perplexities come, so long as these ideals are kept alive, there will still shine in upon you the rays of this divine

time and diviner mind. I would like to read you the words I consider of value, both in themselves and from their source, words spoken by Mr. Gladstone when he was talking at Edinburgh. Here, again, I have nothing to offer you but commonplace, but commonplace noble and uplifting. 'Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of time will make you dwindle alike in intellect and moral stature beneath your darkest reckoning.'"

W. C. Pearce, '04.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The bleak December day was drawing to a close. As far as eye could see the river-flats were bare and desolate, covered with withered reed-grass, through which crept the cold, black waters of the little stream. The fields that clothed the farther slope of the river-valley were dark and lifeless, hemmed in by the black zig-zags of the fences; and the bordering trees were stripped and mournful. Heavy, lowering clouds obscured the sky, and permitted only a dull, subdued light to rest on the scene.

There was no sign of life in the shivering trees, or on the hillsides, or in the sky above. No sound came on the chill wind from the forest-crowned hill, or from the barren meadows—only the breeze whispered to the reeds, spoke to the forest trees, or sang softly and mournfully across the meadows as he lulled them to sleep against the coming of winter.

Soon his work is done, and all the broad land lies still and cold. The dull, leaden clouds hang lower over the earth, and the bare woods that top the farthest hill stand out in sharp and bleak tracery against the weird white December sunset.

But there is one suggestion of life and cheer in the scene. Halfway up the slope beyond the river stands a little cottage, and, as twilight closes in, the blue smoke curls upward from the chimney, and the windows glow through the dusk like sparkles of fire, telling of cheer and comfort within. The day's work is done and the family is seated around the evening meal, or sits grouped about

the fire chatting and reading; but we see only the kindly eye of the light streaming into the darkness.

Suddenly a white mist seems to obscure the river, the hills, the silent fields and trees. Slowly, silently the snow floats down across the river valley, over the meadows and pastures. Not a sound, no wind, but just the tiny white flakes falling, falling, falling. Gradually the dull earth was covered with a snowy carpet, fit for the tread of winter, and all the land was white beneath the dark sky, save only where the river wound, still and deep and black.

Then suddenly the wind rose. King Winter had come to see the work of his heralds, and before him raced a whistling wind that swept the snow before it in little eddies. Then the North Wind himself bursts on the stage, and he and his minions hold high revel over the frozen plain. The river is now protected by a glassy shield that defies every attack, but over the plains and up the hillside the wind-demons roar and race, driving the light snow before them in whirling clouds, piling it up against the fences, flinging it in bridges across the frozen river, or sculpturing it into fantastic forms along the brow of some steep rise. Through the forest they shriek, and, emerging, charge down on the quiet farmyard, and there howl around the little house and the high red barn, with fiendish glee piling great banks of snow against the doors and across the paths.

But soon their rage is spent, and their work done. They have made the bare earth a thing of beauty, for when, next day, the sun springs into a clear, cold sky, it looks down on mounds and plains of snowy white, on a world of purest crystal, flashing fire in a million points to the rays of the red morning sun.

John B. McLaurin, '05.

The McMaster University Monthly.

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VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1904. No. 2

Editorial Notes.

THE teaching staff of the University has undergone some changes since last year. Professor William Dale has left us, and Principal McCrimmon has come to us. Professor TenBroeke has returned from his year's leave of absence, and has resumed his work in philosophy. Professor Farmer, after more than ten years' service, has gone abroad for a year's study under the great English and German Biblical scholars. Amid these almost yearly changes, some permanent and some only temporary, the work of the University goes steadily forward. Undoubtedly we shall miss Professor Farmer, as we missed Professor TenBroeke last year, and Chancellor Wallace the year before last, and other professors in preceding years, but we who remain will, as always, do our utmost to sustain the honor of McMaster. We believe the Board of Governors have shown far-sighted wisdom in making it possible for the members of the Faculty to enjoy leave of absence from time to time. Those who have done so have invariably returned refreshed in body and mind, and have been even more ready and able than before to render service to the students. We gladly welcome Professor TenBroeke back to our ranks, and trust that Professor Farmer may have a delightful year of study and recreation in Europe. During the latter's absence we shall have as our

colleagues Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris and Mr. A. C. Watson, B.A. Dr. Harris is an enthusiastic teacher of the Bible, and will, we are sure, make his influence strongly felt in the lives of those who attend his classes. Mr. Watson is one of our young graduates whose character and scholarship and experience as a teacher in Brandon College qualify him for the work he will have to do at McMaster.

We cannot allow Professor Dale to pass out of our college life without expressing our appreciation of his services. He came to us, not as a permanent addition to our staff, but as a special lecturer in History, Economics, and Classical Literature. He spent only three months with us each year, and thereby never so fully entered into the life of the institution as the other professors. And yet in spite of that he impressed himself on the students to a remarkable degree, and won from them unstinted admiration for his character and culture. In view of this it is not surprising that Faculty and students unite in genuine regret that Professor Dale will no longer go in and out amongst us. It was with great satisfaction that we learned that Principal McCrimmon of Woodstock College had been secured to lecture on Economics. Dr. McCrimmon comes to the University with a generous equipment for his work, and has already established his reputation with the students. THE MONTHLY takes great pleasure in extending to him a hearty welcome.

Book Reviews.

THE CHRISTMAS DELINEATOR.

THE MONTHLY has been favored with a copy of the *Delineator*, a magazine that to men folk hints only of the mysteries of fashion plates for the fair sex. In glancing through its pages, however, we were agreeably surprised to find some excellent stories, an interesting and well-illustrated article concerning the love-story of the great composer Wagner, and, most important of all, beautiful translations by Richard Le Gallienne of six love-songs from Wagner's famous operas. The illustrative decorations in which these appear are magnificent in conception and execution. The art that has reproduced these on the pages of a magazine is worthy of the art that created the originals. The publishers of the *Delineator* are to be congratulated upon their enterprise in giving its readers such a pleasure as these decorations afford, and

uing such an excellent Christmas number.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

HEAD of Table to Timid Freshman.—"Will you have some fruit?" Timid Freshman, with a blush—"What kind of fruit is it?" Head of Table—"Preserved hops. You had better have some." T. F.—"No, not to-night, thank you. I don't know that I would like preserved hops."

SOME of the freshmen would be a lot taller if they did not have so much turned up for feet.

PROFESSOR —"What were indulgences?" Clever Student: "Pardons for sins not yet committed."

SCENE—On the Campus at a Rugby Match.—Enthusiastic Junior to the Professor:—"Well, Professor, Rugby is more interesting than philosophy." Professor:—"Yes, I believe it is. You seem to learn it much easier anyway."

THE Bulletin Board now presents a decidedly improved appearance. Special bulletin paper of a uniform size has been provided, and a censor in the person of E. C. Jordan, '05, has been appointed, with power to remove any objectionable notices. An electric light has been placed in front of the board.

IN THE DINING ROOM.—They were discussing their religious denominations at the table. "I am a Presbyterian," said the first. "So am I," said the second. "I am a Baptist," said number three. "I am a Tory," said the funny Junior. "Ah!" observed another humorist, "I judge then that that precludes you from having any religious attachment."

OFFENDED DIGNITY.—At the registration booth.—Senior Student is about to take the oath when a bright idea strikes the registrar and he asks, "Are you a Freshman?" Other students present imagine they see a joke, but the senoir merely casts a look of scorn at the questioner, and says in cutting tones, "I have been here four years."

Field Secretary Rev. C. J. Cameron, B. A., has developed into a snap shot artist. Photographs were taken by him of the various events on Sports Day, and of the victors in the various contests. The Seniors also submitted to the ordeal one wintry day on the front steps.

The additions to the periodicals of our reading room, the weekly edition of the *London Times*, *Punch* and the *Ninteenth Century and After*, are proving very popular. We can now get a look at the political life of the Empire from the inside.

A correction.—A slight slip was made in last month's issue in the remarks on the Evangelistic band. The Eastern band has retained its identity, while the Western section was disbanded and a new University band formed.

An Impossible Supposition.—Professor in Political Economy lecturing on the cheque system, addresses a penniless Junior :—"Now, Mr. Blank, think of yourself as a depositor in a local bank." The Junior faints.

"Millie" and the Freshmen.—The Freshmen of course have a yell. It is, like every freshman yell ought to be, decidedly original. Being great admirers of the fair sex, the new comers have immortalized some young lady whose pseudonym is "Millie Oika." Here is what they have to say about her when they shout their battle cry :—"Millie Oika! Millie Oika! Mac-a !—boom-a!—bah ! Naughty-eight ! Naughty-eight ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !"

The Kakiak and Lord Chesterfield.—We are no longer,

> "Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves
> Where manners ne'er were preach'd,"

for we have had our annual address from the Kakiak on etiquette. The ordeal was gone through one evening recently after supper and now there are heard no longer at the table such expressions as "Drive up the cow," "Please give me a little more extract of pump," and in the halls upstairs in study hours there is no longer heard "The loud laugh that bespeaks the vacant mind," the cackling of hens, etc. Now all is "Silence more musical than any song." N. B.—This is a dream.

President W. E. Matthews, '05, of the Literary Society has been appointed to represent McMaster on the Executive Committee of the Intercollegiate Debating Union.

Murder Will Out.—Graduate who has recently been married making an old boy's speech in the dining room: "I have noticed with pride your victories on the campus, and I hope that McMarry——." Great laughter and consequent confusion of graduate.

The '05 Hymn Book.—The Seniors had a new Hymn Book, revised and enlarged, in use at Sports Day this year. By special permission of the holders of the copyright we print the following to the tune of "The Maple Leaf":

"In days of yore from every shore, a bunch of '05 freshmen came,
And on the Matthews Cup so bright, in letters large inscribed their name,
There may it stay, our boast, our pride, through sun and stormy weather,
While Freshies, Sophs and Juniors weep, old Naughty-five forever."

Chorus—Old Naughty-five, our class so dear, old Naught-five forever!
We hold the cup and here it stays, old Naughty-five forever!

The various sessions of the Ontario Baptist Convention held in Jarvis Street last month attracted a large number of students. The largest attendance was on the afternoon of Educational Day, when lectures were virtually suspended.

The Ladies' "Lit."—The Naughty-eight chorus made its first appearance in pubiic at the first regular meeting of the L. L. L. held on October 28th. The chorus was very ably conducted by Miss Kennedy, and the selections artistically rendered displayed the exceptional musical talent of the ladies of '08. At this meeting Miss Senior, '05, and Miss Wilkins, '07, were appointed to represent McMaster in a debate with Victoria to be held at the end of November. The programme for the meeting consisted of two selections by the chorus of '08; a reading by Miss Windsor, '05; an instrumental solo by Miss Pugsley, '08; a paper on Pauline Johnson by Miss Thompson, '07; and a vocal solo by Miss Kennedy, '08. The meeting then closed with "Thy Praises McMaster."

Innocents Abroad.—The average Freshman after he has been long enough in college halls to get his bearings is inclined to agree with the proverbial saying that "all men are liars." After his child-like innocence has time and time again been imposed upon by the ruthless Sophomores, not to mention the none too scrupulous Seniors, Juniors and Theologs, he comes to be a bit wary, and in the language of Spenser, "The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite." After he has applied to the steward for a "bath ticket," has been told that a pipe he has found is the property of a prominent member of the faculty,

has called up the Asylum on the telephone and asked if he was wanted, or has fallen victim to one of the many other forms of practical jokes invented for the torture of new comers, he will asseverate when the real truth is told him, or when a bona fide collector of a society calls on him for his fees, that he is not as green as he looks and thus he is in more hot water. Truly the way of the Freshman is hard.

Our Embryo Statesmen.— The recent Dominion elections were the cause of considerable excitement around the school. Both Liberals and Conservatives were organized by enthusiastic partisans long before the polling day arrived, and when the hour at length came lectures were a matter of secondary importance compared with the exercise of the franchise and the getting out of the vote. Some students were deputy returning officers, others poll clerks, others scrutineers, while again others participated in the struggle by driving around in automobiles and carriages in which they conveyed the laggard and lazy voters to the polls. A feature of the campaign was the Laurier demonstration in Massey Hall on October 17th, which the students attended in a body. McMaster was fortunate enough to secure first place in the student procession, and during the evening they made the vast auditorium ring to the tune of "Osciwowow!"

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

There's a letter that comes and a letter that goes
As oft as the days come and go;
But for whom it comes, and to whom it goes,
Oh, wouldn't you like to know?

Well it goes to a maid and it comes to a man.
A strange thing? Verily so.
You are welcome to guess who they are if you can;
But, wouldn't you like to know?

"There are others," to use a much quoted term,
"Who are given to doing so;"
But who are these two, who will soon be a firm,
Say! Wouldn't you like to know?

—"Posty."

Y.W.C.A. Organize. — On Monday afternoon, November 7th, the girls met in the ladies' room for the first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. The new president, Miss Edith Hartley, '05, led, and opened the meeting with a few words, briefly setting forth the hopes of the society for the coming year, and her thoughts upon entering the work. The main feature of the meeting was a talk from Mrs. Parker, who came to us with the same tender sympathy

and loving message which we have learned to look for from her. Mrs. Parker is a friend of young girls and won the hearts of McMaster girls last year. She spoke of beginnings, of failures, of joys, and running all through her talk was the thought of the completeness of the life in Christ. The meeting was well attended, and promises well for those to come. The executive stands as follows: — President, Miss Hartley, '05; vice-president, Miss Phillips, '06; secretary, Miss Waters, '07; treasurer, Miss Edy, '08.

Dr. Harris' Lectures.—By the special appointment of the Senate of the University, a course of seven Bible lectures has just been completed by Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., beginning Sunday, November 6th, at 4.30 p.m., and continuing each morning for one week. The lectures were delivered in Castle Memorial Hall, the classes in all departments being suspended during this period that all students might have the privilege of attending. The Sunday afternoon topics were, Portraits of Christ, and The Gospel of the Son of God; while the morning lectures comprised a study of the Epistle to the Ephesians, presenting the themes of The Body of Christ, The Wealth of the Body, The Workmanship of the Body, The Walk of the Body, and The Warfare of the Body. Dr. Harris' lectures assumed the form of lucid popular addresses, and were eminently biblical and practical. Their influence should both enrich the scriptural knowledge of the students and strengthen their spiritual life.

Bright Prospects for the "Lit."—The opening meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, October 28th. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm was shown over the proceedings. All the signs point to an unusually successful year. One of the gratifying features is that eighty-five per cent. of the students have joined the society this year. This is the best yet. In his inaugural address President Matthews outlined the work for the session. Instead of one open meeting it is the intention of the Society to hold two, at which prominent men will deliver addresses. Mr. Fred. C. Mabee, B.A., gave an interesting address on the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. After briefly reviewing the history and aim of the Exposition, Mr. Mabee went more fully into the scientific features of the "Fair," under the divisions, agriculture, household appliances, mining, and electricity. The musical numbers of the programme were, a piano solo by Miss Murray, '08, and a solo by Mr. E. C. Jordan, '05, both of which were well rendered and heartily applauded. . . . On Friday evening, November 4th, the members listened to two excellent papers. R. D. Moyle, '08, in an interesting essay, sketched the

parliamentary career and gave an intelligent appreciation of the literary productions of John Morley. Following him, Ralph Hartley, '05, read a well-thought-out paper on Rudyard Kipling, illustrating his criticisms with selections from Mr. Kipling's works. Miss Lillie Senior, '05, always a favorite, sang, and received a hearty encore.

THE PASSING OF A LANDMARK.—"Our little home is gone," so sang the birds one bright Spring morning, as they sat sedately on the branches of the trees, wishing that the leaves would come once more. And when the songsters grew tired, the theologs came forth from their beds, and looking over the way began to sing, "I'll not stay here for bread." When the birds heard the song they all sat very still, and were enjoying the sweet music to their little hearts' content, when suddenly there was a quick stroke and a workman began to cut down the very tree on which they were resting. The news spread rapidly, and after breakfast a large number of students gathered around the spot. Some were glad, but they had hearts of stone; some laughed, but they would laugh at anything; others wept, and their tears ran down and made mud-puddles all around. They were sad, and one regaining his composure, sighed through his tears, "I wonder why the ex-mayor did not sell it to us for a ladies' residence." But it was gone, the little home of ex-mayor Shaw was gone, nothing but the chimney left, and now when McMaster men look out of the north windows they miss the little home in the trees. True, it has been replaced by two beautiful homes, but still the theologs seem to see the place, and somehow build their hopes that the ladies' residence will come. And even as Italy lies beyond the Alps, so the theologs do not board in any more, but seek the quiet of a boarding-house, where they have hash thrice daily.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Debating Society was held on the afternoon of Saturday, October 22nd. Chester New, B.A., the president, occupied the chair. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That the Government's trans-continental railway policy is in the best interests of the country." Mr. George Wells, '06, upheld the affirmative, and he was ably responded to by Mr. Harry Moyle, '06, in behalf of the negative. The subject then received vigorous discussion from all sides. The judges, Messrs. Cameron, Janes and Fitch, decided in favor of the negative. The meeting concluded with the election of George Wells, '06, to the vice-presidency, and A. White, '07, to a councillorship. The proceedings throughout were marked with a vigor and animation which augurs well for the maintenance of the high standard of excellence hitherto set by the McMaster Debating Society.

The Society held a very interesting meeting on Saturday afternoon, October 29th. The subject, "Resolved, That it would be in Russia's best interests to become embroiled in a war with Great Britain," received a very lively discussion, owing to the strained relations existing at the time between the two nations over the North Sea incident. D. A. McGibbon, '08, led the affirmative, and H. H. McGregor, '08, the negative. Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., discharged the somewhat difficult duties of critic to the satisfaction of all, and after careful consideration the judges, Messrs. Jordan, Parker, and Tomkinson, awarded the victory to the negative.

On November 5th the Society resolved itself into a Mock Parliament, President C. New, B.A., occupying the Speaker's chair. Mr. New gave a short address explanatory of parliamentary procedure. Mr. Pengelly, acting as Premier, then introduced a bill advocating reciprocity between Canada and the United States in regard to iron and steel manufactures and natural products. Mr. Gorman, leader of the Opposition, replied, advocating a policy of high protection. The bill was then discussed by both sides of the House. At the conclusion of the debate, Mr. Gorman calling for a division of the House, the bill was defeated. Dr. TenBroeke, acting as critic, gave some very apt criticisms.

The Social Side of Sports Day.—At the risk of trampling upon the toes of the Athletic Editor, we feel called upon to make some comment upon the topic suggested in our heading. We do not intend to tell that Miss Lovely Junior wore a stunning hat decked with blue canary birds, or that the Freshettes were very charming (ca vas sans dire), but we intend to make some record of that gentle pastime that has come to be the leading feature of Sports Day—the "scrap" between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. For weeks "General Kuropatkin" Irons, '07, had been giving his army daily instructions and putting them through a vigorous drill, while a famous scenic artist was engaged in painting a banner to be presented to the enemy. General Oyama Vickert, '08, elected to the leadership by popular vote, and a firm believer in physical torture, had prepared a very elaborate plan of campaign, by the light of a tallow candle, but he neglected the organization of his recruits, because he had a real lieutenant among them. The Sophomore general proved himself somewhat of a strategist, for while the enemy's attention was riveted on the mile race, a "Young" Sophomore suddenly broke through their lines, and addressing himself to Oyama presented, with the compliments of the '07 cohorts, an ultimatum in the form of a "banner," on which was painted the portrait of Mr. Goose of class '08. The deadly insult was deeply resented, and the daring envoy had to call for reinforcements which were speedily at hand.

Oyama, collecting his forces, which for the moment were completely dumbfounded by the spectacle of one of their number erected on a pole, charged down upon the attacking forces. For a long time the issue was in doubt. Freshmen and Sophs. rolled on the ground in indistinguishable masses. Freshettes and Sophettes, like the Spartan maids of old, from afar off cheered on their heroes. Finally, when both forces were completely exhausted the generals called the hostilities off, and the ambulance corps were given an opportunity to care for the wounded. To the veterans of other days the battle seemed to be a drawn one, but both Freshmem and Sophomores celebrated their glorious victory. An interesting scene occurred in the neighborhood of the '08 banner, when the dogs of war returned, battered and bruised but not disgraced. Each was in turn presented to the Freshettes, whose sweet smiles made them forget their scars and feel glad that they had fought for the honor of class '08.

The Conspiracy That Failed.—"His banner over us is love." This no doubt is what the Freshmen had in mind when their committee was discovered meditating a brass cupid to adorn the top of their banner pole on Field Day. That banner was the centre of much interest during the process of its construction. An air of mystery surrounded the Freshettes, the very thing calculated to arouse curiosity in the Sophomore girls, to say nothing of the Juniors. It was no wonder then that all at once the treasured box, containing the "cause of it all" came up missing, bringing consternation to class Nought-eight and expressions of sincere (?) commiseration from the other noughts. But honor where honor is due, therefore honor the shrewdness of the Freshmen. They had their suspicions, and these strange to say, were pointed not at the Sophomores but at the Juniors. This class was hearing a lecture, when an innocent knock at the door interrupted them for a moment and a more innocent voice asking for the suspected disturber of the peace. When she had come trustingly out she was captured by the waiting Freshettes, who demanded the whereabouts of their banner. Retreat was impossible for a valiant Freshman guarded the entry back into the class-room. She stood between two evils ; should she betray the hiding-place or miss her lecture? Which she did has never been actually revealed, but we understand that she did not return until the banner of '08 was once more in the hands of its rightful owners.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The first monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Monday, October 30th. Chancellor Wallace occupied the chair during the morning

session. After the devotional exercises Dr. Cross read a letter from Rev. A. A. Scott, B. A., Missionary at Peddapuram, India. The letter contained much interesting information, among other things pointing out some of the distinctive features of Hinduism and contrasting these with Christianity. In conclusion, the writer made an earnest plea for more support in money and young lives, consecrated to this great work of reclaiming India from the darkness of superstition and heathenism. O. C. Gray, '05, and C. H. New, B. A., in brief addresses related how they met and vanquished some of the difficulties encountered as student pastors. The following officers were elected for the present college year: President, Prof. P. S. Campbell; vice-president, D. A. McGregor, '05; recording secretary, T. M. Dadson, '06; corresponding secretary, Geo. M. Wells, '06; treasurer, Prof. W. P. Cohoe. At the afternoon session the newly elected president expressed his appreciation of the confidence of the Society in him, and asked for the hearty co-operation of every member in an attempt to make this year one of great blessing. Four addresses were then listened to, D. A. McGregor, '05 and R. C. Bensen, '06, reporting the work of the Eastern and Western sections of the Evangelistic Band, respectively. Joseph Janes, '05 and J. B. Pengelly, '06, dealt with some special features of the work accomplished on their summer fields.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: W. J. GRIGG, '05.

THE Normal College at Hamilton has claimed another of the class of Naughty-four—Mr. A. H. Baker.

Two of the members of '04 are playing senior Rugby this fall. Mr. W. W. Lailey, who has registered in medicine at Varsity, is playing on the wing line of the Varsity first team. In a report of the McGill-Varsity game of November 5th, the correspondent of the *Toronto Daily Star*, says: "Lailey on the wings was the best in his position on either team." Mr. W. V. Poapst is playing centre scrimmage for the Rough Riders of Ottawa. Mr. G. F. Stephens, who spent two years with '05, is playing a strong game on the wing line of the McGill senior team.

MR. R. V. BELLAMY, '02, McMaster's first winner of a Rhodes scholarship, is registered at Pembroke College, Oxford.

The list of "Reverends" has been increased by the names of Mr. A. L. Huddlestone, B. A., B. Th., and Mr. C. R. Jones. Mr. Huddlestone was ordained at Hamilton on October 25th, and Mr. Jones at Preston on November 3rd.

On the staff of the College of the Disciples, St. Thomas, Ontario, are two graduates of '03, G. W. Langdon and Dr. C. C. Lumley. Dr. Lumley is teaching English in addition to practising dentistry in the city; and Mr. Langdon is an instructor in mathematics. The latter is also the St. Thomas representative of the Scranton Correspondence School.

Mr. W. J. Ellis, Th., was married on June 1st to Miss Pearl Jamieson of Mt. Forest.

Mr. J. A. Hilts, Th., '04, is taking an additional course at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Amongst recent pastoral settlements may be noted that of Mr. R. E. Guyatt, '01, at Huntsville. Mr. W. Quarrington, '03, will remain with the church at Lakefield. The Murray Street Church, Peterboro, has secured Rev. F. J. Scott, '99, Th. '04, the editor of this department last year. The Midland Church and Rev. A. W. Torrie, '02, Th. '04, will work together.

Prof. J. Frank Ingram, '99, Th. '02, is editor of the *Baptist College Argosy*, at Rangoon, perhaps the first publication of its kind in Burma.

Rev. H. McDiarmid, '03, is slowly recovering from his lengthy illness.

Mr. E. Cameron, '03, has returned for M. A. work. Rev. L. F. Kipp, '01, of Strathavon, has also registered for this degree. He will pursue the course extra-murally.

Rev. O. G. Langford, '95, died suddenly on Friday, October 28th, at Freeland, Pa. The *Evening Times*, of Erie, Pa., in reporting the death, refers to Mr. Langford as "the Parkhurst of the coal regions."

W. S. Fox, '00, after two years of study in Europe, has returned to his work at Brandon College. His return releases A. C. Watson, '01, who has resumed his theological studies at McMaster; and is in addition lecturing in Greek of the 1st and 2nd years in arts.

It is surely pardonable if we regard the following recent successes of McMaster graduates as indicative not only of personal ability but also of the value of the training received at their Alma Mater :

Miss Minnie A. Seldon, '02, has accepted the position of teacher in the school for the children of missionaries at Shanghai, China.

Miss M. D. Eby, '97, M. A. '97, is Professor of Chemistry at the State Normal School in Trenton, New Jersey.

Miss McNeill, '03, accompanied Mrs. Dr. Newman to Baylor University, Waco, Texas, to take the position in the Howard Payne College, Brownwood, vacated by Miss Isabel Munro, '03, who returned to her home at Port Arthur.

H. S. Arkell, '02, M. A. '04, B. S. A. of Ontario College, has been appointed assistant to the Professor of Agriculture in the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

W. W. Charters, '98, and H. E. Jordan, '00, each received the degree of Ph., D. from the University of Chicago last year, the former in the department of Pedagogy, the latter in that of mathematics. Dr. Charters has accepted the chair of Pedagogy in the State Normal School at Winona, Minnesota, Dr. Jordan will have charge of the mathematics in Brandon College.

J. A. McDonald, '01, M. A. '02, has been appointed to the staff of the Canon City University, Colorado.

ATHLETICS.

Editor : C. S. Eaton, '05.

Varsity II 18, McMaster 7.—Such was the score on Saturday morning, October 22nd, after the struggle was over. We believe that if the McMaster team had brought forward the good article of ball produced on the 15th against Trinity, the chronicler would tell a different tale. The wearers of the green and black received a nervous shock shortly after the very first kick-off, when Southam carried the ball very neatly over the line for Varsity. Burwash converted, and almost before we had time to launch the war-slogan, the score stood 6-0 in Varsity's favor. Matters began to get exciting about this time, and after several plays each way Peine forced Hague to rouge. This was the only point obtained by McMaster during the first half. Varsity secured a safety

touch, and once again the pig-skin found its way behind the McMaster line safely tucked away in the strong embrace of a warrior wearing blue and white. Burwash failed to convert. Thus, when time was called Varsity had piled up 13 points to the 1 lone star on McMaster's sky.

Everyone was anxious to play ball when the referee's whistle sounded for the second half. Our warriors were facing a grim struggle, and it behooved them to play with their heads or lose. Things began to move in quick order. Hague was forced to rouge, and shortly afterwards by strong, heavy, mass play the ball went over the Varsity line. Peine failed to convert and now the score stood 13-7. Hope surged high in the breasts of all the supporters along the line. At this point our players seemed to have a good chance of winning, but strange things happen, and they happened. Dribbling the ball almost from one end of the field to the other, Varsity went down the line, and Hague secured a try, which was not converted. The game was over. Varsity won 18-7. Varsity played a strong game. They followed up well, as a general rule were good tacklers, and kicked well. Our tackling seemed to be inferior to that of Varsity. Captain McArthur, by his excellent punting and splendid head-work, proved himself to be a stalwart. Our men were plucky and stayed with the game.

The line-up was as follows: Varsity II—back, Hague; halves, Jones, Southam (captain), Fraser; quarter, Montague; scrimmage, Ritchie, Burwash, Ker; wings, Christie, Racey, McLean, McCreery, Boeckh and Snively.

McMaster—back, Peine; halves, McArthur (captain), Bensen, Munro; quarter, McEwen; scrimmage, Fitch, McGregor, Campbell; wings, Vining, Jordan, Wells, Bingham, Holman, Moyle. Referee, W. A. Hewitt; umpire, Lou Marsh.

Field Day.—Tuesday, October 25th, dawned dark and forboding. However, as it was the Annual Field Day, the sun decided that it had better push aside the murky clouds and honor the occasion in a fitting manner. The afternoon was all that could be desired, and a good program of events was presented. G. E. Tomkinson clipped one-fifth of a second off the 100-yards dash, and E. C. Jordan lengthened the distance of the 16-pound hammer by 5 feet ½ inch. G. G. Copeland threw the discus 6 feet ahead of any previous throw made at the McMaster sports.

The Seniors easily led the day. Tomkinson was largely responsible for the large number of points gained by the stalwart seniors. Jordan, Viens and Helie also did good work. In all, year '05 secured 59 points. The gallant Juniors were greatly weakened by the loss of "Chuck" Gibson and E. C. Fox, "Chuck" not being in attendance and Fox not entering any

events. However, '06 managed to hold second place with 32 points. The Freshmen appear next, with 18, and last of all come the giddy Sophomores with the magnificent array of 10 points. The Sophomores would do well to leave frivolity and attend to business.

The McNaught cup and Chancellor's medal was captured by G. E. Tomkinson, '05, with 26 points. H. H. Murray, '06, obtained the first Association medal, with 19 points, and E. A. Helie, '05, was the winner of the second Association medal, with 12 points.

The battle royal was fought during the afternoon in front of the grand stand. Blood flowed quite freely, and it was truly a grand old-time piece of warfare. It is said that a lady in the freshman year fainted as she beheld one of the green heroes turning red, as blood trickled down his freshman cheeks. The banners of the different years were the best seen yet. The Seniors had flounces on theirs, the Juniors had a handsome train flowing from their master-piece, the Sophomores adopted a Graeco-Roman idea, while the Freshmen produced such a work of art as is seldom seen. The troop of Moulton ladies were heartily cheered, especially by the theologs, as they entered.

The officers of the day were: Referee, Chancellor Wallace; starter, Dr. E. R. Hooper; field judges, Dr. R. W. Smith, John Firstbrook, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, Dr. A. T. Sowerby; track judges, Dr. A. L. McCrimmon, Harry Ryrie, Dr. A. C. McKay, Dr. J. Ten Broeke; timekeepers, Prof. W. S. W. McLay, R. C. Matthews, B.A., S. P. Grant; clerks of course, C. W. New, B.A., H. R. Nobles, '06; announcer, W. A. Cameron, '06; measurers, Rev. J. D. Freeman, W. E. Robertson, B.A., Prof. W. P. Cohoe, Rev. C. H. Schutt.

The events resulted as follows: 100-yards dash—1. G. E. Tomkinson, '05; 2. H. H. Murray, '06; 3. A. E. White, '07. Time, 10 3-5 seconds. Shot put, 16 pounds—1. G. E. Tomkinson, '05, 31 feet, 11½ inches; 2. E. C. Jordon, '05; 3. E. Viens, '05. Pole vault—1. A. E. White, '07, 8 feet, 7 inches; 2. J. W. Ritchie, '08; 3. G. E. Tomkinson, '05. Half-mile run—1. E. A. Helie, '05; 2. R. C. Bensen, '06; 3. A. L. Tedford, '08. Time, 2 mins., 15 2-5 seconds. Throwing 16 pound hammer—1. E. C. Jordan, '05, 75 feet, 10½ inches; 2. G. E. Tomkinson, '05; 3. E. Viens, '05. 220-yards run—1. G. E Tomkinson, '05; 2. H. H. Murray, '06; 3. E. A. Helie, '05. Time, 24 1-5 seconds. High jump—1. E. Viens, '05, 4 feet, 10 inches; 2. J. W. Ritchie, '08; 3. N. McNaughton, '07. 440-yards run—1. H. H. Murray, '06; 2. E. A. Helie, '05; 3. A. L. Tedford, '08. Time, 58 3-5 seconds. Throwing discus—1. G. G. Copeland, '08, 88 feet, 4 inches; E. C. Jordan, '05; 3. G. E. Tomkinson. 120-yards hurdle—1. G. E. Tomkinson, '05; 2. H. H. Murray, '06; 3. J. W. Ritchie, '08.

Time, 21 seconds. Broad jump—1. H. H. Murray, '06, 18 feet, 9¾ inches; 2. E. Viens, '05; 3. G. E. Tomkinson, '05. Mile run—1. R. C. Bensen, '06; 2. E. A. Helie, '05; 3. A. L. Tedford, '08. Team race—1. '06 (Wells, Pengelly, McKinnon, Bensen) 2. '07; 3. '08; 4. '04.

McMaster 11, Trinity 1.—On Saturday, October 29th, for the second time this year the "rouge-et-noir" terriers met the McMaster bull-dogs and retired an hour and a half later loaded down with wisdom and sadness. All this happened on Varsity athletic field, only a few yards from here, but sad to say the attendance was neither large nor enthusiastic. Our boys were out to win and from the first toot of the whistle rushed the ball into Trinity's territory. A kick was blocked, and Johnson of Trinity worked in a 50-yard run, being brought down by Peine on McMaster's 25-yard line. Runs by Bensen and Peine were instrumental in bringing the ball back to its proper place. Just then some of our men conceived a few brilliant ideas and the result was a series of free kicks for Trinity. For some time the play was in the middle of the field. Then a brilliant tackle by Holman on Trinity's 25-yard line, and a kick blocked by Vining made things look interesting. Finally one of McArthur's long punts landed well behind the line, Munro and Vining did the lightning express act and the result was a rouge. First blood for McMaster, 1-0. From this to the end of the half the play was close, and the whistle blew with the ball in the centre of the field.

Shortly after the beginning of the second half a kick by McArthur to the dead ball-line netted McMaster another point, 2-0. Peine's following up, which was a feature throughout, was responsible for McMaster's first try. But where, oh where, was the cheering from the stands? One would have thought our team was playing in Kingston. Trinity now discovered a little ginger which they had forgotten early in the game and managed to send the ball across the line for a rouge. Sweet is the breaking of a duck! And Trinity men indulged in a little vocal exercise, which was cruelly cut short by one of Peine's 60-yard runs. Shortly after, Holman and McGregor followed up a kick of McArthur's and forced a rouge. McMaster, 8; Trinity, 1. McArthur was kicking like some wild thing out of the west, and two touches-in-goal made the score 10-1. A rouge completed the scoring. Munro and Holman were the stars on the line, and McArthur and Peine behind the line. Bensen's kicking and Campbell's work on the touch-line were features. On to Kingston and the cup!

The teams lined up as follows: McMaster—back, Peine; halves, Bensen, J. B. McArthur (captain), Young; quarter, McEwen; scrimmage, Campbell, McGregor, Fitch; wings, Jordan, Vining, Munro, Holman, Bingham, Moyle.

Trinity—back, Ingles; halves, Mitchell, J. F. Smith, Daoust; quarter, Lawson; scrimmage, De Fallot, Hewitson, Errikila; wings, Clarke, Arnott, Wilkinson (captain), Johnston, Jamieson, V. E. Smith.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—MCMASTER 0, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE II. 1.—McMaster and S. P. S. II. met in the first game of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Association Football series on the 'Varsity lawn, Wednesday afternoon, November 2nd. Fortune favored the boys who admire the Science. They won out on the score 1 to 0. The game was not an exhibition of the very best kind of football, and McMaster showed their lack of practice in that their combination was not up to the standard. The back divisions were stronger than the forward divisions, which accounts for the smallness of the score. S. P. S. did not win on their superior playing, as the McMaster men played fully as well as they did. The one goal scored by the S. P. S. was put through fifteen minutes after play began. The ball was kicked by an S. P. S. man and struck Vichert's hand just in front of the goal. This gave S. P. S. a penalty kick on which they scored. In the second half McMaster had a little the better of the play, but were not able to make it effectual enough to score.

The teams: S. P. S. II.—goal, Fierheller; backs, Johnston, O'Grady; halves, Amos, Murray, McKenzie; forwards, Begg, Cooke, Swan, Brian, Stiber.

McMaster—goal, Weston; backs, Vichert, Wright; halves, Weir, Campbell, Munroe; forwards, Bingham, Irons, Young, Miller, McKinnon.

Referee, Bryans, Medical.

MCMASTER 20, 'VARSITY II. 1.—The last game of the Toronto section of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Rugby series was played on the 'Varsity athletic field on Saturday morning, 5th November, when the boys in green and black won from Toronto University second team. The game was interesting from the kick-off, as the play was generally open. Especially was it of interest to us because our boys throughout acquitted themselves so admirably. McMaster won the game not through any freak of fortune, but purely on the merits of superior playing. Our boys punted well, caught well, bucked well, followed well. Captain McArthur is to be especially commended for the heady way in which he generaled the team, and for his care at all times that our best interests were served.

In the first half McArthur won the toss and elected to kick against the wind. Shortly after play commenced 'Varsity was allowed a free kick on an off side, and secured a touch in goal,

giving them their one and only point. Soon the ball was returned to 'Varsity territory, and shortly afterwards Strathy was forced to rouge. Again Strathy was pulled back over the line, and a safety touch was scored for McMaster. This ended the scoring for the first half, McMaster leading at 3 to 1.

In the second half the wind favored our boys, and as in the first half the ball was generaliy in 'Varsity territory. This time the work was more effectual and seventeen points were added to McMaster's score. Shortly after the kick off Gray was forced off side, and 'Varsity gained a free kick. The punt was straight into McEwen's hands. The ball was thrown out from the scrimmage to McArthur who made the prettiest throw of the game, half way across the field to Peine who scored a try on a phenomenal run. This was not converted. Again, Bensen made a long punt, and Strathy was forced to rouge. The third score this half was a try. Hague caught the ball on one of McArthur's long punts, ran out, was tackled by Fitch and dropped the ball which Munro secured and scored a try. The last score was also secured by Peine by one of his fast sprints. McEwen converted. This finished the scoring. The work of both referee and umpire was fair and impartial on the whole.

McMaster (20)—back, Peine ; halves, Bensen, McArthur (captain), Gray; quarter, McEwen; scrimmage, McGregor, Fitch, Campbell ; inside wings, Jordan, Vining ; center wings, Munro, Holman; outside wings, Moyle, Pengelly.

Varsity II (1)—back, Hague ; halves, Robertson, Fraser, Strathy; quarter, Montague ; scrimmage, Kerr, Burwash, Jones; inside wings, Racey, McCreery ; centre wings, Snively, Powers ; outside wings, Fletcher, Boeckh.

Referee, H. H. Wilkinson, Trinity; umpire, De Fallot, Trinity.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARETTA GORDON.

THE Moulton notes were not in evidence last month; whether the opening days of the term were too absorbing, and the interest in the "new girls," and new work, made us forget the privilege we have of meeting the public through these columns, we are not sure, but before we were aware the October number had gone to press. Now, for the first time this year, we tell our friends a little about ourselves, and we shall try not to forget, in future, the last possible date of the month when we are permitted to send a message to readers of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY.

Every year there are certain events which take place, and if it were not that there are always new readers for our notes, we are sure everyone would tire hearing of our Reception to New Girls, the Hallowe'en Tea, and the autumn sermon to the students. All of these annual events are passed for this year, and for some of us, for the last time.

THE Reception to New Girls was a jolly gathering, and the happy evening served to diminish a large amount of home-sickness, and to make a beginning in the acquaintances, which are fast growing into friendships.

THE Hallowe'en Tea was a great success. It is the one time in the year when the entire school, boarders and day-students have tea at the college together. A representative of each year responded to a toast chosen by herself, and all the speeches were excellent. A very few friends were present and were called on "very unexpectedly" to speak. After tea Mrs. Arnton told us a creepy ghost story; two gorgeously dressed witches gave each girl a fortune from a pumpkin, and the final amusement was an entertainment given by some very live toys in a toy shop. The skill displayed by the toys was very wonderful, and called forth a great deal of fun and laughter.

REV. J. G. BROWN preached the annual sermon in the college chapel on the last Sunday morning in October. His words were inspiring, and the service seemed very much our own, when there were no others present but ourselves. We hope that the spirit of the sermon may go with us through our years' work.

Our prayer-meetings this year have been of a very helpful character. Most of the meetings have been conducted by the girls, but we have had two visitors. Mr. Freeman conducted one meeting and Miss Dunnhill, a native of India, spoke to us in a bright and interesting way at one missionary meeting.

The Literary Society has held two meetings. The September meeting was devoted to business. The October programme was of a miscellaneous character, and instructive as well as entertaining.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: W. J. Chalk.

The different societies in the school have been organized and are now in full swing. A lively interest is being manifested in each of the societies and the prospects are for a pleasant and successful year along these lines.

The officers elected for the Philomathic Society are as follows: President, O. E. Rutledge ; vice-president, W. J. Chalk ; secretary, F. Malone; editor, N. Telford; associate editor, N. Morton; critic, Mr. A. T. McNeil, B. A. ; marshal, F. Marsh.

Officers elected for the Excelsior Society : President, W. Arthurs; vice-president, W. Hawkins; secretary, L. McCrimmon; editor, C. Evans ; associate editor, H. Swan; critic, Mr. D. A. McKerricher, B. A.; marshal, C. Wheeler.

The officers of the Debating Society are : President, W. J. Chalk ; vice-president, L. S. Haverstock ; secretary, O. E. Rutledge ; marshal, H. Moyle.

Officers of the Judson Missionary Society: President, Principal McCrimmon ; vice-president, L. S. Haverstock ; secretary, O. E. Rutledge ; treasurer, Mr. A. T. McNeil, B. A.; committee, W. Arthurs, J. Hind, N. McCausland.

The first monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held in the chapel Thursday afternoon, October 20th. Mr. A. S. Kerr, assistant pastor in the Knox Presbyterian Church, gave an address particularly adapted to young men. The address was very much appreciated by all of the students.

The Evangelistic Band has been organized for the year under the leadership of Mr. A. T. McNeil. During the past few weeks

the band has held several successful meetings in Beachville. A number of the members of the band intend spending their Thanksgiving holiday holding special services at East Nissouri.

Among those who are in attendance at the college this year are three bright fellows from South America, two of whom were here last year. We have one student from Australia.

During the past two months the college campus has been the scene of many well-contested Rugby and Association matches. On Saturday, October 22nd, we had a game of Rugby with the London team, at the end of the game the score was 14-6 in favor of the college. On October 26th, the Woodstock Collegiate team and the college team played a friendly game of Association, the score being 1-0 in favor of the college. The return game of Association was played on the town park with the collegiate; the college was again victorious, the score being 4-1.

On the return of the winners of the inter-scholastic cup, a couple of hours' holiday was granted the students to give the returning champions a fitting welcome home.

In keeping with the spirit of the times, the students have adopted a new college pin.

On petition from the student body, the faculty granted a half holiday on Wednesday, the 9th November, for the celebration of His Majesty, King Edward VII's birthday.

Here and There.

Editor: J. B. McLaurin, '05.

Football seems to fill the mind of the student as November comes round, and is reflected in a more or less marked degree in all the college magazines. The spirit of rugby is in the air, and so we are greeted this month with rugby poems, accounts of rugby games, and the inevitable rugby story in which the hero, as usual, snatches victory from seeming defeat in the last two minutes of the game. It would, indeed, be refreshing to read a football story built on a new plan—one in which the game is won

in the first half, for instance. This football spirit sometimes manifests itself in strange ways. Several prominent members of Minnesota University have organized a club, called the Red Stripe, whose object and purpose is to see all the games played by Minnesota outside of their own city, and in so doing pay no car fare. They will beat their way to the points where the games are held and, if possible, gain free admission to the grounds.

In speaking of football, the following yells culled from an exchange are interesting:

Cornell University—"Cornell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!"

Amherst—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Amherst!"

Columbia University—"Ray! Ray! Ray! C-o-l-u-m-bia!"

Beloit—"Oh-aye, yoh-yoh-yoh-Beloit! B-e-l-o-i-t! Rah-rah-rah!"

University of Pennsylvania—"Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Penn-syl-va-ni-a!"

Princeton University—"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Princeton!"

Lehigh University—"Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray! Ray, ray, ray, Lehigh! Lehigh! Lehigh!"

University of Chicago—"Chicago! Chicago! Chicago, go! Go it, Chicago it, Chica-go it, Chica-go!"

Yale University—"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Yale!" Yale's yell is quick and sharp.

Harvard University—"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!" Harvard's yell is long and deep.

Brown University—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Brown, Brown, Brown! Ki yi, ki yi, ki yi! Hicki, hicki! Hoorah!" (Three times.)

"Father," said the small boy, "why do they call a speech made at a banquet a toast?" "My son," was the answer, "It is probably because they are so dry."—*Washington Star.*

The current number of the *Columbia Monthly* is of special interest, commemorating, as it does, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Columbia University. Founded in 1754 under the name of King's College, Columbia's growth has since been guided by a broad view of education and lack of sectarian narrowness, and aided by a magnificent situation in the midst of what is probably the greatest manifestation of modern wealth and civilization —New York. That she is going forward to still greater things is proven by the fact that the anniversary exercises consisted in part of the laying of the corner stones of four new buildings, and the dedication of a fifth. From a poem, "Prospice," in a current

number of the *Columbia Monthly*, we select the following lines as an expression of what might be called the Columbia spirit :

Let not the narrowness of the selfish world
Invade thy wide-spread doors.
Beware, beware, lest thy imperial orbs
Turn too to grovel in the dingy mines !

Nay, thou shalt burst
Thy gates apart—
Drive back the darkness and the shallowness
With light and depth from thy clear well of truth.
Suffer it not to be defiled and soiled
With all the poison thou wast sent to cure—
Stand firm against the evil streams of time
And float not meekly with them.

Be a force
More upward, onward striving now than e'er—
Use thy best strength in aid of higher things.

It must not be supposed that our exchanges have offered nothing but football and Rhodes Scholarships this month. From *Queen's University Journal* comes this bit of Canadian scenery:

SUNSET ON THE RIDEAU

Near Morten Entrance, August 16th, 1904.

Smooth-rippling lies the placid lake,
The sunset gilds yon towering cliff ;
Never a sound the calm to break
Save voices faint in the nearing skiff.

A gull swings slow, on broad-spread wings,
Across the tall crag's pine-swathed breast,
And back the lake's bright surface flings
The crimson glories of the west.

It is an hour of calmest joy
When Nature's healing hand is felt,
Cares, worries, all that can annoy,
Before her quiet witchery melt.

Here let me lie in placid peace,
To watch the closing of the day;
Nor grieve to see the bright light cease,
The glory fade into the gray.

—M. A. V.

Mistress—"Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frogs' legs ?" Nora—"Sure, mum, I dinnaw. He wore pants."—*Cornell Widow.*

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* has an able and interesting appreciation of Dr. Johnson, and has passed on through its exchange department some good college verse. Our students will be interested in two articles in the *Ottawa Campus*—"The Student Pastor" and "Kansas Wheat-fields"; and astonished at the remarkable spelling which adorns the allegory entitled "College Life." The *King's College Record*, from Nova Scotia, has started business at the old stand after a lapse of a year. We are pleased at this proof of determination and energy on the part of the editors, and wish them every success in their efforts.

WE also acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: "Philomathean," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "McGill Outlook," "Athenaeum," "Hiram College Advance," "The Sibyl," "Hya Yakia," "Bowdoin Quill," "Ottawa University Review," "Educational Monthly," "Acta Victoriana," "Trinity University Review," "North-West Baptist," "Manitoba College Journal," "Kenyon Collegian," "Vox Wesleyana," and "William Jewell Student."

THE VOICE OF THE BREEZE.

A floating whisper o'er the hills
A low harmonious music yields;
A dim sweet twilight voice it is,
That gently sighs across the fields,
And seeks for something, all in vain,
Then restlessly sinks back again.

It brings us something true and sweet,
The thought of fields and brooks and trees;
The haunting fragrance of the flowers
We loved, it carries on the breeze;
It brings the joy of deep content,
Its sunshine and its merriment.

The voice brings, too, foreboding dim,
That fills the soul with hidden pain;
The note of something beautiful
That fades away, then comes again;
So soft it is, so sweet and low,
It carries more of joy than woe.

—*The Lesbian Herald.*

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1904.

CHARLES RAYMOND.

Any one who will take the trouble to examine a Year Book of the early eighties will be surprised to see how few of the men who then guided the activities of Ontario Baptists are living to-day. Our loss in leaders has been almost phenomenal, especially when one notes that many of them were cut off in the very prime of their strength and usefulness. Among the most conspicuous names in the records of these years is that of a good man and true who passed from our midst the opening week of the present year. The character and service of Charles Raymond fully entitle him to a place in THE MONTHLY biographical series.

Charles Raymond was an American by birth and training, and therefore his early career was known to but few of his Canadian brethren. The following sketch of it, which I quote from an appreciative article in the Guelph *Evening Mercury*, will be read with interest:

"For over forty years the name of Charles Raymond has been most prominently identified with the manufacturing interests of this city, and with its religious, philanthropic and municipal enterprises. The first half of his life was spent in the New England States, and he brought to this city the energy, shrewdness and foresight of the typical New Englander, which found ample development in his new home. He came of a family noted for its mechanical genius, and its missionary and philanthropic bent. One of his brothers was a missionary to Africa, another was on the Home Mission field, and the family for many years have not been without a missionary on the foreign field.

"He was born at Ashburnham, Mass., on January 6th, 1826, was educated there and at Fitchburg, and early gave evidence of the possession of special mechanical gifts. At the age of seventeen he became apprentice-mechanic of the Massachusetts Cotton Mills at Lowell, and remained with the Company three years as a journeyman. He attended night-school during his apprenticeship, and formed the habit of reading and study, which he carried with him through life, as a well-selected library attests. To Bristol, Connecticut, was his next move, where he opened out for himself as a machinist. Here his mind was directed to the attempts to improve the sewing machine, and he worked out, in 1862, patterns and designs for a single-thread machine, but as a patent for such a machine was taken out by Singer, he turned to clock-making machinery. Mr. Raymond's old employees say that he was the original inventor and maker of the single-thread machine, though he had not the capital to fight out his rights in the courts. By 1856 he had gone back to the sewing machine, with additional new devices for which he took out patents. Between 1857 and 1862 he was engaged in sewing machine construction in Brattleboro', Vermont, with an unsuccesful venture at Montreal. In 1862, owing to the litigation over sewing machine patents, he came to Guelph and started manufacturing, exporting principally for the German market. He did not intend to locate in Canada permanently, but his business developed largely, and he stayed. . . . In 1875 his main factory was destroyed by fire, but within three days he had brick on the ground ready for re-building, and a new and larger building was rushed up at an unprecedented rate for that time. The two factories he continued until 1896, when he sold out his interests. With part of this money he erected the handsome group of houses on the old Raymond corner, and to the end endeavored to promote and build up the city with which he was so long connected.

"Mr. Raymond's mechanical genius was of an original and inventive turn. To others, especially in later years, was left the administration of the business; his chief happiness was in designing improvements for his machines. Rarely did his eye rest upon any system of machinery, but that his mind was busy at work thinking out improvements, and even last week he was thinking out plans for a new engine. He knew a sewing machine from the

ground up as few men knew it, and could in a glance see where things were out of gear."

It was not through his business only, however, that Mr. Raymond contributed to the general well-being of the community, as is indicated in the following paragraph :

"In his public service he was a member of the Board of Education for some years, and largely through his energy the Central School was erected. He was chairman of the building committee of the board during its construction. In 1874-7 he was first deputy reeve of the city, and promoted in the County Council the building of the county house of industry. He resigned owing to ill health and the burning of the factory. He was one of the directors of the Guelph general hospital, oversaw its building, and was always a warm friend of that institution. His interest in politics was not so much a party interest as with a view of promoting some cause. He opposed the adoption of the protective policy, but subsequently became one of its supporters, though he was ever hostile to monopolistic duties. His change on the tariff brought him into prominence among the local Conservatives, and he consented to become their candidate for the Legislature in 1884 with a view of advancing temperance legislation, but was defeated."

But it was by his activity as a Christian man, and especially in connection with our denominational work, that Mr. Raymond won the right to a place in the pages of The Monthly.

Mr. Raymond was led in youth to a faith in Jesus Christ, but inasmuch as there was no Baptist church in Ashburnham, his birthplace, his mind was not turned to the subject of baptism. Afterwards, when in Lowell, he embraced Baptist principles, and united with the First Baptist Church in that city. When, in 1862, he settled in Guelph, the condition of the Baptist church there was a very unhappy one. Serious differences of doctrinal opinion existed. The hyper-Calvinistic preaching of Elder Clarke, an able and earnest-souled man, estranged some of the leading members, and led to the exclusion of David Savage (the first pastor), and the withdrawal of many others. Mr. Raymond, himself out of sympathy with the pastor's views, and repelled by the general conditions existing in the church, for some years attended

the Congregational Church, which owes largely to his liberality at that time its substantial church home.

It was in 1872 that he became a member of the Baptist Church. The commodious building in which the church has worshipped since 1873 is a standing monument of the whole-heartedness with which he identified himself with its work, for of the aggregate cost of $35,000, principal and interest, Mr. Raymond contributed nearly two-thirds. But the money he gave formed only a small part of his contribution to the church's working efficiency and growing influence. Recognizing church claims as primary, he subordinated other things to the duty and privilege of being regularly present at the services. In the prayer-meeting his voice was often heard. The Sunday-school was strengthened by his presence and enriched by his teaching. In all the counsels of the church his experience and wisdom were available. His brethren recognized his worth and appointed him deacon, trustee, and treasurer, offices which he held for years. A man of clear head and pronounced opinions is sure to run counter to the judgment of others at times. Mr. Raymond did so, especially in the events that led to the formation of Trinity Church. But if he made any mistakes they were of the head, not the heart, for he sought very earnestly the well-being of Zion.

His Christianity was of the genuine sort, practical and all-pervading. Its springs were in God; its streams flowed along the common highway of human life and ministered to its healthfulness and happiness. It controlled in his business and won him the affection and esteem of his employees, and made his name a synonym for integrity. We have seen already how it flowed out into civic channels. Further manifestations of it are seen in the following extract from the article already quoted:

"In evangelistic, Sunday-school and temperance work Mr. Raymond was enthusiastic, active, and liberal. He was a staunch friend of the B. M. E. Church. He was treasurer of the Guelph branch of the Bible Society. His hospitality to visiting preachers, lecturers, etc., was unbounded; and when the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise visited Guelph, his beautifully-furnished residence was their home."

So active and alert a man could not be confined to purely local undertakings. It was inevitable that he should enter the

denominational arena. He had come from New England, where, for decades, Baptist work had been thoroughly organized. He came to Ontario just at the time when, under the generalship of Dr. Fyfe, our people were getting together for co-operative effort. The Missionary Conventions East and West and the *Canadian Baptist* had been launched during the fifties ; within the next decade all the other societies had been formed, and the spirit of hope and aggressiveness was taking possession of them.

The Guelph church seems not to have caught the breath of this fuller life until the seventies. How much Mr. Raymond's coming among them had to do with their awakening it would be difficult to say. Pastor Mackies' success in winning them to self-support and then to their great building enterprise, did much ; Dr. Davidson's energy and evangelistic zeal formed an important factor ; but the records make it quite clear that Bro. Raymond was at least an equally important factor in the great progress made by the church in that decade.

That he was equally alive to the whole problem of our denominational progress is evidenced by the rapidity with which he rose to a position of prominence in our societies ; for already, in 1880, the year books bear record that he was president of the board of trustees of the Canadian Literary Institute, vice-president of the Home Missionary Society and of the Superannuated Ministers' Society, a member of the executive of the Foreign Missionary Board, and a charter member of the Board of the Baptist Union. In the following year he appears among the charter trustees of Toronto Baptist College. That is an illustration of the place he occupied among us for some twenty years. Even at the time of his death, though failing health had for some years curtailed his activity, he was treasurer of the Superannuated Ministers' Board, and a member of the executive committee of the Convention.

The fact that he was honored with so many important trusts by his brethren through so many years is sufficient indication of the exceptional qualities of the man. Space forbids more than a brief summary of these.

Mr. Raymond was a man of good presence and abounded in physical energy. The prominent nose, firm mouth and resolute chin told of the man of action and decision. The high forehead and keen eye bespoke intelligence. A visit to his library and an

evening's varied conversation revealed alertness, shrewdness, knowledge of facts, grasp of principles, and cultured taste. He could hold a multitude of details and form rapid and well-balanced judgments on them.

He was a sincere Christian. In boyhood with his first-earned money he bought himself a Bible. Its teachings dominated his life. He was an ardent lover of the doctrine of grace and rested calmly on the merits of the Redeemer. His mind thus had "leisure from itself," and was intent on pleasing God. This gave a fine simplicity and directness and unselfishness to his Christian character and life. Favors he took pains to remember; injuries he sought to forgive and forget. Having honestly committed himself to God it became easy and natural for him to give cheerfully and liberally for the spread of God's kingdom. And thus the lines of his influences have been out to the ends of the earth in Christ-like ministration.

He had been in failing health for several years. The end came after an operation performed in the hospital. "The last weeks were calm and peaceful," Mrs. Raymond writes. "He talked with me," she adds, "about the future, and prayed for me as calmly as though he was to take a journey home."

The services at the home and the church were conducted by Pastor L. H. Thomas, B.D., and in their simplicity befitted our brother's character and tastes. There were many floral tokens of esteem. The men of the Raymond Manufacturing Company marched together in the procession, and large numbers of Guelph's leading citizens testified by their presence to the place he had held in their regard. The Board of Education was represented by four of their number, and the City Council by Mayor Hamilton and several aldermen. The feelings of the community were voiced by Mr. E. S. Bollert and the Rev. Dr. Torrance in terms of hearty and grateful appreciation; while the presence of Mr. Frank Sanderson, M.A., of Toronto, and the writer, was in token of the fact that the Baptist brotherhood of these provinces shared in the feeling of bereavement and loss.

Mr. Raymond was married in 1847 to Miss Mary C. Marston, of Vermont, who died in 1869. Her only surviving child is Mrs. John Crowe, of Guelph. In 1870 he married Miss Helen J. Gill, of Brattleboro', Vermont, who has been a worthy helpmeet

through these more than thirty years, and has been in fullest sympathy with his many-sided Christian activity. Many of us can testify to the gracious and delightful hospitality of their home. They have two adopted children, Mrs. Harry Williams, of Toronto, and Mr. Charles F. Raymond, journalist, of Oakville. To each of the sorrowing circle we tender heartfelt sympathy, and may we not add our congratulation that to them is bequeathed not only the memory of a life nobly lived, but also the full assurance that the helpful influence of that life will long linger here, and that he himself has passed into the presence of the Saviour whom he believed and served.

J. H. Farmer.

TO MASTER HENRY FIELDING.

I' faith, good Hal., you have a saucy wit,
You sober-smiling magistrate of modes;
And yet, I swear, I like the way of it,
Save when, of course, it mocks *my* social codes
And private peccadilloes.

And what a brave old Bull you are, my Fielding,
And how you tear and toss the crimson rags
Of "low" and "law," and how you scorn the yielding
To critics who, unhorsed, their saddle-bags
Must use in lieu of pillows!

They're left to brood their sins, while you, impatient,
Like Ocean old, to change the figure here,
With soul as free as that of any ancient,
And sentences a trifle mixed, I fear,
Sweep on in lofty billows.

Roguish as Puck, and now benign as Brahma,
Give us to drink from out your generous glass—
Seer and lover of the human drama—
Wisdom and cheer through all the way we pass,
From storks to weeds and willows!

George Herbert Clarke, '95
In The Outlook (N.Y.)

PAULINE JOHNSON: TEKAHIONWAKE.

Few of us, I think, can claim close acquaintance with our greatest woman poet, Pauline Johnson. Yet those who can, have seen into the life of not only a poet, but a woman with a great heart and a massive brain; a woman who has drunk deep of the bitterness of life, but who has reached out and gathered to her a greater and broader humanity; a woman who has worked and loved and suffered, yet who could write:

> "And just because my God forgets the past,
> And in forgetting does not ask to know
> Why I once left his arms for yours,
> At last back to my God I go."

Miss Johnson is the youngest daughter of Tekahionawake, the late chief of the Mohawks, who died at Brantford in 1886. Her mother, an Englishwoman, was a distant cousin of William Dean Howells, and taught the gifted Pauline, in her own words, to be "first a daughter of her father, then a daughter of the British crown." But six years ago the gentle mother, too, passed away, and Miss Johnson makes us cry with her:

> "Surely the great Hereafter cannot be more than this!
> Surely we'll see that country after Time's farewell kiss!
>
> "Sailing into the cloudland, sailing into the sun,
> Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done!
>
> "Oh dear, dead race! my spirit, too,
> Would fain sail westward unto you."

Tekahionwake (the name Johnson is baptismal) traced his ancestry back five hundred years through an unbroken line of purest Mohawk blood. Here were the greatest warriors, and here, too, the full-throated orators of the tribe, the spirit of all seeming to culminate in Pauline.

"You have a very rich vocabulary," I once said to her.

"I have a very small one," she answered. "My mother-tongue is the Mohawk; my English has been acquired."

This, however, makes her poetry all the more marvellous.

"Tell me," I said, "something about your first volume, 'The White Wampum.'"

"Well," she answered, "I shall give you some good advice. When you are getting a book published never be actuated by motives of charity. Six years ago, when 'The White Wampum' was ready for its English publication, I took the manuscript over to London and said to myself: 'Now, I will hunt up some poor, worthy girl who has a mother and little brother to support, or who is trying to educate herself, and get her to do the typewriting for me.' I did not go near an agency bureau, but spent five days hunting up my worthy girl. I gave her the manuscript, and finally the work was done. She said her charge was one guinea —I had expected to pay two—and I gave her one and a-half. But when I looked at the work—oh, it was awful! I do not know how long it took me to correct it. There were words spelled wrong, whole lines left out, dreadful punctuation, and other things you can imagine. I determined I would not have it done over, however, so I took it to Clement Scott, the great English critic. I had a note of introduction and recommendation from Professor Clark, of Trinity University, and it was the best thing I could have secured, for a word of recommendation from him is considered in England to be the greatest honor any of the colonies can give. I was told that I would be very fortunate if I could secure an interview with Scott, but decided to leave no stone unturned. On enquiring for him I was told he was busy.

"'I must see him,' I said, and finally was shown into his 'den.' He was a regular lion, and glanced up through an awful scowl, growling out, 'Well?' There is only one way to deal with a man—that is through his vanity—so I turned to the door again, saying, 'I'm afraid to come in.'

"'Come back here,' he growled louder. "What are you afraid of?'

"I went back. 'I'm always afraid of a man who can make me or ruin me with a stroke of his pen,' I answered.

"He looked over my work, then scribbled a line of recommendation to John Lane, the best London publisher. I went to Lane and submitted my copy to him. As soon as he saw it he roared:

"'What do you mean by getting this copy typewritten?'

"'Why,' I said, 'I thought it was necessary.'

"'No!' he snapped, 'it is not. I never take a book for publication without the expectation that my author will be great, and how would this look in the British Museum labelled, "Original manuscript of Miss Johnson's first book?"'

"I had expected to go to at least twenty publishers before I could secure one, and had arranged to spend three months in England for the purpose; but Lane accepted it, with the result that I was made. 'I would not dare,' he told me, 'to refuse anything that Clement Scott recommended.'

"I went through a very interesting time with one of my poems previous to the publication of 'The White Wampum,'" Miss Johnson continued after some dialogue. "It was, 'In the Shadows.' I sent it to no less than eleven American magazines, among them 'The Century' and 'Harper's.' During its travels W. D. Howells got hold of it and criticized it severely. He said it would never 'go'—that it had no backbone. Now, no one would expect a little water-color picture of a sunset to have any backbone. With a big painting in oils it would be different. The poem was a little water-color picture. At any rate, W. D. Howells had no right to criticize it, especially as it was in manuscript, and I was angry. He is not a poet—he is a novelist—and no one but a poet should judge poetry. At last, however, the poem was accepted by and published in 'The Athenæum,' London, the severest and most critical literary publication in the world. I drew a heavy circle around 'In the Shadows' and sent it promptly to William D. Howells. But of course," she said, smiling brightly, "I never heard from him."

I asked her if she grew easily discouraged.

"Yes," she answered, "very easily; but an adverse criticism does not hurt me now as it used to. I often think that a poet is like a mother with a family of small children. This is the baby, this is the pretty one, and this is the cripple—and we are tenderest over the cripple. Poems are our brain-children—we love them too much to have them badly treated. Then, too, what will please one critic will not, with his line of thought, please another."

Miss Johnson is the possessor of a peculiarly dual nature—

war-like and domestic, imperious and modest, with a heart that will stoop to the lowliest creature in distress, and a manner cultivated in the best drawing-rooms in the world.

I should like to go into detail regarding the almost priceless Indian costume worn at her performances, but this must suffice: The gown of rich buckskin, decorated with snowy ermine tails and solid silver ornaments, hammered out by their native silversmiths, dare be worn by none but an Indian princess, which Miss Johnson is by birth. Four of these silver ornaments were won from the Hurons in 1649, when the Iroquois fell upon them and wiped them out. The rest have descended to her through her father, and each has its own significance. In 1776 this silver was buried for six months at Niagara, until the Indians all crossed over to British soil. Its intrinsic value is great, but, as its present owner says, "There is no money that could buy it from me."

Miss Johnson's last volume of poems, "Canadian Born," contains many rich gems. It was published at Toronto a year ago, and was one of the few really popular gift-books at Christmas time. Among the thirty-one odd poems the book contains, "The Art of Alma Tadema" stands alone. It is the only one of its kind. We can read it over and over, and each time feel with the poet:

"There is no song his colors cannot sing,
For all his art breathes melody, and tunes
The fine, keen beauty that his brushes bring
To murmuring marbles and to golden Junes.

"The music of those marbles you can hear
In every crevice, where the deep green stains
Have sunken when the grey days of the year
Spilled leisurely their warm, incessant rains,

"That, lingering, forgot to leave the ledge,
But drenched into the seams, amid the hush
Of ages, leaving but the silent pledge
To waken to the wonder of his brush.

"And at the master's touch the marbles leap
To life, the creamy onyx and the skins
Of copper-colored leopards, and the deep
Cool basins where the whispering water wins

"Reflections from the gold and glowing sun,
And tints from warm, sweet human flesh, for fair
And subtly lithe and beautiful, leans one—
A goddess with a wealth of tawny hair."

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

PRAIRIE TRAGEDIES.

The chief activities of the animal kingdom are those occasioned by the struggles of the individuals for existence. The extreme keeness of these contests maintains a high standard of excellence in their physical powers. The coyote that is not swift on foot is caught by the hounds, while the fleet one escapes. The fox that is lacking in cunning will, in small likelihood, continue long to reproduce its deficiencies in its young, while the shrewd one survives, to perfect its cunning, and to perpetuate it as the progenitor of the future vixen tribes. The duck that feeds so attentively in the shallows of the slough that it fails to maintain a continuous outlook, does so at the peril of its life, with which it often pays the penalty for its neglect. The prowling fox is skulking in the bushes, and the hawk above is ever watchful to catch her unawares. Deficiency means death. This is a stern law in the wild animal kingdom, and consequently, in spite of their highest natural endowments, many lives are sacrificed in their relentless struggles. A few scattered feathers here, a crushed bone or so there, the mangled remains of a partially devoured victim in another place—these are the evidences one finds of the tragedies daily enacted upon the plains.

Possibly the prairie tragedy regretted the most generally is that one that has resulted in the practical extinction of the magnificent buffalo. Those vast plains over which he roamed in countless numbers know him no more for ever. The rich, black soil, or gumbo, so valuable to the wheat-grower, has been made so, in part, by the remains of these noble animals. One will drive but a short distance over the virgin prairie without crossing some of the long, winding trails converging to a watering-place, and made by the herds as they trudged in single files to slake their thirsts. These trails still present many signs of the struggles of these beasts. The frequently-occurring depressions along them are the existing results of the pawings of the bulls in their skirmishings before their mighty struggles for the supremacy of the herd. If the trail passes through a muskeg, a region of hummock and hollow may be seen. Frequently these regions are large in

area. They were the wallowing-places, in the mud and slime of which the animals sought protection from the heat of the scorching prairie sun, or relief from the myriads of mosquitoes which must have plagued them there.

Remains of victims, smothered in the mud or trampled to their deaths by their merciless comrades, may be often found in these marshes. The finder's reward is generally a well-preserved pair of ebon horns. Horns and bones may be commonly found strewn about the plain, but the air and the sun have so wrought their havoc that they are worthless except as silent reminders of the vast numbers of animals which must have once been roaming about. Especially after a fire that burns off the "prairie wool" may these crumbling remains be seen, some buried almost a foot in the soil that has formed about them since their life has flown. And where have all these mighty hosts gone? To find a skull with a small, round hole in its low, flat forehead, gives a partial clue, and one shudders at the tragedy of this former king of the prairie.

In association with the buffalo is the Redman. "Lo, the poor Indian!" No longer do his cayeuses drag his tepee poles in single file across the plains. No longer must he stake his camp under the brow of a hill from which to scan the plains for lurking foes. No longer do those fearless hunter braves sweep, whooping, down upon the grazing buffalo herds. All this has gone, gone with the past. The buffalo now graze upon the Happy Hunting Grounds, whither the Indian is following fast. His tribes have dwindled away until extinction threatens his race. His proverbial keeness of vision has become the furtive glance. His skill has become impaired by the removal of his necessity, and he degenerates as a parasite. The white man's conscience seeks surcease in its attempts to care for him from whom was taken his sustenance. To set him aside may be for the best interests of society as a whole, but it would be a difficult matter to induce the Redman to accept such reasoning. Each year finds him less and less. To whose door must this tragedy be laid?

Could one know the individual history of the various members of a gopher family for a generation or two, he would note that many of the tribe lost their lives under tragic circumstances. This interesting little animal has a host of persistent enemies.

The fox, the wolf, the badger, the weasel, the hawk, the owl, the dog, the cat, and many more, he is wise to avoid. His vegetarian habits and the similarity of his likes to those of man—regarding wheat at least—have incurred the enmity of the latter, which has been so determined that a bounty has been placed upon the little fellow's head. From the boy with a water-pail and a club, to flood him from his burrow to a death by clubbing, to the man with deadly traps and poisoned baits, he finds a persistent foe in the human animal.

The gopher is a most amusing little rodent, and one cannot but pity the unsafe life he is forced to lead. He is a near relative of the common red squirrel of the woods. He resembles the squirrel much, both in color and in size, but he has not the bushy tail. He is a burrowing animal, most playful, but very cautious and suspicious, though full of a fatal curiosity. To see him fill his little cheeks with wheat or bread, cramming it in with his prehensile forepaws, is a delight. He is ever alert. With every few bits he stows away he stands erect as a peg to scan the horizon, not forgetting to take a sidling glance into the regions above. If danger threaten, with a flirt of his tail and a challenging squeak, he is home-bound on the jump in an instant. If the danger be not too imminent, he will mount the mound at his threshold to take another look from the vantage-point of safety. Here, standing as erect as a stake and wringing his bony fingers in a half nervous fear, he will pass most scathing remarks about the intruder, emphasizing them now and again with a half shuffle of his body and always with a sharp flip of his tail. If you be the cause of his vexation and draw nearer, he will pop into his den of safety. But his curiosity will not allow him to remain there long, and soon his little red nose and whiskers will peer out, and then his eyes, and finally, if you remain motionless, his whole body will venture forth. With continued stillness on your part, he will venture even from his doorway, crouching flat upon the ground and keeping his eye upon you, but starting back again at the least sign of danger. He seems to think himself most brave and cunning in challenging you to catch him if you can.

But his real shrewdness and bravery may be tested. If you make a loop with a slip knot at one end of a string and put the trap over the mouth of his burrow, he will place his body in it

nicely for you to draw the string, and if you never saw an excited gopher you will see one then. Such squealing and kicking and squirming as he will make, reveals the reality of his boasted bravery of but a minute before. Let him go and he will scurry to his burrow without waiting this time to scan the horizon from the mound top. Set the snare again, and his curiosity will lead him into the selfsame trap in which, but a few moments before, he had been so ignominiously caught. Thus he plays in the hands of danger, not seeming to profit by experience. Such recklessness would exterminate his species but for the rapidity with which he reproduces. By large numbers, produced frequently, he compensates the great loss incident upon his lack of intelligent shrewdness.

The Western spring is full of the songs of birds in their home-seekings. Near the watersides, the mallards, teals, spoonbills, grebes, coots, herons, bitterns, and redwings are nesting. On the plain, the hawks, prairie-chickens, meadow-larks, greybirds, bobolinks are making their homes. In many, many cases will their joyful melodies be changed to mournful wailings before the summer has gone. The duck will not have time to veil her nest, when the prowling wolf, or fox, or skunk, or weasel finds her out. Lucky will she be if she escape with her life. She may avert, however, a catastrophe to her brood by simulating a broken wing, and fluttering a few paces before the jaws of death to allure them from her crouching young. At this trick the prairie-chicken is particularly apt. She also seeks safety through the color of her plumage, and it is a sharp eye that will detect her crouching in the long, brown grass of the plain. While nesting she will allow one to pass and re-pass within but a few feet or less of her, defying discovery. On a recently-made trail a "chicken's" nest was found over which a buggy had passed several times without scaring the mother. It was finally discovered by the horse placing his foot upon the mother, breaking her back and demolishing her nest with its contents of eleven brown eggs. It was on the side of the hill in which were several badger-holes, into one of which the wounded bird crawled off to die. On another occasion the mother-bird—a "chicken"—remained on her nest until the horses were by and the buggy passing, when her courage fled and she fluttered up between the wheels. Had she sustained her fear but

a moment longer, we should have passed wholly unconscious of her presence. The protective resemblance of the plumage has averted many a "chicken" tragedy.

But they are caught. In walking across the plains one will often come upon patches of brown feathers and down. These are the only traces of the tragedies that must remain mysteries. I was more fortunate on one occasion in catching the murderer, an immense hawk, red-taloned, at the deed. He was sitting beneath the brow of a hill and feasting upon a "chicken," when I came upon him suddenly from the opposite side. He quickly rose and sailed away across the prairie, leaving but a few coarse bones and feathers to mark the spot. His feast must have been nearly completed, for he carried nothing away in his talons and he left but little behind. He left a puzzle, however. Beside the coarse debris of his bloody feast lay the heart of his victim. It was the only palatable portion about, and over it I was left to conjecture. Was this a dainty morsel left to the last, a dessert? Such is not the custom of the animals. Perhaps it was the choicest portion, to be carried to the nesting mate or nestlings?

One afternoon in midsummer, as I was trudging along a trail across the prairie, a great chattering from a bush near by attracted my attention. On investigation I discovered a tragedy more awful in its cold-bloodedness than any I had seen before. Sitting upon a bough were four butcher-birds, chanting their cannibalistic incantations over the remains of an innocent victim of their lust. In their midst, spitted upon a twig, was the decapitated body of a greybird. My interruption sent the butchers fluttering away, to perch upon a fence near by, from which I was watched. I disturbed not their victim, which was beyond my aid, but on returning to the spot some time later I found that all traces of the murder had been cleared away and the murderers gone.

Man sees but few of nature's tragedies, but these few afford a glimpse of the continuous bloody warfare being waged about him. Here an owl hesitatingly flutters away at your approach. A field mouse, neatly skinned even to the tips of its toes, would have been its meal but for your interruption. Again it is a lacerated salamander that has escaped the talons of some swooping foe. Here, at the fox's den, strewn feathers and bones betray the bloody instincts of its inmate. This large badger burrow was a

gopher hole last night. There is a gopher less this morning, while a badger sleeps serenely after a midnight meal. Life is sustained by life. Countless lives are being sacrificed daily to sustain other lives, hence these continuous struggles. Is it a discord in nature causing these strifes, or is it simply the working out of a great, grand principle of harmony?

W. G. Carpenter, '05.

MIDNIGHT SCENES AMONG SAWS AND MEN.

The saw-mill has a universal song. It is a hurried arpeggio, with here and there a shrill minor note, as the steel cuts its way through the fragrant pine. The mills of the Ottawa, like others all over the world, have their peculiar characteristics, and yet, perhaps, these are unique in several elements. When the snow lies thick, and the winter king has bound the noble old river with icy fetters, these centres of the lumber industry lose the busy hum of active life. The men are away in the north-lands, where the giant pine falls and is prepared for the spring rafts. It is when the first great cribs and booms find their way to the mills that the sides of the buildings are thrown up, and the hands flock to the lumbering-village, ready for a long cutting-season. Handicapped as they are by nature during the winter, these hives of industry must hum with the buzz of saws both day and night while the climatic conditions are favorable.

It is a rare sight, during the day, to watch the mighty "gates" ploughing their way through six great logs at once, or the lightning band-saw convert a log into boards in seconds. But the scene is a hundred-fold more impressive at midnight. There is a weirdness about it which is attractive. When all the world is sleeping, and the stars in silence watch the sleepers, this strange monster breathes and moves. Its hunger seems to be insatiable, and all night long it continues to be fed with dripping logs. The music of the mill is more distinct, the waters flowing by are darker, the saws and carriages seem to move more rapidly, and the men to resemble more closely the machine which they attend.

It was the writer's privilege, along with some six or seven college-friends, to visit one of the upper Ottawa mills during the past summer. We went to the mill at midnight, to talk to the men at lunch-hour of a man who once lived and toiled among such men as, the wide world over, work for the bread which they eat. The night was perfect, the Aurora Borealis flashed across the sky with unusual brilliancy, illuminating the water with a thousand different, varying shapes. The great mill was aglow with light, and the shrill, high note of the saws sounded clear and distinct on the night air.

In the main body of the mill the band-saws were cutting more lumber in a minute than the old-time circular could turn out in an hour. The carriage of a band-saw is interesting. The log is rolled on by machinery, and secured by two iron hands, which work almost as easily and certainly more quickly than the human hand. Then it hurries towards the saw, which cuts through the timber with lightning rapidity. Immediately the carriage flies back, the log is turned, and once more is hurried to the band. A gate-saw is another interesting machine to be seen in nearly all of the Ottawa mills. It consists usually of thirty-six heavy saws, secured in one gate, which works up and down with a very slight circular motion. The average gate goes through six logs at one cutting, and requires no less than three hundred and fifty horse-power for its operation. The lath machines, shingle machines, planers, and trimmers, all are interesting, and on this particular occasion were, each and everyone, working to their greatest capacity.

Strange feelings thrilled us when the machines suddenly stopped, and all of the men retired to eat a hasty lunch. The quietness was as intense as the noise had been shortly before. We could hear the sawyers as they changed all the saws, but this was the only sound which disturbed the silence. Here was a world of men among the saws. When the great outside is sleeping, they are toiling. The mighty heart of the world of work never ceases to throb; while other things may stop, it must move onward.

We stepped outside the mill. The scene was strange, silent, beautiful. The saws within glistened in the light, the rough pine logs gave forth the breath of the woods, the engine

panted now and then, as if it were weary with the almost endless rush of the piston. The mighty river was stealing by quietly, reflecting the light of the sky in fantastic, grotesque figures. Long snakes of black, watery shadow wriggled in and out among the logs, while above the fiery serpents darted rapidly across the sky.

We watched the logs as they were brought into the mill. It was a novel sight. Some were covered with knots, others were misshapen and bruised, still others had rubbed against some rock and had lost nearly all of their bark. We watched the men as they returned to their work. A lumberman is like the logs among which he toils. Some are bruised and disfigured as they lead the careless, reckless life of the son of the forest; others are scarred by the world's sin; yet one and all are generous and sympathetic —they are men, for

> "It matters not what men assume to be;
> Or good or bad, they are but what they are."

We left the busy mill, with hurrying saws and working, living men, and thought, as we walked homeward, that here among the logs and boards were fellow-mortals, struggling, striving, groping, some to fail and some to win, in the hardest of the world's battles—the conflict of the right.

HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

During the past summer I found opportunity to re-visit the Old World, and now put pen to paper to set down, in an informal fashion, some of my impressions of England.

England is surely a most fascinating place, notwithstanding the fact that there are those, on this happy side of the Atlantic, who cannot see it in any such pleasant light—so far have they outgrown poor, slow, old-fashioned England!

I will at once make a confession, a confession which I fully realize will show me up as one wofully and hopelessly benighted and behind my day. It is this: When I stepped off the boat at

Liverpool I was conscious that I walked a little softly, for the place whereon I trod was holy ground—at least, to me it was; and as I rode through the country in the train, swinging along on a perfect road-bed at sixty miles an hour, straight for old London town, through the most charming scenery the eye could delight in, I own I was not unmoved by emotion: for was not this the land of my father and my mother; was not this the place in which had found birth, after long travail, those precious institutions of freedom which I had come to call my inalienable possessions; was not this the land that was first-mother of nearly everything I held dear and good?

I was much impressed in rural England with its exquisite beauty. The scenery is not vast, as in Canada, a land of immense areas, for England is but a tiny place; not rugged, but quiet and gentle; not grand, but sweet.

A Canadian misses the raw look of recent clearance so familiar to his eyes in this new country. There are no fields of ugly stumps, no wire fences. The utilitarian, unbeautiful homestead, common here, does not mar an English scene. Instead, is the highest cultivation, and trimness, and finish; the whole landscape has evidently been the object of lavish expenditure of wealth and toil for many generations.

A Canadian house gives one the idea of new prosperity—a little imagination, and you still hear the sound of the trowels, and the saws, and the hammers used in its construction; but in England the work was done so long ago that it often seems beyond conception that it ever did take place, and one looks upon the dwellings as a part of the scene, as if they had grown there, by the processes of nature, with the trees and the hills.

In a new country, no labor is spared for anything but the useful; in England, the production and cultivation of the beautiful is a matter of continual attention. From almost every rising ground is a charming view of rich-green fields, hedgerows and trees, with here and there thatch and shingle peeping through, and, not seldom, the gray tower of a church reminiscent of a past age. In sharpest contrast with our gardenless American dwellings, the great houses have their parks, the humble cottages their little gardens of flowers. And—though I am at a loss to explain it, unless by the effect of climate and atmosphere—even the most

commonplace objects appear to wear a robe of beauty. Sights and sounds alike seem mellowed in English air ; who that has heard it can ever forget the delicious, mellow boom of "Big Ben" in London ?

One thing I noticed as contributing not a little to the charm of English landscape was the fact that England is a land of changing sky. Sometimes, in a single hour, the various features of a scene would all pass through every variety of light and shadow on account of the fleeting clouds which were drifting across the face of the sky.

But what shall be said of manufacturing England? Can there be anything under heaven less picturesque, more positively ugly ? Imagine bare, verdureless soil, hideous buildings, a forest of chimneys, a firmament of smoke, multitudes of toiling inhabitants, both men and women, seemingly little different from the machines they operate, and you have a manufacturing district in England ! Doubtless, here is great evidence of intelligence and skill, and consequent gain of wealth, and this, I suppose, is justification sufficient for such ugliness. The world cannot yet afford to live to please artists.

Quiet and order are marked characteristics of the population of England. The teeming millions move about with a serious—I had almost said solemn—decorum. I know the word "decorum" is something in the nature of an irritant to the restless and ambitious spirit of a healthy Canadian, more or less under the influence of his restive neighbors to the south, who so love to "kick over the traces." However, this very decorum, this method and regularity, this adherence to rules, is the secret of some of the things in England which a visitor most admires and wonders at. The marvellous railway system, and equally marvellous postal and telegraph services, are cases in point. Liberty has not become license in the tight little island. A man there is expected to behave himself with proper regard for the feelings and conveniences of others, hence what we call good manners are very general. I could not help a feeling that even the cattle in the fields, as they leisurely nipped the sweet grasses, looked well-behaved !

One from the New World remarks the solidity and thoroughness of English workmanship. It is seen in all public works, in

buildings great and small, in a multitude of roads marvellous for smoothness, and even in such an inconsiderable commonplace as a watering-trough by the wayside, or a seat in a park.

The English people give one a feeling as of power in reserve ; they are in restraint—voluntarily in leash, so to speak. At the time of the irritating Russian seizures in the Red Sea I had to note with admiration the poise with which Englishmen discussed the affair.

I found, distinctly present, the class distinctions which we hear of so frequently from the critics of England on this side of the sea ; but there were signs, and not a few, that the upper orders are coming to know their own responsibility in regard to those below them.

In the cities, drinking among the lower classes, men and women alike, is a sad evil and of huge proportions. But it seems to me that we here are hardly in a position to understand *any* Englishman's eating and drinking—a large portion of the population make shift on five meals a day ! Climatic conditions must be taken into account when we pass judgment.

I thought the English, physically, the finest race on earth. Unfortunately I refer only to the well-to-do, for the city poor are often most pitiable objects, undersized, ill-shaped, sickly, clothed in rags and covered with dirt. Some of these unfortunate creatures really look more like hunted animals than men.

As to religion, although I met a great deal of irreligion, I remarked that the churches were well filled, and with a fine proportion of men in the congregations. The Education Bill is being discussed to a certain extent, and in some places there is considerable stir, a good deal of talking, and not a little suffering over it ; but it appeared to me that the English people as a whole have not yet at all realized how large and fundamental is the question at issue.

We hear in America much talk to the effect that England is now past her prime, and is slowly but surely falling into decay. I saw no such indications. I think I did see, however, that Englishmen feel they are at a turning-point. I thought I saw them casting about for what to do to meet new conditions, and girding themselves for determined effort in new directions.

F. S. Beddow, '06.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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VOL. XIV. DECEMBER, 1904. No. 3

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY wishes its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WE hope it is not necessary to say that the editors of THE MONTHLY welcome suggestions looking to the improvement of our college magazine. However short we come of attaining our ideal, we sincerely desire and strive with some strenuousness to make it a worthy exponent of the best life and thought of the University. We therefore heartily welcome suggestions from our readers as to ways and means whereby we may achieve our aim. We are especially glad to hear from the graduates in this connection, for we fully realize that to make THE MONTHLY what it ought to be it is necessary that we should secure their sympathetic co-operation. This we have had in no small degree, but we can retain and increase it only by making our paper appeal to their tastes and supply their needs. That our efforts in these respects have not been altogether unsuccessful appears from three letters lately received from alumni. We shall not quote their pleasant words of commendation, but we gladly pass on the following passage to every graduate who reads and is interested in THE MONTHLY:

"As a McMaster man I had the other day a thought that I wanted to utter to a McMaster audience. I could not—and perhaps that was well. But it occurred to me that perhaps the thoughts of really matured McMaster men were going to waste because of the impossibility of securing an efficient utterance. Could THE MCMASTER MONTHLY open its columns to a more or less informal correspondence from McMaster men? Such a correspondence could be guarded by the editor and perhaps by insisting on signed articles. I am not sure that you would receive much material, but you would open a channel that would bring the graduate into touch with THE MONTHLY and the University if he chose to use it."

The above suggestion had only to be made to be accepted. The undergraduate editors, not to mention the managing editor, heartily welcome the idea, and look forward to the time when THE MONTHLY shall serve the graduates in this way and in others. As an editorial board we shall be glad to print brief, incisive, thoughtful comment on questions of interest to our graduates and of value in relation to the various aspects and problems of the life of our Alma Mater. We hope that our correspondent may set the example to others by sending on the thought he wished to express but could not.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

WE wish our readers, one and all, a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy and Prosperous New Year. More especially does our editorial heart go out to the undergraduates, by whom the glad days of Yuletide will be spent in preparation for the mid-year examinations, which are set down on the calendar to begin on January 4th next. Enjoy yourselves in spite of the cloud hanging over you, is our advice. Try to be happy, even though it may be said of you when you return to face the music,

> "At our old pastime in the hall
> We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
> Of gladness, with an awful sense
> Of one mute shadow watching all."

Better to do that than sit down and say, in the words of Richard II.,

> "Of comfort no man speak:
> Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
> Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
> Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
> Let's choose executors and talk of wills."

The old folks and the young folks will appreciate you more if you veil your sorrows and endeavor to be merry with them at this season. Leave your books alone as much as you possibly can, and enter with heart and soul into the joyousness round about you. Let not your appetite for turkey be dulled by the thoughts of the future. In conclusion, we give you two lines which contain our thought:

> "At Christmas play and make good cheer,
> For Christmas comes but once a year."

AT an Athletic Association meeting:—First student—"With the permission of my seconder I shall withdraw my motion." Seconder—"I haven't any objection. I only seconded it because he asked me to."

ARE you a subscriber to THE MONTHLY? If not, why not?

THE Professor in Biology is showing the Freshman class the blood corpuscles on a screen by means of lantern slides, when he is interrupted by the query, "Professor, what are those little businesses for?"

A PROVERB for the Theologs. :—"He is the best scholar who has learned to love well."

IT is a sad room that hath not a Freshman in it.

HE is a clever student who can read his own notes, or—find them.

LEARN wisdom by the synopses of others.

HE who teaches a young lady to skate must needs have a strong right arm.

SPARE the jollying and spoil the Freshman.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?—Some of our ladies were discussing the bill of fare for a spread, when a girl asked suddenly, "Any boys going to be there?" "Not a man." "Then we wont need any salad dressing for the lobsters."

BECAUSE a student specializes in classics it does not necessarily follow that he neglects the romantic altogether.

"TALK about the 'captains of industry,' why I am a 'general of graft,'" cried out the jolly Junior, as he placed fifty iron cents in his mighty wallet after selling an innocent Freshman a book for which he had parted with the insignificant sum of thirty coppers the year before.

POLITICAL Economy of the Third Year is the subject of much amusement at times. The other day the popular lecturer asked, "What is one of the great outstanding facts of capital?" "Lack of it," replied a man with a burden.

LECTURER in Third Year Hebrew :—Now, gentlemen, where do you suppose that Moses obtained his information when writing the early chapters of Genesis?" The Juniors are dumbfounded, until a staid and sober seer replied in a stage-whisper, "He must have studied Third Year Geology."

THE following have represented the McMaster Literary Society at the various functions appended to their names:—Toronto Medical College At Home, D. G. Munro, '05; Dental College At Home, J. B. McArthur, '05; Victoria Conversazione, C. S. Eaton, '05; Queen's At Home, G. W. Gorman, '05; Woman's Medical College At Home, E. C. Jordan, '05.

A JOKE FOR THE INITIATED.—First Theolog.:—"I could hardly find where the Systematic class was meeting." Second Theolog.:—"I thought Systematic Theology was so *Strong* it could be found anywhere."

FIRE ESCAPES INSPECTED.—Timid students in residence will be pleased to learn that at least one of the fire escapes is in good condition should conflagration break out. One of the Freshmen inspected it at 2 a.m., the morning after the students reception at the Jarvis Street Church. He went to considerable trouble to do so, first getting a large packing case and setting it down against the side of the building. This was not sufficient, however, to enable him to grab the lower rung. Securing a rake near by he swung the teeth over one of the bars and drew himself up the handle hand-over-hand. Once on the ladder he examined it as far as the second flat, and pronounced it O. K.

THERE was a great deal of comfort for some students in a remark of the Professor in Ethics in a recent lecture. He said: "The student who has gone through his university course with as little work as possible, and has paid attention to the building up of his body, has in a sense done a moral thing. He has preserved his own egoism, while the student who breaks his health down by overstudy, becomes a burden on his poor old father, though his ideal may have been higher than the other fellow's."

A NAZARENE VOW.—More terrible and hair-raising in its consequences than any of the oaths of the conspirators in the gunpowder plot, the Nihilists of Russia or the Society of the Red Hand, was the solemn covenant entered into recently in a lower corridor of McMaster Hall. Some ten students swore a vow to become Nazarenes, as far as their upper lips were concerned, from the first of December till Christmas. The result is simply appalling. There are all varieties, of moustachios, ranging from the stiff black porcupine and dislocated eyebrow species to those of which it may be said in the touching language of Shakespeare, "Alas poor lip! many a wart is richer." Those of us not in the bond are looking forward to Christmas, when the horrid appendages will be removed.

Rev. J. B. Warnicker Says Farewell.—On Nov. 30th, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, late the popular pastor of the Beverly Street Baptist Church, and now of Winnipeg, conducted a farewell chapel service, and then made a short speech. He had no advice to give, but said that he would always be glad to assist any McMaster men who should go to the West in getting settled. Mr. Warnicker's meaning was "settling in missionary fields," but the theological students naturally thought of matrimonial settlement, and therefore appreciated Mr. Warnicker's proffer of aid to the full.

Professor in English lecturing on Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard": "Observe the appropriateness of the time of day to the spirit of melancholy, and the details of the twilight scene. There is no melancholy at sunrise." We fancy the professor might change his mind if he could look into the bedrooms of the resident students when the breakfast gong sounds through the hall. The look of anguish that comes over the boys' faces as they realize that they must crawl out into the cold air is most certainly indicative of mental depression.

The ladies of the University are once more asserting their superiority over the male students. This time their cause for jubilation is that they have a grandmother in their ranks. We men yield the palm. The best we can do is to present a limited number of happy and smiling fathers.

Professor lecturing on the Jesuits. "One of the qualifications for membership was that they must be of handsome appearance. No wonder the order was limited in members." It was rather cruel of the doctor not to say that many of his hearers could qualify on that score, for the Seniors rather pride themselves on their good looks.

In the Fourth year the criticism of the constitutions and by laws of the various trade unions is taking up the attention of the class. The Senior who has been assigned the Rubber Workers' Union, says that his chief criticism on their constitution is that it is too elastic.

A Union Label Hair Cut.—As a result of the lectures in Trade Unionism there is growing up a desire around the hall to have the union label on everything. A Freshman who had his hair cut recently, was held up by a group of Seniors, and asked if he had had it done in a union shop, and where his union label was. He said that the barber hadn't given him one, but he had

paid him twenty cents for what he did get. "And did you let him keep the hair?" queried a senior, whose cranial hirsute adornment is rather limited in area, "You should have brought it home to me." "Ah, 'gwan,' replied the young hopeful, "you fellows are trying to jolly me."

THE LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—During the past month two very interesting meetings of the L. L. L. have been held. The programme for the first meeting consisted of a piano duet by Misses Vansickle and MacIntosh, both of '08, a reading by Miss Wilkins, '07, a vocal solo by Miss Harton, '06, and an address by Mrs. Templer. At the second meeting there was a debate between '06 and '07. It was on the subject, "Resolved, that written examinations, as conducted at present in Ontario Universities, should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Waters and Miss Shields, of '07, the negative by Miss Harton and Miss Phillips, of '06. While awaiting the judges' decision, Miss Vansickle, '08, gave a vocal solo. The judges, who were G. H. Campbell, M.A., and A. C. Newcombe, B.A., gave their decision in favor of the negative. The speakers of both sides are to be congratulated on the excellence of the debate.

THE "THEOLOGS."—On Tuesday, November 22nd, Dr. Francis H. Perry lectured before the Theological Society on the subject, "How to Save the Results of One's Reading and Thinking." Special emphasis was laid upon the value of having some system for accomplishing this purpose. Dr. Perry illustrated his remarks frequently, by reference to a system which he had found most valuable to him. The lecture was very suggestive, and listened to with the greatest of interest.

On December 6th, Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., read before the society an able paper on, "The Intellectual and Spiritual Value of the Study of Poetry." Mr. Freeman showed how a careful study of the great poets, such as Tennyson, Browning and Whittier, would amply repay every student, enriching his vocabulary and quickening his imagination. He also pointed out, that for the preacher, such a study provides much valuable sermonic material. All those present felt that the subject had been dealt with in a masterly and helpful way.

"COMPARISONS are odious," said the Senior as he sat down to try to gather together materials for an essay on Crabbe's "The Village" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

PUBLIC LECTURES.—The first of a series of public lectures under the auspices of the Literary Society, which are to take the

place of the fall and spring open meetings, was held on the evening of Friday, November 11th. A large and appreciative audience listened to a very instructive and entertaining lecture on "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Professor W. J. Alexander, M.A., of University College. Three other eminent speakers will be secured for other lectures during the year. We congratulate the programme committee on their enterprise.

On the evening of December 5th we were favored with the presence of Rev. A. L. Therrien, of Montreal, at our tea table. When called on for a speech he told of the work being done among the French-Canadians, especially through the agency of the Grande Ligne Mission. His remarks were enthusiastically received by the students.

The Literary Society.—A good meeting of the "Lit." was held on November 25th, a fair representation of the students being present, who showed their appreciation of the numbers in various manners. E. W. Clark, '05, gave a clever address on "Sights and amusing incidents seen by a visitor at the World's Fair." M. S. McArthur, '05, read a clear and interesting paper on "How the President of the United States is elected." The musical numbers of the program were a piano duet by Miss McIntosh, '08, and Miss Van Sickle, '08, which was heartily encored, and a vocal solo by Mr. A. E. White, '07.

AN ESSAY ON FRESHMAN.

(With Apologies to Pope.)

Lo, the meek Freshman! whose unassuming eyes
See girls in dreams, he hears their gentle sighs;
Whose tender feet had ne'er been taught to stray,
Far as the garden gate with maiden gay,
Till Senior nature to his mind displayed
The gentle art of walking with a maid;
Or better still, if at an open "Lit."
He ventured where the damsels sit,
While wicked Juniors, from the gallery, bold
To torment such, throw witticisms old.
Then is the Freshman's great desire
To quickly rise in dreadful, heated ire,
And lay his hands upon the ruffian crowd
Who, thus his striving mock with jesting loud.
Hope humbly then; with trembling winglets soar,
Be modest, lowly, and Freshettes adore.
What future bliss is not for thee to know.
Go gently then, you reap e'en as you sow;
Hope springs eternal in the human breast
And with a mate one day thou may'st be blest.

H. R. N., '06.

We have been especially lucky in drawing this year. Our latest good fortune has been to draw the bye in the city Intercollegiate Debating Union, and we shall not have to debate till February. W. E. Matthews, '05, has been elected vice-president of this union.

Y.W.C.A. Meetings—The meetings of the Y.W.C.A. have continued to be of interest and practical value. On November 14th, Miss Johnston, '07, led the meeting. Mrs. Templer gave an address on "Purpose in Life," and Misses McIntosh, '08, and Senior, '05, sang. On November 21st, Miss Hartley, '05, the president, was in the chair and Professor P. S. Campbell, B.A., gave one of his earnest addresses. His topic was "Winning souls for Christ." The music for this meeting was provided by Misses Harton, '06, and Shields, '07. In order that the girls who wished to attend Mr. Mott's lecture to women students in Wycliffe College might have an opportunity to do so, no meeting was held the following week.

A meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, November 27th, in the chapel. Miss Rouse, the Secretary of the World's Student Chistian Federation and a graduate of Girton College, England, addressed the meeting. Her account of college women abroad, their aims and difficulties, did not fail to awaken great interest and a desire on the part of the college girls present to know more about the lives of educated women of Europe. Beside McMaster and Moulton girls, representatives from other colleges came to hear Miss Rouse.

A Trip to the World's Fair.—The Literary Society presented an attractive program on Friday evening, December 2nd. W. T. Roberts, Th., was the speaker of the evening. He took as his subject, "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition," and illustrated his lecture with a number of excellent slides made from photographs taken by himself. Mr. Roberts visited St. Louis last summer in company with several delegates from the B. Y. P. U. Convention, held in Detroit. In order that our patriotism might remain on this side of the line, the lecturer had a picture of His Majesty the King flashed upon the canvas. The audience applauded enthusiastically, but refrained from singing; they feared lest His Majesty would be unable to stand the strain. Various pictures of the train bearing the party were shown, also one of the engine, which we were told made a record run. Some one wished to know if it had received the McMaster emblem on account of breaking a record, but the lecturer did not know. The pictures of Detroit and of St. Louis were very interesting, and Mr. Roberts explained each one in an interesting manner. The evening was enjoyable and instructive.

A Macedonian Cry.—Once more we wish to say a few personal words to the undergraduates. This Monthly and this department belongs to you just as much as it does to the editors and reporters. While they have the nominal responsibility it really falls on your shoulders to make it a success. Do not imagine that because you are not on the staff that you are not expected to contribute. The editor of this department will welcome any suggestions for improvement and especially desires that the undergraduates should give or send to him any poems, parodies, jokes and other articles relating to happenings around the hall. You probably see and hear things that are good enough for publication, and would make our paper more interesting, but they are missed because you do not make note of them. If you have not time to write them out, the least you can do is to tell the editor, and he will look after that part of it.

A student and his money are soon parted.

The Debating Society.—The regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on Saturday, November 26th. The subject was, "Resolved that this city of Toronto should own and operate its street railway system." Mr. George Gorman upheld the affirmative and Mr. J. B. McLaurin the negative. The question was thoroughly discussed by those present. F. C. Mabee, B.A., filled the office of critic. The judges, Messrs. E. A. Helie, '05; D. NcLaurin, '05, and E. W. Clarke, '05, awarded the debate to the affirmative.

On December 3rd the club resolved itself into a mock parliament. Two bills were introduced by the government. George W. Gorman, '05, as Premier, brought in a bill extending the franchise to women and A. G. Vining, '05, Attorney-General, introduced a temperance measure embodying two main clauses, viz.: (a) That the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors be placed under the control of the Government. (b) That the bar-room and treating system be abolished and that the use of intoxicants in clubs be prohibited. Both of these measures were defeated. Chancellor Wallace filled the position of critic with great ability and his remarks were much appreciated by all present.

Adventures at the Reception.—We desire to express our hearty thanks to the Young People's Society of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, who so pleasantly entertained the students of Moulton and McMaster on the evening of Monday, November 28th. After a reception, followed by an excellent programme, the visitors were treated to dainty refreshments in the ladies'

parlor below. We appreciate this expression of good will, especially as the requirements of college life prevent us from becoming active members of the society. However, we are inclined to believe that our kind friends must have felt in a measure compensated by the interesting spectacles enacted during the evening. For instance, the beautiful example of one of our good Theologs "saying grace" over his refreshments, or more inspiring still, the bombardment of the Moulton defenses by the Freshman brigade. Rash invaders! The attack had scarce begun e'er the heavy guns of the assailants were effectually silenced amid the musical staccato of the defenders united rapid fire. It was an unequal contest. The Freshmen were overwhelmed and a large number taken captive. The gallant Senior who led the attack shared the same fate, and was last seen being triumphantly led below by a numerous guard of the conquerors. The captives, however, were afterwards allowed to depart with all honors of war.

From the Pulpit to the Hammer.—One of our prospective "Theologs" need never want for an occupation if preaching does not prove lucrative enough. In fact some would go so far as to say that he has missed his calling. We refer to H. R. ("Hank") Nobles, '06, who acted as auctioneer for the Literary Society at the annual sale of magazines. Mr. Nobles not only succeeded in persuading purchasers to pay in a number of instances more than the regular subscription price, but he kept the buyers and spectators amused by his bon mots. Here are some of them: Auctioneer—"Seventy cents for Scribners? Why, I'll send it off to glory before I'll let it go at that. Student (interrupting)—"You'll never see it again if you do." (Great laughter after which the auctioneer takes up another magazine.) "Here's the Examiner. A fine thing to have in the spring." "How much for the Outlook? Look out for the Outlook. It is going, going, going—Look out, look out, how much for the Outlook?" "Only 35c. for Punch. Everybody laugh, grin, giggle and yell for 35 cents." "Look at all the advertisements in this paper. They alone are worth the money." "If you put Harper's Bazaar on your mantelpiece, and your diseases are not all cured in three weeks, don't blame me." "Look at this picture of this lady with the baby. Every Theolog ought to bid for the Ladies' Home Journal when it has pictures like this."

The McMaster Bands.—In the midst of the busy work of the college term, the band have continued their evangelistic efforts both within and outside the city. The meetings as heretofor have been attended with much spiritual fervor and conversions

have been reported from every place. The eastern section of the band conducted services in the Century Church on October 23rd afternoon and evening, which were helpful in character and results. From October 28th to 30th, Queenston was visited, and the old historic town awakened to fresh interest in spiritual things. The Collingwood church welcomed their services from the eve of Thanksgiving Day over the following Sunday. During this time fourteen fruitful services were held, nearly all the Evangelical churches having opened their doors for meetings. The singing of the quartette is still an element of attraction and convincing power. The University Band, led by C. G. Beck, B.A., visited Paris from October 28th to 30th. There a special preparation on the part of the church and the manifestations of the Spirit's power, resulted in a quickening and in-gathering of more than ordinary interest. At King also from November 11th to 13th, meetings were held attended with much blessing. Like spiritual results were witnessed in Hamilton, where work with the Victoria Avenue Church was engaged in from Wednesday evening November 16th to Sunday, the 20th. The picturesque village of Belfountain was the scene of their efforts from November 25th to 28th. Here, too, the witnessing to the truth was with power and led to many decisions to enter the new life. The singing of Miss Leinster and Miss Senior greatly aided in the work. The earnestness of our young men in the abundant labors, and above all, the seal of the Lord that has accompanied the effort, speaks hopefully for the future.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. S. EATON, '05.

MCMASTER, 30; R.M.C., 23.—The first of the home-and-home games for the intermediate championship of the Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union was played on the McMaster athletic field, on Saturday morning, November 12th, when the home team won by a score of 30 to 23. Conditions were unfavorable to a good exhibition of the game, owing to the slippery condition of the ground and the high wind that blew. The latter element entered very materially into the game, so that the scoring was done by turns. This kept the interest intensely high, as the boys in green and black did not commence their scoring until the Cadets had finished theirs.

R.M.C. won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind. McArthur kicked off, and for awhile McMaster held their own, but the wind was too much for them, and the Cadets kicked twice over the dead ball line. Then Constantine made a pretty drop kick from the field, which gave the Cadets a goal. Score, 7 to 0. Again Constantine kicked twice for touches-in-goal. Shortly afterwards he made a good run, starting a pretty piece of combination work on which the Cadets scored a try, which Constantine converted. Score, 15 to 0. McArthur prevented a try by kicking the ball over the dead line. Then Lawson got the ball out of scrimmage, going over for a try, which was converted. This ended the scoring for the Cadets. Score, R.M.C. 23, McMaster 0.

It looked like another score for the Cadets, but McArthur prevented it by trapping a Cadet who was following up to play off-side. This gave McMaster a scrimmage well down the field. McArthur kicked over the R.M.C. line. Nordheimer fumbled, and Pengelly was on the ball like a flash. The try was unconverted. This completed the scoring in the first half. R.M.C. 23, McMaster 5.

In the second half McMaster had the wind, and used it to good advantage. The game was theirs all the way. Two safety touches and a touch-in-goal gave McMaster five points. Then Nordheimer muffed on a long kick by McArthur, and Peine captured the ball going over for a try, which was not converted. McArthur's long punts counted for smaller scores, and in rapid succession two rouges were scored, and twice the ball went over the dead line. Tben R.M.C., for the only time in the second half, worked the ball near the McMaster line, but scoring was averted, and shortly after Pengelly followed one of McArthur's long punts fast enough to nail Nordeimer and push him over his own line for a safety touch. McArthur kicked again over the dead line, making the score, R. M.C. 23, McMaster 22.

Excitement was now at high tide, and there were five minutes left to win. This was done by Peine, who, on a brilliant run, scored another try. Jordan converted. In the remaining time Peine and McArthur each kicked over the dead line, and the scoring ended. McMaster 30, R.M.C. 23.

The punting of Constantine and McArthur, and the running of Peine and Pengelly, were important features of the game. The line up :—

McMaster (30)—Back, Peine ; halves, Benson, McArthur (captain), Gray ; quarter, McEwen ; scrimmage, Fitch, McGregor, Campbell ; wings, Jordan, Vining, Holman, Munro, Moyle, Pengelly.

R.M.C. (23)—Back, Nordeimer ; halves, Powell, Constantine (capt.), Budder ; quarter, Lawson ; scrimmage, Agnew, Scott,

Matthewson ; wings, Ross, Currie, Warren, Coristine, Pare, Armstrong. Referee, Dr. Wright ; umpire, Dr. Hendrie ; time-keeper, F. D. Woodworth.

"THINGS have come to a pretty pass," humorously remarked the football captain, as he gave the signal for a trick play.—*Philadelphia Record.*

R.M.C. 11, McMASTER 2.—On Friday, November 18th, our team took the long-denied trip to Kingston, accompanied by Professor Cohoe *in loco parentis*, and C. W. New as acting-manager. We will not attempt a description of the trip, realizing that it would be beyond the power of human genius. In Kingston one centre of interest was the Y.M.C.A., where our old friend Alfred Stokes made us feel very much at home. On arriving at the scene of action we were charmed with the sight of a succession of hills and valleys stretching out a clear hundred yards from the east goal to the west, making such a picture that no artistic soul would think for a moment of lamenting the fact that it was somewhat unsuitable for the vulgar uses of a football field. The game itself was a good exhibition of "strenuous" football, the Cadets giving timely demonstrations of the forceful and eloquent coaching from the side-lines.

No wind was in evidence, and there was little advantage in the choice of goals. The play for the first five minutes was very even. Then McMaster forced the play to the Cadet lines. From a free-kick a few yards out, McArthur kicked nearly to the dead-ball line. Powell caught, however, and in one of the prettiest plays of the day carried the ball out of danger and kicked into touch at half-way. Then came the disaster ! McArthur was interfered with in trying to catch one of his own kicks, and in an unguarded moment the Cadets dribbled the ball over the line. To convert the try was a difficult piece of work, but Constantine handled it to perfection. Cadets 6, McMaster 0. This completed the scoring for the first half. When the second half opened McMaster forced the play from the whistle. The R.M.C. backs relieved beautifully several times, but finally Bensen kicked well over the line, Vining nailed the man with the ball, and McMaster scored her first point. Another soon followed on a 50-yard kick of McArthur's into touch-in-goal. R.M.C. 6, McMaster 2.

But our rising hopes were cruelly quenched shortly after this by a little incident that decided the championship. On account of an off-side play the Cadets were given a scrimmage near McMaster's 25-yard line. They attempted to run but were brought down, and from the next scrimmage Constantine dropped a pretty goal-from-field. R.M.C. 11, McMaster 2.

McMaster fought hard to pull the championship out of the hole, but all to no avail. Pengelly, Peine and Holman were injured, the latter being forced to retire. Two minutes before time was up Peine started one of his spectacular runs. He passed every man but one, and would probably have scored had it not been for his bad leg. Shortly afterward McArthur kicked well over the line, and the Cadets narrowly averted a score. The ball remained near the Cadet line, and a gathering fog added to the excitement of the finish, until finally the whistle announced the death of our hopes for the championship of 1904.

The play was very even throughout, and in spite of the decisive appearance of the score, there were many on the touch-lines who left the grounds still in doubt as to which was the better team. The Cadets, however, were superior in team-play. They owe much of their victory to the splendid combination-work of their back-division. Powell was the best of the Cadets ; Constantine also did fine work. It would be difficult to single out the men who did the best work for McMaster. There were two outstanding features, however—McArthur's work on the half-line and the tackling of the wings in the first half. In the second half the tackling was not so good.

McMaster—Back, Peine ; halves, Bensen, McArthur, Gray ; quarter, McEwen ; scrimmage, Campbell, McGregor, Fitch ; wings, Vining, Jordan, Holman, Munro, Moyle, Pengelly.

R.M.C.—Back, Haggerty ; halves, Budder, Constantine, Powell ; quarter, Lawson ; scrimmage, Agnew, Scott, Mathieson ; wings, Ross, Curry, Warren, Coristine, Pare, Armstrong.

Rugby Team Banqueted.—The members of the Rugby team were the guests of Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace at a banquet, on Saturday evening, Nov. 26th. That the boys enjoyed themselves was very evident from the remarks of the various speakers and from the unanimous expression of all the guests. Chancellor Wallace and Mrs. Cohoe led the way to the supper-room at nine o'clock. After the boys had done justice, in true football style, to the laden board, the toast to the King was enthusiastically honored. Following this was the toast to the football team, proposed by the Chancellor and responded to by Captain J. B. McArthur in aneat speech, in which he reviewed the work and record of the past season and outlined the prospects for next year. Speeches were then heard from the following :—Prof. Cohoe, Mr. E. R. Fitch, Mr. H. R. Nobles, and Mr. Crosby.

Professor Cohoe, honorary president of the Athletic Association, narrated his experiences with the team in Kingston. Mr. E. R. Fitch, vice-president, spoke briefly but to the point from the text, "Fight the good fight." Mr. H. R. Nobles, secretary-

treasurer of the Association, gave an interesting speech, setting forth some of the trials and triumphs of the secretary-treasurer Mr. Crosby, of the University of Toronto, expressed his goodwill and friendly feelings towards McMaster in a short speech. Before the party broke up, Captain McArthur proposed the health of the host and hostess. This was responded to by the Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace. The evening was brought to a close by the invincible "'Rah ! 'rah ! 'rah ! "

McMaster 2, Knox 1.—There seems to be an impression in some quarters that McMaster has forgotten how to play the ancient and honorable game of Association. The error of this impression was demonstrated on Varsity campus, Nov. 21st, when McMaster met and defeated Knox in a contest of the intermediate intercollegiate series. Through the entire game the play was good, and the work of Captain Wright's men was all that could be desired. The scoring took place in the first half. Young and McKechnie shot a goal each for McMaster, and Nichol scored one for Knox. The teams were : McMaster—Goal, Weston ; backs, Wright (captain), Bensen ; halves, Munro, McArthur, Vichert ; forwards, McKinnon, Miller, Young, McKechnie, Campbell. Knox—Goal, Ledingham ; backs, Baker, Walker ; halves, Duncanson, Reid, Thompson (captain) ; forwards, Renwick, Bryden, Nichol, Andrews, Fraser. Referee : Hayes, Varsity.

Inter-Year Rugby Games.—The championship in the above series of games was won by Class '05. This good fortune makes them champions in Rugby for three consecutive years, and also secures for them the Matthews cup for a third term. The following is a list of scores and games :—

First game—'05 (31)—Back, Peine ; halves, Gray, J. B. McArthur, M. S. McArthur : quarter, Munro (captain) ; scrimmage, Weir, McGregor, Fitch ; wings, Jordan, Viens, Cranston, Parker, Tomkinson, Vining. '07 (0)—Back, Craig ; halves, Young, White (captain), Wells ; quarter, McEwen ; scrimmage, Raithby, McNaughton, Telford ; wings, Ross, Challen, Bingham, Irons, Harkness, McPhail.

Second game—'06 (20)—Back, Buchanan ; halves, Chave, Bensen, Murray ; quarter, McKinnon ; scrimmage, Edwards, Currie, Campbell ; wings, Dadson, Nobles, Campbell, Whan, Pengelly, Wells (captain). '08 (1)—Back, Weston ; halves, Ware, McKechnie, Bingham ; quarter, McGregor ; scrimmage, Vichert, Harkness, McWhorter ; wings, Curtis, Jackson, Ritchie, Moyle (captain), Edwards, Tedford.

Final game—'05 (24), '06 (0)—The teams were the same as

in the games above, except that J. B. McLaurin and Wright replaced Peine and Cranston on the '05 team, and Miller replaced Pengelly on the '06 team.

Inter-Year Association.—The team representing '07 landed the championship in Association. A total of five games was played as follows :—

First game—'05 (2)—Goal, Gray ; backs, Wright, Tomkinson ; halves, D. L. McLaurin, Fitch (captain), Jordan ; forwards, Weir, Parker, Vining, Munro, J. B. McArthur. '08 (0)—Goal, Weston ; backs, Vichert, Moyle ; halves, Jackson, Edwards (captain), Waters ; forwards, McKechnie, Curtis, Munro, Ritchie, McWhorter.

Second game—'06 (3)—Goal, Woodburne ; backs, Bensen, Buchanan ; halves, Currie, Campbell, Pengelly ; forwards, McKinnon, Chave, Miller (captain), Nobles, Murray. Theology (0)—Goal, Meade ; backs, Eaton, Roberts (captain) ; halves, Edwards, Cameron, Mabee ; forwards, Bingham, Holman, Bradby, Watson, New.

Third game—'05 (0)—Line-up same as in previous game above, with the exception that J. B. McLaurin and McGregor replaced Munro and D. L. McLaurin. '07 (0)—Goal, White ; backs, Raithby, Bingham ; halves, Telford, Young, Wells ; forwards, Challen, Ross, McNaughton (captain), Irons, S. R. McEwen. The next game, which was to decide the tie above, resulted in a victory for '07 by the score of 2 to 0. The teams were the same as in the former match.

Final game—'07 (1), '06 (0)—Nobles played in goal in place of Woodburne, and Edwards took the former's position on the forward line. The sophomores played the same team as in the previous contests.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: W. J. Grigg, '05.

The Hamilton Normal College has enrolled this year, besides other graduates previously mentioned, Mr. A. S. Farmer, '98, and Mr. H. B. Tapscott, '97 (M.A. '01).

The Oakville, Ont., high school has the services of Mr. J. L. Mitchener, '02, in the department of science. Another '02 graduate, Mr. A. J. Madill, has a similar position at Paris, Ont.

The Beverley St. Baptist Church, Toronto, is losing its pastor of the last seven years, the Rev. J. B. Warnicker, Th. '93. Mr. Warnicker goes to the church at Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

Mr. J. A. McLean, '02, is on the staff of the Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa.

The MacDonald Consolidated School, at Guelph, the first of its kind in Canada, has as its principal Mr. J. W. Hotson, '01 (M A. '02).

Mr. J. J. Nicole, '00, is practising law in Waterloo, P.Q.

The Russian and Galician mission work in Manitoba and the Northwest has been placed in charge of Rev. D. B. Harkness, '99 (M.A. '04). Mr. Harkness is at present in Toronto, studying with a Russian teacher.

Under the care of Rev. G. R. McFaul, '95 (M.A. '04), the French Baptist mission at the capital has developed into a church with a neat building for its home. Mr. McFaul will continue in charge of the work.

Mr. A. D. Werden, '04, received the prefix "Rev." at Selkirk, on November 22nd.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Maretta Gordon.

A regular meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday evening, November 25th. The programme was on Sir Walter Scott. An interesting talk was given by Miss Dryden; Mrs. Arnton read a selection from "The Bride of Lammermoor," and a number of Sir Walter Scott's songs were sung by several of the girls.

The first number of the *Heliconian* for this year has just come from the publishers, and is being read with interest by all its subscribers.

On Wednesday evening, December 7th, we were pleased to have with us, in our prayer-meeting, Rev. Mr. Wicher, who has lately returned from Japan. He gave a very vivid description of the life of Japan, the result of the present war on the life of the Japanese, and the influence of Christianity on Japan as a nation.

On Friday evening, December 3rd, Mrs. Davies entertained the graduating class at her home, on Elm Avenue. Class '05 appreciated the diversion from the regular routine of studies, as it made a pleasant break in the school work.

On November 28th the members of Jarvis St. Church choir and Young People's Society gave a reception to Moulton and McMaster students. We wish to express our gratitude to the friends who welcomed us and entertained us so kindly. An interesting programme was given by some members of the Society and friends, and when there was a moment's intermission the busy hum of conversation showed quite plainly how much every one was enjoying the social intercourse of the evening.

Last year we had a debate, by the members of the Heliconian Society, "Resolved, That the Christmas holidays are too short," and as the negative won, we were beginning to think it had taken effect this year, when the calendar for the year appeared and the holidays were shortened by a week. But we were agreeably surprised when told that school would close on the 20th instead of the 23rd, and that so an extra three days would be added to our holiday.

We are always glad to have outsiders lead our Wednesday night prayer-meetings. A few weeks ago a former principal of Moulton, Mrs. Donald Grant, conducted our meeting, and all enjoyed it very much. Since Mrs. Grant's visit at Moulton, Mr. Grant has been obliged to give up his work in Stratford on account of illness. We wish to express our sympathy, and the hope that Mr. Grant may be speedily restored to health.

When the season for basket-ball was over the girls began looking forward to the opening of the rink and the skating season. The weather last week was cold, and the rink at last began to appear. Great was the speculation and excitement among the girls as each day the ice became firmer and smoother. At last the anticipated time arrived, the rink was ready, and the skating began. Among the girls there are some proficient skaters, and those less confident watch their firm, graceful movements with

envious eyes, as they glide, quickly and smoothly, over the ice. The girls spend as much time as possible each day in skating, and during the winter we hope to organize a hockey team.

Before Jack Frost appeared this year we had an interesting game of basket-ball, played between the day girls and those in residence, the latter winning by a score of 6 to 3. Mrs. Arnton acted as referee.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: W. J. Chalk.

On Friday evening, November 25th, Rev. J. B. Kennedy delivered his very interesting and instructive lecture "A man's a man for a' that," to the students and friends of the college, in the chapel. Among his introductory remarks he made reference to a few points of interest that attended his college life here, twenty-one years ago. The interest in the lecture was intensified by the number of very humorous and apt illustrations and anecdotes given by the lecturer. Mr. Kennedy's humor strengthens and improves the hints and lessons of the lecture. This was Mr. Kennedy's first visit to the college since he graduated, but it is to be hoped that twenty-one years more will not pass round without a number of visits from him.

Thursday morning, December 1st, we had the pleasure of listening to an address on foreign missions by the Rev. J. G. Brown. Mr. Brown spoke principally about the habits and customs of the natives of India, and having spent a number of years as a missionary in that country himself, he knew whereof he spoke, thus making his address much more real and interesting.

Friday evening, December 2nd, was the evening of the first debate in the Woodstock City Debating League. It took place in the rooms of tbe Young Liberal Club, Dundas St., between representatives of the Young Liberal Club and the College. The subject debated was, "Resolved, That the Chamberlain fiscal policy is beneficial to the British Empire." The Liberal Club representatives were Dr. Stevens and Mr. Griffin, who upheld the negative, while the college representatives, N. McCausland and E. P. Stewart, upheld the affirmative. The judge, Rev. H. Procter,

after careful consideration, decided the debate in favor of the affirmative. This debating league is composed of four societies in town—the Young Liberals, the Young Conservatives, the Y.M.C.A., and the College Debating Society. Each society debates with each of the other societies twice, so we are looking forward to a series of very interesting and helpful debates during the winter months.

The regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on Thursday afternoon, December 8th, at the usual hour, from 3 to 4. Short addresses were given by three of the students, and, with a solo and duet by others of the students, a profitable hour was spent. Mr. O. E. Rutledge, taking for his subject "The work of our Evangelistic Band," gave an interesting address. The band has been greatly blessed in the work they have endeavored to do, and much blessing has come to the school through their efforts. Messrs. F. A. Connors and L. S. Haverstock gave interesting outlines of the summer's work on mission fields.

The semi-annual open meeting of the Literary Societies of the school took place on Friday evening, December 9th. Mr. O. E. Rutledge, president of the Philomathic Society, performed the duties of chairman. The programme consisted of a solo by E. Newton, a few violin selections by J. Close, the reading of the College paper, "The Oracle," by the editor, N. Telford, and a debate by representatives of the Y.M.C.A. and the College, subject, "Resolved, That the abolition of the ward system and the adoption of the general vote system of electing aldermen, would be in the best interests of cities with a population of not more than 50,000." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Parkinson and Pond on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. ; the negative by the College, which was represented by J. Hind and E. Brock. The debate was of a very interesting character, both sides being determined to win, and at the close it was hard to say which side had won. The judge, Rev. H. Procter, after careful and judicial summary of the arguments, decided in favor af the Y.M.C.A. This is the second debate in the City League series.

Our hockey team is preparing for winter sports ; they have entered the City Hockey League. The city rink has been secured for practice three hours in the week, and with some practice we hope to have a hockey team that will do the school credit.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

OUR school opened on October 4th with 107 boys and 61 girls. Since that time a few have been added to that number and a few have left us, so that our number at present is but little above that of the first day. With few exceptions we have a fine class of boys and girls this year, and the prospects are bright for a good year's work.

A NEW feature of school life this year is the organization of a Y.M.C.A. This is to replace the regular Saturday evening meetings of other years. A good interest is shown in this work, and we trust that great good may result from all energy spent in this way.

ANOTHER thing that marks progress on the part of our boys is the interest taken in the reading-room. They have taken over full control of the room this year, and they have raised the amount of $15 for the purpose of furnishing it with a good set of magazines. Most of these magazines are on the tables at present, and if we are to judge of their influence on the lives of those who read them by the length of time the covers remain untorn, we shall certainly have stores of wisdom for sale before the end of the school year.

OUR Temperance Society held its first monthly meeting of the year on Friday, November 4th, when a good programme, prepared by Mr. A. E. Massé and Miss N. Malboeuf, was much enjoyed.

AMONG the latest magazines published is the "Revue des deux Mondes," published by the Société Littéraire Feller. This magazine is for sale at all prominent news stores.

THIS new paper calls the attention of the public, in terms of great praise, to the arrival of a new citizen who, for the present, is making his home with Mr. E. S. Roy.

A HOLIDAY is always welcome in school life. Looking at it from the scholar's standpoint, it is always a gain to them. Thanksgiving was such a day for all of us this year. It was a most beautiful day, and we all spent it in a beautiful manner, each according to his own taste. The day was closed by a social "rencontre" of the two schools.

Here and There.

EDITOR: J. B. McLAURIN, '05.

Alone; the daylight fading from the skies;
  And drawn from out the wood and down the glen
The last light creeps; and in its pathway lies
  The darkness: and leaves me to sadness when
    Thou art not here.

And still the darkness falls, and drives away
  The lingering light; and still the shadows clothe
The world in solitude; yet in a way
  That's like a dream to me, my soul is loathe
    To stray from here.

And now the last of daylight's shafts are spent,
  And darkness blankets all the forest o'er;
The tree-tops bow, by straying breezes bent,
  I somehow feel, as darkness closes more,
    That thou art here.

And now the nightingale calls from its nest
  In songs that tell the throbbings of his heart—
Of all the sweetest songs on earth the best;
  Yet all so sweet just now to me thou art
    More sweet, my dear.

—*D.L.D. in Vox Wesleyana.*

AMONG the many magazines of every size and color that come to our table every month, there are fifteen or twenty that possess more than usual interest for us, inasmuch as they represent the colleges and universities in our own land. They make a creditable showing, these Canadian magazines, and in some ways take second place to no other group of college periodicals. Running through their every department is a spirit of optimism and cheerfulness good to feel. Indeed, in most of them we miss any purely academic turns of thought or emotion, due probably to the lack of seclusion or anything approaching cloistered life in our institutions of learning.

This free and practical aspect of modern academic life results seemingly in a lack of literary essay and thoughtful verse in most of our Canadian exchanges. In most of them is noticeable a dearth of poetry of any kind; and where we do find good examples they seem to be mainly descriptions of nature and especially Canadian scenery, and often tinged with a strong word-coloring.

They partake of the love of nature, more or less characteristic of all Canadian poetry, and have little of the spirit engendered by a secluded academic life.

The editorial comments, especially where written by undergraduates, and news items, which appear in most of these magazines, partake of the same robust cheerfulness and independence. The subjects of interest are dealt with in a common-sense and fair-minded manner that only seldom passes into narrowness and prejudice. Loyalty for their Alma Mater and her publication, a desire to serve the best interests of the students and alumni and a fearlessness and candor in discussing the problems which those bodies face, are characteristics of the youthful members of the editorial staffs of these papers.

The scarcity of poetry is paralleled by a lack of literary narrative. There are few good stories, a sad lack in the organ of a literary institution of learning. Such articles appeal to graduate and undergraduate alike, as well as others, and our magazines should make every effort to interest their students in this as in other lines of work connected with college journalism.

In general mechanical make-up our Canadian college publications stand second to none, and among all the excellent representatives, the palm must be awarded to *Acta Victoriana*, of this city. Both as to cover design, quality of paper and beauty and number of illustrations, this monthly is a model. The editorial departments are numerous and ably managed, but the lack of poem and essay above noted is seen—that is, the compositions of students in attendance. The *Acta* is a very good magazine, but is hardly so restricted to a university publication to admit of comparison in this regard with other college journals. The *Varsity*, in blue and white, is exceptional as regards both quantity and quality of verse. A weekly, it publishes more readable poetry in a single copy than many monthlies. Timely articles are also given a prominent place, and are often beautifully illustrated with photo-engravings. Another weekly, much similar, though somewhat superior in make-up and inferior in literary work, is the *McGill Out'ook*. This aims to be largely a paper for the students, and as such is a success. The "Big Four" among our exchanges is completed by the addition of the *Queen's University Journal*, with its attractive frontispieces, scholarly articles and, we think, especially strong editorial department. We have enriched our pages before now with extracts from our contemporary of Queen's, which is one of our most valued exchanges. The *Ontario Normal College Monthly* possesses a special interest for us, as one of our graduates, Miss Layng '04, is on the editorial staff. It is devoted largely to the interests of the local students; a remark which would also apply to *Hya Yaka*, of the Dental College of Toronto,

and the *Mitre*, of Bishop's College, though in these attractiveness of mechanical style and other items give them a general interest. The *Trinity University Review* is always interesting to McMaster men as the publication of a near-by institution. This magazine bears more of the classic element than its contemporaries. The opposite tendency is emphisized in a trio from the wild and woolly west—the *Manitoba College Journal*, *Vox Wesleyana* and *Brandon College Monthly*. All are well got up, and the *Vox Wesleyana* in particular has been publishing some very interesting and practical articles, bearing on the relation of education to the unconventional western life. From the east come also three freighted with wisdom, viz.: The *University Monthly*, *King's College Record* and *Acadia Athenæum*. The last is worthy of remark on account of the really funny original fun it contains, a rare find in Canadian college journalism. The biography of class '04 in a recent number is very readable in this regard.

Such sectarian publications as the *Presbyterian College Journal* and *Diocesan College Magazine* of Montreal and the *Ottawa University Review* are naturally charged with a pronounced theological tone, yet they are none the less valuable. Indeed, we are not sure but that the *Ottawa University Review*, for real intrinsic worth of material, stands very close to highest place in the field we are considering.

To give it due prominence we have reserved the last place for our single Canadian exchange from a ladies' college—the *Vox Collegii* of Whitby. We shall offer no criticisms, but simply commend it in its cover of white and blue to the students—especially the "Locals."

In hoar traditions there is store of wealth
That vast endowments never can surpass,
More priceless treasures than by any stealth,
Or trick of trade, financiers can amass.
Their lavish gifts grant not the breath of life,
That in time-hallowed institutions flames,
Where every stone with meaning high is rife,
And every spot recalls undying names.

The glorious dead make this a holy shrine,
At which, like pilgrims, most devout we kneel
And list in awe for oracles divine:
Not thus before unhallowed piles we feel,
Nor can the heart's frail ivy tendrils cling
To spots unblest by age's hallowing.

—*R. C. Reade, in Varsity.*

"You say your washerwoman reminds you of a good preacher?" "Yes; she is always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."—*Yale Record.*

BEYOND.

What lies beyond the Hills of Morn?
A valley fair and bright;
With waving corn, and meadow land,
And streams agleam with light;
And little children romp and play,
Joyous that they are born;
And all the world's a holiday
Beyond the Hills of Morn.

What lies beyond the Hills of Night?
A valley full of rest;
Bathed in a summer's soft moonlight,
The song birds in their nest;
The tired feet no longer run,
And done the day's hard fight;
A weary world is resting now
Beyond the Hills of Night.

What lies beyond the Hills of Death?
We all must cross some day;
What land, beyond their sunset heights?
Of this, ah! who can say?
Sometimes, in dreams, methinks I see,
As though the road were trod,
The Holy City, bright and fair,
Beyond the Hills of God.

—*J. Hollister Wilson, in Presb. College Journal.*

OTHER magazines received:—"Philomathean," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Athenaeum," "College Review," "Ottawa Campus," "North-West Baptist," "Bowdoin Quill," "Kenyon Collegian," "The Advance," "William Jewell Student," "East and West."

MISS '05—How that young '07 girl has improved! Miss '06—Hasn't she? Why, I can remember when she was a modest little thing.—*Ex.*

By an Arts man the day was begun
By cutting two hours for fun,
For he reasoned this way:
I have four hours to-day,
And half a loaf's better than none.—*Ex.*

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
JANUARY, 1905.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHY.*

To THOSE who knew Herbert Spencer only through that great system of philosophy which he has given to the world this account of his life and personality† will be a welcome acquisition, especially as it is written by his own hand and published by those who for so many years have stood in honorable business relations with the distinguished thinker.

Physically, Mr. Spencer's life was one losing battle with nervous disease, and the last dozen years of it were spent in retirement and invalidism. Intellectually, he was strikingly independent and constructive in his thinking ; fitted, by heredity and early training, for accurate observation and wide generalizing. Morally, he inherited from his Huguenot and Wesleyan ancestors a strong disposition to disregard all merely conventional or arbitrary authority—a disposition which he very happily describes by the phrase "constitutional nonconformity." Religiously, he lived and died outside the pale of the "current orthodoxy," because it never seemed possible to him that the Supreme Being should stand in that close personal relation to human life required by the creeds of the churches. Nevertheless, as life advanced, he regarded these creeds with increasing tolerance, and even with positive approval, as necessary and salutary factors in man's evolution toward the highest religious status. He even declares that the sphere occupied by them "can never be an unfilled sphere."

It must be admitted that Mr. Spencer carries his "constitutional non-conformity" to such length at times that he almost

* This article by Dr. Tracy, our lecturer in Education, is reprinted from *The American Journal of Theology*.

†An Autobiography.—In two volumes; illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co., 1904. 655 and 603 pages.

seems to disagree for the pure love of disagreement. He has no patience with Plato, whose *Dialogues* seem to him indefinite in thought, and dramatically inferior to the conversations of our third-rate novelists. To read the *Iliad* through would be "a dreadful task." Ruskin speaks and writes "multitudinous absurdities." Turner is not a great painter, nor is Wagner a great musician. As for Carlyle, he "either could not or would not think coherently." Carlyle, indeed, is a pet aversion, to whom Spencer devotes some five pages of denunciation, which for vigor and explicitness would do credit to the Chelsea sage himself.

It must also be admitted that Mr. Spencer sometimes criticises and condemns the position of an opponent without either fairly stating or carefully examining that position. For example, he refers to the "assumption, held in common by the Quakers and most other Christians, that the declared will of God is the only possible standard of morals." Again, he charges ethical writers, as well as ordinary people, with teaching "without qualification" the doctrine that virtue always brings good consequences, and vice evil consequences. Students of philosophy have long been familiar with his criticism of Kant, and are perhaps not altogether unprepared for his confession, now made, that he never read more than the first few pages of the *Critique of the Pure Reason.* In his criticism of Kant he takes occasion to point out that reason's function, as a critic of external perception, is not to deny the genuineness of its dicta, but to "reinterpret them in such a way as to make them consistent." Having never read Kant, of course he could not be expected to know that this is precisely what the critical philosophy has done for our common notion of space.

In spite of the remarkable versatility of his genius, Mr. Spencer may be described as a man of one idea ; and that idea is evolution. One of the most valuable features of this *Autobiography* is the manner in which it sets forth, "in the order of their genesis," the evolutionary ideas of which the author has been so distinguished an exponent. He calls the book a natural history of himself ; and it is of the greatest interest to follow up the process of the unfolding of the fundamental ideas that constitute the basis and point of departure for his system, into all the rami-

fications of that system, as it was evolved during the author's active life; so that the "advance toward a complete conception of evolution" is shown to have been "itself a process of evolution."

In a series of twelve letters to the *Nonconformist*, published when Spencer was twenty-two years of age, there are adumbrations of the general drift of all his subsequent thinking. The omnipresence of law and order, in nature organic and inorganic, in man, in mind, and in society; the specific relation in which everything stands to its environment; the wants that have to be supplied, the instincts that have to be gratified, and the organs and instruments appropriate to this end; the decadence of unused organs and faculties; and the tendency everywhere toward equilibrium, toward self-adjustment, individual and social—all this is foreshadowed in the letters, and out of the letters grew *Social Statics*, Mr. Spencer's first book; while out of *Social Statics* grew the entire synthetic philosophy.

From the moment when it obtained possession of his mind, the conception of evolution absolutely dominated everything in Spencer's thought. The entire synthetic philosophy in an outgrowth of the root-principle of development by the operation of natural forces; and these forces are all at bottom only different forms of one single force, which "can in no case be either increased or decreased, but only transformed" (Vol. II., p. 15). All that has ever occurred, all that is now going on, and all that ever will be or take place in the universe, is to be explained in terms of the operation of that great force which is the one original, eternal, and opaque fact. All phenomena, whether astronomic, geologic, biologic, psychologic, or sociologic; all forms of being, of thought, and of will; all ideas, customs, and beliefs, of whatever sort; as well as all progress, all stagnation, and all decay, are to be explained in the same way, namely, as expressions of this one great force, which, in itself incomprehensible, takes on the two forms of matter and motion, and by the constant distribution and redistribution of these, produces all the things that are, and all the events that happen, from the molecule to the Milky Way, from the motion of an insect's pinion to the swing of Neptune in his mighty orbit, and from the crudest superstitions of fetichism to the sublimest conceptions of the Christian faith.

To give even a summary of so imposing a system as the synthetic philosophy is scarcely possible within the present limits; and, fortunately, it is scarcely necessary. The manner in which the author employs the conception of an original and inscrutable force, unceasingly expressing itself in a distribution of matter and motion, to account for all phenomena in the inorganic, organic, and super-organic realms; the conceptions of the instability of the homogeneous, and the unceasing concomitant processes of differentiation and integration, bringing about the transformation from "indefinite incoherent homogeneity to definite coherent heterogeneity;" the conception of equilibration as the final result of the transformations which an evolving aggregate undergoes; the conception of a perpetual alternation between evolution and dissolution—the alternations completing themselves in short periods in the case of small aggregates, while in large aggregates they may require periods immeasureable by human thought—that which persists throughout all these ceaseless changes, being an unknown and unknowable Power, which we are obliged to recognize as without limit in space and without beginning or end in time; all these conceptions are more or less familiar to the present generation. The system, it must be confessed, is fascinating on account of the stupendous breadth of its outlook and the simplicity at which it aims. The generalizing instinct is strong in our race; and every age has witnessed attempts to explain the entire universe by means of some single, all-inclusive principle; attempts to mount some Pisgah peak from which the whole land might be viewed. And we need not be surprised if the vast extent of the territory and the startling heterogeneity of the phenomena presented should sometimes give us pause, and raise doubts in many minds as to the feasibility of the attempts.

The system, it may be added, is attractive because of the many evidences that it contains a large measure of truth. That the processes of differentiation and integration, with the accompanying elimination of that which is worse adapted to the conditions in which it is placed, and the survival of that which is better adapted to those conditions, are going on continually, both in the material and in the mental realm, is a statement supported now by a vast and constantly accumulating weight of evidence.

Whether by the same principle we shall be able to explain, not only the development that takes place within each realm of the real, but also the relation in which the several realms (the biological, the psychological, and the ethical, for example) stand to one another, is another question. It is also quite another question, even granting that this can be done, and the whole stupendous structure articulated in detail, whether that would end the matter, and leave nothing more to be said.

Criticism of the synthetic philosophy might be general, as touching the cardinal principle underlying it ; or it might be special, as touching the applicability of that principle to the various departments of investigation in detail. Following the former plan, we might ask whether the "instability of the homogeneous," which lies at the very root of the whole system, is not an impossibility in thought and in fact ; we might ask how that which is perfectly homogeneous can ever *begin to depart from* that condition of homogeneity. Following the latter plan, we might point out that in the *First Principles*, the apparent conclusiveness of the arguments by which ultimate realities are shown to be unknowable, rests upon the assumption that the process of knowing a thing requires always the picturing of that thing in the imagination. Let any reader of the *First Principles* observe how constantly Mr. Spencer employs the terms "knowledge," "conception," "mental picture," and "image," as perfectly interchangeable ; and then let him ask himself whether the entire argument is not a *petitio principii*. The question might legitimately be raised whether a treatment of man's moral nature which is avowedly nothing more than a natural history of the manner in which man is by slow degrees approaching a state in which he will spontaneously do the things which are conducive to the furtherance of life, can be called ethics in the true sense. It may be seriously questioned whether the unique peculiarities of the moral judgment and the categorical imperative can be accounted for by saying that "experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding nervous modifications, which, by continuous transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition." It may be pointed out that

no explanation is given as to *how* a "nervous modification" can *become* a "faculty of moral intuition," even though unlimited aeons be allowed for the transformation. We might, with Green, raise the question how a creature who is simply a product of natural forces could ever undertake to give an account of those forces, as explaining himself, or could ever consider himself under a moral obligation to conform to their laws. We might make the fullest allowance for Mr. Spencer's invaluable services to the science of education, and yet make serious objection to that doctrine of moral discipline whose avowed object is to do the very thing that ought never to be done in the case, namely, to eliminate the personality of the parent and teacher, and substitute therefor "the impersonal agency of nature." We might call attention, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has done, to the inconsistency between that negative conception of the Supreme Being with which Mr. Spencer sets out, and that positive conception of him which he reaches before the conclusion of the *First Principles;* and we might ask whether his declaration that God is "at least personal" does not re-open the whole question as to the worth and validity of the current religious creeds.

But as all parts of the synthetic philosophy proceed from a single fundamental principle, so all criticisms of this system are at bottom one criticism. If Mr. Spencer's central thesis is complete and adequate in every respect, well and good ; there is nothing more to be said. But if it is insufficient, its insufficiency will be shown in its failure to account for some of the undisputed facts.

Mr. Spencer, as he himself repeatedly asserts, has yielded himself without reserve to the notion of causality. The one great original inscrutable *force* is the sole and sufficient *ultimate* explanation of the universe. We believe that he has rendered great and distinguished service to science and philosophy by his thoroughgoing elaboration of the principle of cause ; and we are not disposed seriously to quarrel with him, even when he undertakes to apply that principle in realms where others have hesitated to apply it. And yet it is certainly worth while to point out that the *exhaustive application of a principle* is not the same as an *exhaustive enumeration of principles.* To treat the world from the principle of causation is to treat it from a certain aspect

or point of view. To show the validity of that principle in all the realms of the real is only to show that, *in that aspect*, or *from that point of view*, the universe is a manifestation of the constant and necessary relatedness of cause and effect. But, in so doing, the validity of other points of view is not precluded. Grant as fully as you please the omnipresence of force and law, and it still remains a perfectly legitimate conception that these are only the means by which, and the way in which, there is being continuously wrought out and realized that dominant *purpose* and *idea* which constitutes the higher fact and the sublimer reality of the universe.

Mr. Spencer describes himself as prone to yield himself without reserve to the tyranny of an idea which has once taken possession of his mind. He has certainly yielded himself to the tyranny of naturalism. So complete is the subjugation that he seems quite unable to conceive the existence of any other view-point. If the world is throughout *caused*, then for him there can be nowhere any *purpose* in it. He assumes without inquiry the complete incompatibility of cause and purpose in the same universe; just as he assumes without inquiry the complete incompatibility of the subjectivity and objectivity of space and time, as constituents of the world we know.

Had he been a little less impatient with all idealism, and a little more disposed to give the matter patient consideration, he might perhaps have seen that space and time not only *may be*, but *must be*, both subjective and objective at the same time. And had he been a little less impatient with all theology, and a little more disposed to metaphysical thinking, he might have seen that cause and purpose, force and idea, are but two aspects of the same whole, and that neither can be spared from our thinking without an impoverishment of our universe.

And then perhaps, having seen this great truth, Mr. Spencer would have been disposed to reconsider an ethical doctrine which, as it stands, fails utterly to explain why man should ever conceive a higher or better state, and lay upon his own conscience the solemn obligation of striving to attain unto it. He would reconsider a sociology which, talking constantly of "progress," leaves that important word entirely devoid of those teleological implications which alone can give it intelligible significance. And he would reconsider a philosophy of religion

which, in so far as it remains consistent with itself, removes God so far from the reach of man, and so denudes him of all knowable qualities, as to leave the religious nature (which Spencer declares to be as genuine as any other faculty of man's being) without any proper conceivable "environment"—that is to say, without any proper object upon which it may bestow itself in faith and love and service, and from which it may receive that sustenance without which, according to Spencer's own doctrine, it must fall into a condition of atrophy, and finally disappear.

FREDERICK TRACY.

A HARVEST EVENING.

After a golden cruise
'Neath a gold sun,
Day furls her silver sails;
Harbor is won.

Eve, in her shallop dark,
Puts out to meet her,
Into Night's shadow-inn
Fondly to greet her.

Poppies from sunset fields,
Slumbrous and red;
Gold sheaves of ripened light,
Pillow their head.

Sleep, their attendant, comes
Softly tiptoeing;
And, drawing the curtains down,
Softly is going.

Night dimly lights her lamps,
Lest harm betake them;
And then—ah, rashly!—vows
Never to wake them.

W. SHERWOOD FOX, '00.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

No less than eleven stories were submitted by graduates and undergraduates in our second Prize Story Competition, almost twice as many as in last year's competition. This year we included students and graduates of our two academic institutions, Woodstock and Moulton, in the number of those eligible to compete, but only one took advantage of the opportunity. As the result shows, however, that one did so with good effect. Of the eleven stories submitted a large proportion are of sufficient excellence to warrant us in publishing them in THE MONTHLY, the pages of which will, in consequence, be rendered more interesting by the presence of a larger amount of fiction than we have hitherto been able to print in any one year. If our business manager will permit us to do so, we shall certainly announce another competition for next year.

The judges selected by the editorial board were Professor McLay, Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, M.A., and Mr. W. C. Pearce, B.A. After a careful consideration of the stories, they have announced their decision as follows :—

Undergraduate Competition.

First Prize—Miss Elsie McLaurin, Moulton, '04, "The Tale of a Guinea Pig."

Second Prize—Miss Bertha Jean Thompson, '07, "The Fall of O'Grady."

Third Prize—Mr. Frank S. Beddow, '06, "The Anonymous Letters."

Special Second Prize—Mr. George R. M. Wells, '06, "A Woodland King."

Graduate Competition.

First Prize — Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, '95, "Hero or Coward ?"

Second Prize—Mr. W. Sherwood Fox, '00, "The Tale of One Shirt."

It is needless to say that the judges had difficulty in coming to a decision. They think, however, that they have made the

right choice and that they have done justice to the writers. They recommended to the board the award of a special second prize to Mr. Wells. In view of the fact that his story went three or four hundred words beyond the limit of words allowed, namely 2,500, they felt that, in justice to the other competitors, they could not award him one of the three prizes. His story was, however, so excellent that they thought it should receive recognition, and consequently the board granted Mr. Wells a special second prize of three dollars, the prize he would have received had his story fulfilled the conditions of the competition.

In this issue we print the two stories that won the first prize in the graduate and undergraduate competition, respectively. Other stories will appear in succeeding numbers.

HERO OR COWARD?

(First Prize, Graduate Competition.)

Perritt was his name—J. Gordon Perritt, according to the engraved bit of cardboard which he extended to me with something of a flourish. Reticence was not just then his outstanding —nor withstanding—characteristic. In fact he waxed communicative as he puffed at the cigar accepted a moment before. Undoubtedly some more potent refreshment, imbibed within the preceding half-hour, was contributing to his confidential mood.

One's preconceptions of English aloofness would quickly have vanished in listening to my chance companion in the east-bound flyer's smoker.

I had other matters that concerned my thoughts; concerned them so acutely just then that the volubility of my *vis-a-vis*—at another time probably intolerable—proved an almost welcome counter-irritant to my own pained mentality. And thus I found myself listening to—almost sympathising with—a vagabond ne'er-do-weel of the "remittance man" type with which the Territories are rather plentifully besprinkled.

"Gad, sir," he was saying, and a sudden whistle from the

locomotive punctuated finely his additional expletives, "luck is the very devil. And deuce and all take it if I don't sometimes think that this same bally devil is of 'feminine gender.' No mere male of a Beelzebub could devise the luck I've had the last two years."

And then came a history—half boasting and half maudlin self-pity—of a two years' career, about as unlovely in detail as the ear of man could take in. It was in no sense elevating, except that it would have made one's moral gorge rise had he been fully awake to the poor beggar's maunderings. But the essential ego of me was hundreds of miles away just then, and my dulled ears listened most to the sleet on the car windows. I wondered drearily whether it would strike as relentlessly on a new-made grave. An early morning telegram had told of the sudden death of the little dark-eyed sister of my orphaned boyhood. And so I followed but vaguely the loquacious confidences of my travelling companion. But the strange persistence of some sub-conscious memory brings them all vividly enough to mind now, though many months have since passed.

As he talked on, the note of bravado was of a sudden dropped. He had pulled from his inner pocket a letter, thrusting it close to my eyes. The envelope bore an old country stamp and was addressed to him in an unformed school-girl hand.

"Read it," he said abruptly.

I scarcely understand now why I did so. To observe the confidence of a letter, however unimportant, is, I hope, something instinctive with me. But I obeyed him mechanically even as I heard him. And thus it ran :

"The Oaks, Oct. 8th.

"Dearest Big Brother,—

"Oh, how I wish you could come home—even if you haven't 'made our fortune' yet. I'll be content if I can only have you. We could live on ever so little. You have no idea what a careful housekeeper I should be. You could still get that position in London, I'm sure, and then we could rent two little rooms somewhere—and, oh it would be just *fun*.

"Or, mayn't I go to Canada and be with you there ; if you don't want to come back to where some people have been so

horrid to you? I'll do anything to be with you—I'm so *alone* here. Aunt Mary *doesn't* treat me kindly. I haven't grumbled before, Gordon, have I? But I *can't* keep in any longer. It isn't about myself I care so much, but she says such horrid untruths about you. Yesterday she grumbled and scolded because I had to have a new school frock, and said it was time my 'drunken loafer of a brother' was doing something to support me. It is mean to tell you this, dear, but I *can't* keep in—and you know I don't believe a word against you, don't you? I'm awfully glad she's not our *real Aunt*, aren't you? Uncle Jim is really kind to me—when he has time and when he isn't afraid of Aunt's seeing him. If she would let him I think he would send me back to Miss Bolton's school. I was ever so much happier there than here. But, oh its *so* lonely, without a girl's Big Brother to look after her.

"And now She's calling me. I'll close this, so as to make sure of its going by to-morrow's mail. Write soon, *soon*, to

"Your lonely, loving,

"Billy-Girl."

His cigar had gone out, when I looked up from reading the letter, and was drooping neglectedly in the weak, loose-lipped mouth. But there showed in his eyes—watery blue though they were—a suffering and an agony of remorse that transcended the mere animalism of his face. And who was I to judge the poor devil? One doesn't get safely past thirty himself without having come so near to toppling over the brink that it ill befits him to throw mud on l-starred fellows in the ditch below.

And that letter had discovered a bond between us—the trustful sister-love, so like that of which death had just robbed me. And, if to the eyes of others I had not violated that orphan trust as had my fellow, the heart of me knew that neither was I altogether guiltless. Made akin by this "one touch of nature," I reached out my hand to grasp that of the half-blubbering wreck before me.

If I came nearer to preaching then than ever before or since, it was not in any Pharisaic spirit. Of that, at least, I am sure. His response was ready enough of a sort—but, spite of the emotional sincerity, the volitional weakness and despair were all too

evident. I knew—and he knew—that an hour or two later the animal of him would again be regnant and rampant.

In his self-abasement—and I hope never to witness again such abjectness—he told of the child of fifteen, dependent upon the bounty of a not rich maternal uncle and his grudging wife. The father's death two years before had left son and daughter with only a few hundred pounds. Unsuspected speculations had effectually made away with a fair-sized country gentleman's fortune, in expectation of which the son had been brought up to do nothing in orthodox fashion. These few hundreds had been chiefly devoted to setting up the young man in Canada—with a result not uncommon, and in this case only too evident.

His sole remaining asset was an insurance policy for two thousand pounds.

"It is payable to my sister at my death," he explained. "The governor took it out before I was out of my teens. The tenth, and last, premium payment came due a little while after his death,—when I still had money enough and decency enough to pay it. It's d——d lucky for the youngster that I can't borrow on it—contract conditions don't allow that. If I could, I'd be beastly cad enough to do so sometime, I daresay."

Nothing was said for a few moments—I saw reason to believe that his estimate of himself was only too true, and did not contradict it.

"I wish to perdition, though," he went on gloomily, "that one clause was out of the policy."

"What is that," I queried without particular interest.

"Oh, the one about suicide making the thing null and void. If it were an up-to-date American contract," he added, with a not pleasant laugh, "I'd not take long in deciding what to do, so as to help out poor little 'Billy.' She could live at her Miss Bolton's school on the interest of that two thousand."

Moralists can say what they like as to the essential cowardice of suicide; but the normal mortal feels somehow that it involves a sort of courage, too. And I doubted then whether the poor devil before me was man enough to have put his plan into execution had the policy conditions been as he wished. But then again I wondered whether, perhaps, in some moods of despondent degradation, it might not be easier for him to make away with him-

self than to keep on living. And if so, was there not a gleam of heroism—latent and befogged—in his overcoming of the impulse to end life's failure with a crowning failure? Perhaps only the thought of forfeiting the orphan child's insurance had made him prefer this lingering self-destruction to that sudden self-ending for which only, in the eyes of the law, he would be a *felo de se.*

Our train had slowed up—and stopped. We were over an hour behind time, and would have to wait for the west-bound flyer to pass us at this small way-station. The chance of stretching one's limbs for five minutes was a welcome one, and I had alighted almost before the train came to a standstill. My companion found his way to the platform with me, but had jumped off in the opposite direction before I noticed his leaving me.

"Poor beggar," I muttered, "the shock of the wind and sleet has sobered him up to the 'shame point'—and he's making himself scarce."

And, truth to confess, I was not averse to losing him, and withdrawing to the cover of my own enwrapping sorrow. Mechanically I had stopped to read the train bulletin on the station blackboard, when the rush of the oncoming flyer became audible. I watched its approach from where I was for a moment, and then decided on a nearer view of the final comet-rush. It was to pass on the far side of its impatiently-waiting mate. I hurried to the car-steps and had mounted them just as, with mile-a-minute on-rush, locomotive passed locomotive.

How I could perceive all in that infinitesimal of time I know not. But I saw a child flung to safety down the icy embankment, and a strained face, motionless for an instant, fronting the on-coming monster, thus robbed of its infant prey. Was it fancy only that caught from that face a momentary glance—triumphant and transfigured? And if triumphant—why? Was it a sudden out-gleaming, through his gross animalism, of the divine that saves others only by losing self? Or was it a joy sardonic in successfully accomplishing a longed for self-destruction? Which, I know not.

Almost it seemed as though one quick step to safety had not been impossible for him. But who can tell? The freezing sleet may well have made sure foothold impossible.

Was he a hero, or—under the canons of the formal moralist —a coward?

Whether he died for the station-master's babe, or for the orphan across the seas, may not be for mortal man to decide.

And yet I feel—it's only heart-logic I know—that perhaps in the Sight Immortal he died for both.

Nor could I deem it blasphemy when, on my return journey, I saw upon his rude gravestone the local sky-pilot's inscription: "He saved others; Himself he could not save."

STAMBURY R. TARR, '95.

THE TALE OF A GUINEA PIG.

(First Prize, Undergraduate Competition.)

The late morning sun shone golden warm on the long grass. Great, sweet-scented piles of the new cut hay lay in regular rows by the roadside, with the jaunty plumes of goldenrod all drooping among the green. The apples in the orchard trees were absorbing sweetness and color from every fragrant moment of the clear summer day.

Down by the barn-yard fence, in the tall grass that the mower had failed to reach, two pairs of brown legs waved gently to and fro. The Twins were lying on their stomachs side by side, their elbows planted in the earth, their chins in their grimy fists, solemnly contemplating the barn-yard folk and discussing some of the many problems that confront the childish mind. At present their thoughts were busy with the mysteries of the Great Unknown.

"I guess that's where the candle-flame goes to when mother blows it out," said Maggie, thoughtfully.

Tommy snorted contemptuously. "Why, you silly, the *candle-flame* doesn't go anywhere, it just—just goes out."

"Well, when pa goes out to milk he goes somewhere, doesn't he?"

"Well, when the fire goes out it doesn't go anywhere does

it, smartie? An' anyway, what 'd they do with a lot of candle-flames?"

"Well, you said your elbows went there, and I don't see what they'd want with elbows any more 'n candle-flames."

Maggie referred to the elbows of Tom's coat sleeves, which were certainly conspicuous by their absence.

Tommy evidently found himself beyond his depth, for he offered the weak suggestion that they had 'em for patches, a suggestion which Maggie rejected with proper contempt.

The discussion languished after this, for Tommy in turn ignored Maggie's remark that probably this same Unknown was where yesterday had gone. Maggie was still puzzling as to whether to-morrow could be in this same mysterious Place, which from all previous observations would seem to be the Land of the Used-up Things, when Tommy, whose restless mind was on the alert for some new occupation, scented a diversion.

A rattling on the orchard road announced the return of Uncle Jim from the far wood-lot; incidentally it announced to Tommy the prospect of a ride home to dinner, for both the shining sun above him and the unfailing indicator within announced the near approach of the dinner hour.

"Pie," he muttered under his breath, as he bounced to his feet as though set on springs, and tore down the road, waving his tattered hat above his head and yelling with all his boyish might as he danced along in the dust.

Maggie gathered herself up and followed more slowly, vaguely puzzling over Tom's exclamation, until across her memory flashed a vision of a certain crispy, juicy little saucer pie she had seen on the kitchen table that morning. Then her face, too, lighted up, and breaking into that funny little skipping trot that bespeaks bliss in the girlish mind of seven she hurried radiant after Tom.

He was already perched on the high seat of the jolting wagon where Uncle Jim's long arms reached down and swung her up to join them. When each was possessed of a rein and was vigorously flapping the broad backs of the horses with it, Uncle Jim asked them what they had been doing.

"Oh, talkin'," said Tommy rather confusedly, while Maggie amended with more importance, "Discussin' things."

Uncle Jim eyed both freckled faces contemplatively. "It must have been pretty black thoughts y' were givin' utterance to," he chuckled, "to judge by the color of yer mouths."

The Twins blushed and eyed each other askance across the breadth of Uncle Jim's intervening form. Then both flapped the reins so violently to hide their confusion that the horses shook themselves until the harness jingled in shrill protest.

"So y' were discussin' some queer things, were yeh?" mused Uncle Jim. "Speakin' of queer things, did y' ever hear that if y' pulled a guinea pig's tail its eyes would fall out?"

The children turned doubtfully accusing eyes upon him. "Auntie Belle said it wasn't right in you to tell children things like that," said Maggie quickly.

Uncle Jim shook his head solemnly. "Well, I may have got that about a cat's havin' nine lives twisted somehow, but I'd take my Affy David that if Tommy or you ever pulls a guinea pig's tail its eyes will fall out sure."

Neither of the Twins knew what an Affy David was; indeed, they had not known that Uncle Jim had such a thing in his possession, but they were none the less impressed.

They pondered several minutes in silence, then Maggie said decidedly, "I wouldn't anyway. Think how it would feel when its eyes fell out and it saw them lying there on the ground; and, anyway, you'd have to pull its tail pretty hard, I guess, and it would hurt."

Uncle Jim roared. "Say, Mag.," he demanded, "Did you pull your sleeping-doll's tail real hard when her eyes fell out, or in, rather?"

It took him quite the rest of the way home to pacify Maggie, while Tom sat beside them unheedful, lost in thought.

That night, when mother had kissed each Twin "good night" and had chased the little trembling candle-flame away into the Land of the Unknown, Tommy broke the first dark silence abruptly.

"Say, Mag., Johnnie MacLeod's got three guinea pigs—he told me so in church last Sunday."

Maggie, whose thoughts had been far from guinea pigs, or even church, though it was Saturday night, eyed the looming mountain of bed-clothes outlined against the glimmering door-

way in mild astonishment. The marvellous assertions of Uncle Jim never took so firm a hold upon her mind as upon Tom's, and she had well-nigh forgotten the conversation of that morning. It was Tom who had brought "Auntie Belle's" cat to an untimely end on the strength of Uncle Jim's statement regarding its many lives. It was Tom who put to the test every assertion made in his hearing, and thus became the Ishmael of the household, while Maggie, the prudent, accepted or rejected them as it pleased her, and lived at peace with mankind.

On this occasion her drowsy thoughts wandered dreamily away from the subject before she had formed an answer to Tom's remark, and soon drifted gently into the border-land of dreams. After staring round-eyed at the ceiling for many silent minutes, Tommy too rolled himself up until chin touched knees, and slept.

The Powers family went regularly to church every Sunday morning, "rain or shine," for Mr. Powers was a deacon of the little weather-beaten church on the hill. "A pillar of the church," the minister had called him one morning, much to the perplexity of the Twins, who found it difficult to imagine their father in this capacity. Yet Tommy had discovered and pointed out to Maggie the little worn hollow in one of the rafters where doubtless his head had rested when he held this mysterious position, and they had acknowledged in awed whispers that it was exactly the size of their father's bald-spot.

On this Sunday morning the children of the Pillar were busy making their toilettes for church. Maggie was twisting herself into various astonishing positions in her painful effort to button her dress. Her little red tongue was wiggling impatiently as she struggled with closed eyes, when the rattle and chink of coin made her tongue disappear and her eyes open with the rapidity and spontaneity of a mechanical monkey.

Tommy, with a rather guilty air, was cramming the contents of his china pig into his pockets.

"What's that for?" demanded Maggie.

"C'lection," said Tommy nonchalantly. "It's missionary Sunday, y' know," he added virtuously.

Maggie attacked the last button thoughtfully. She had fifteen precious coppers in her china pig. Ought she to send them to the insatiable heathen.

Later, when the collection plate was passed to her and she had only the usual copper to put in, her stifled conscience pricked her to the extent of two burning tears which blinded her eyes so that she failed to notice that Tommy's contribution was as scanty as her own. She did notice him in earnest conversation with Johnnie MacLeod after the service, however ; she recalled his remark of the night before, and her mind began to revolve anew Uncle Jim's remarkable statement, and the singular anatomy of the guinea pig. It was an unusually silent pair of twins that jogged home from church that Sunday morning.

Wash Monday in a farm-house ! The kitchen was dim with steam, the glowing stove poured fourth a volume of heat sufficient to heat a barracks. To Maggie wash-day was a foretaste of purgatory, or would have been had her orthodox little Baptist mind known aught of that place. No matter how alluring the day, no matter how delightful Tommy's plans for spending it, she must pass her time in the reeking kitchen, " saving steps."

On this especial Monday Tommy gravely announced to her that he was " goin' for a walk " in the afternoon, but declined to tell his destination. Dinner he had with Uncle Jim and his father in the hay-field, and so it happened that Maggie did not see him until the evening. Washing over, there was in the household atmosphere that cheerful peace of the summer air after a thunder-storm. Tommy especially was fairly radiant with good humor and jollity, and seemed strangely excited. Aunt Belle shook her head and looked doubtful, but Uncle Jim helped him to a huge slice of pie with a protecting air, and said that a day in the fields was enough to make any man happy.

When Maggie had wiped and put away the last of the tea-dishes she escaped into the cool freshness of the evening in search of Tom. Having " coo'd " unsuccessfully down the orchard road she came to the barn, and stopped at the sight of the familiar, shaggy head.

Tom was crouched on the ground in the corner of the fence, his knuckles at his eyes and the choky sobs of heart-broken grief breaking from his lips. In front of him a little black-and-white animal sat sniffing the air, wriggling its nose stupidly and squealing.

Maggie's eyes and mouth opened in astonishment. A guinea pig! She had never seen one before, but she seemed to know it by instinct. But why Tom's grief? Her heart beat hard with excitement, and a nameless dread at the unprecedented sight of Tom in tears. But it was not until that wretched guinea pig arose and displayed to her the peculiar deficiencies of its anatomy that the full horror and hopelessness of the situation broke upon her.

"Tom," she wailed, "did you pull it off?" Tom's answer stunned her. "It n-n-never had none," he said thickly.

ELSIE MCLAURIN,
Moulton, Class '04.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

I.

Jahweh is shepherding me; I do not want.
He lays me down in fresh, grassy pastures;
He refreshes me at the waters of the resting places;
He restores me; he leads me in straight paths
for his name's sake.
Even when I go into a gloomy glen,
I do not fear evil; for thou art with me.
Thy shepherd rod, thy staff, these tranquillize me.

II.

Thou arrangest a table before me in the presence
of my foes;
My head with oil thou hast anointed; my cup is
over-full.
Surely goodness and loving kindness shall pursue
me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in (return to) Jahweh's house,
to length of days.

As I write these lines I have before me the familiar words of the King James version, which for three centuries have been classic to the English world. How sacred with a thousand associations! But how much of the depth of the meaning of this pastoral, as of the Old Testament generally, the earlier translators have missed! I have attempted to render the thought of the

author as literally as it is possible to state a Hebrew figure in an alien tongue. But in whatever tongue it has appeared, its sweet strain has charmed and soothed the ages. On fluttering wings it has come forth from God, dropping dews of tenderness and love upon the burning, aching brows of men. It has been whispered to the dying, and sung by the pilgrim in the shadow ; it has wafted heavenward the faith of countless myriads ; it has mingled its jubilee of praise with the chorus that beats about the throne ; it has been pillow to the suffering, and song to the struggling. As simple as a child's melody, but as sublime as symphony of angel or archangel ! Generations have tried to spell its meaning, but the task is still undone.

Why this popularity ? Why such fondness of heart for this little song ? Here is beauty. It has about it the fragrance of a sunny land. The murmur of babbling brooks, the music of mountain breezes, the green velvet of grassy dales, the vine-clad crests tossed high in air, the weird shadows of shuddering canyons, the rolling sweep of wold and corried hills—all these entrance a weary, dusty pilgrim. Here is the glory of gray hairs. No shepherd stripling penned these words. The writer is far on in life's way. He has been often in storm and danger ; he has passed through glen and shadow ; he has met the lurking beast and fallen in with raiding bandits. He loves the sheep by having lived with them. There is the glow of a saintly face and the benediction of a fruitful hand.

Optimism, however, is the secret of its spell. There have been shadows, but their flitting is forgotten dream.

> " After a day of cloud and wind and rain,
> Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again ;
> And, touching all the gladsome woods with light,
> Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing,
> Then, like a ruby from the horizon's ring,
> Drops down into the night."

The glistening glories of the setting day have so enraptured the Psalmist, that he has no thought of night before, or storm of day behind. How lovingly he lingers on the fond scenes of other days ! He can remember only pleasant byways, sunny nooks and corners, safety from beast, refuge from robber, bounteous repast

and gracious hospitality. Even in the New Testament, the faith of its writers, beholding a glorious consummation, is troubled with the dark river of trial and tribulation which rolls between ; but the author of this psalm has such exultant faith, such optimistic vision into the goodness of God, that he soars above storm, and lives beyond shadow. Thus he does not kneel to pray. He has seen and heard too much to pray. He is too sure of the presence of God. "Thou art with me" is the antiphony to every fear and care. This is why the world seeks it, loves it, sings it.

The first section is animated with the thought of the sustenance and protection of the good Shepherd. The first verse is the subject of the whole Psalm : *Jahweh is shepherding me*—continually. The form of the verb used here, as in the case of all the other verbs in the first section, is frequentative, the form that denotes continuousness in its action. Jahweh is ever my shepherd, whether I am with Him in grassy pastures, or with pained heart and wearied feet He seeks me over mountains bare and wild, or scratched by thorn and torn by foe, He bears me home rejoicing. These scenes are as familiar as the returning day. *I do not want* becomes then to experience, "I cannot want."

An enumeration of the shepherd's sustaining care follows. I cannot want, for in pastures of sweet new grass—the grass which first appeared at the creation—he lays me down. He does it time after time. *He lays me down* is equivalent to saying, he satiates me, for a grazing animal lies down only after it has eaten abundantly. The shepherd does not feed me on the "retem" or broom of the desert, where I can never find sufficiency, but in the sweet grassy pastures, where I soon lie down to ruminate, and then review the love and wisdom of my shepherd.

Verse III. memorializes another feature of the shepherd's care. The scene is that of the shepherd and his sheep seeking the bubbling, living water, and the surrounding trees, at the heat of the day (Song of Solomon, I., 7). At the whisperings of the dawn the sheep-cotes are astir. The plaintive bleat is answered by an opening door. With shepherd leading, and watch-dogs acting sentry in the rear, the flock is guided to the grazing-grounds. But as the day advances and the sun rides high, the sands begin to glow, the rocks to burn, and the shepherd and his panting flock must seek a friendly shade. The good shepherd

knows of groves where cooling waters spring. These are the *waters of the resting places*, not "still waters." This is anything but the thought. The Dead Sea, simmering in its great vat, was the Hebrew conception of still water. When they speak of water, it is the crystal, gurgling flow of living fountains. At such waters the shepherd refreshes me—another token of his sustaining care. Still the list is not exhausted. *He restores me.* The word denotes a coming home, or returning. It is always used of coming back from captivity. The reference is to the shepherd leading the sheep back to the fold each evening. There is also the bringing back of a lost or straggling one. The good shepherd brings me home. *He leads me in straight paths*—to the wold in the morning, back to the sheep-cote at night. Even the roaming during the day is confined to proper places. These straight paths are ways that are right, that have no attendant dangers for the sheep. "Safe paths" would be our term to-day. He must do it *for his name's sake.* His reputation and character are at stake. Jahweh is pledged to the care of His sheep.

The psalmist passes now from sustenance to protection. The sheep need both, and the shepherd is as strong as kind. Some pastures are reached by dark paths only. A gloomy glen is often the shepherd's way. This is a picture of the shepherd leading his flock from the mountain, down through a dark, rocky defile, a canyon—on either side, steep rock or prowling beasts; above, the overarching trees—out into the sunlit, grassy vale below. There is no picture of death, except as it is the greatest of life's shadows, all of which are symbolized here. (All the scenes depicted here are constantly recurring.)

Amid these dangers I never fear evil, *for thou art with me.* "Thou" has a special emphasis in the Hebrew. It is not the fact but the person which makes this presence comforting. There is reality in the shadow, and he wants power in the presence. He seeks a shepherd who can do something, and such an one is his. The tokens of his protecting power are ever manifest. The *rod* was a short, heavy, knotty club, used in beating off, or braining, beasts of prey. It was also the symbol of authority, or kingship. With the Arabs this symbol has always been the spear. Saul had a spear in token of kingship, but the rod displaced the spear among the Hebrews. The *staff* was the leaning stick—the shep-

herd's support in climbing. It was long, and generally curved at one end. The shepherd used it to correct the unruly sheep, who would persist in pushing on before him. There was safety only at his side. Thus Thy rod and staff *tranquillize* me in the presence of danger. My protection is sure. I have seen the victories of Thy rod ; teach me the worth and meaning of Thy correcting staff.

The second section repeats the two thoughts of the first. The psalmist doubtless intended to complete his song with a picture of the fold, and the life therein. But as he turned to it, a more vivid scene of pastoral life better harmonized with his exultant faith, and he changed the figure. He was justified in doing so. He was more than a silly sheep, and God was more than shepherd. He was a man, and God his host. To this day it is a law of nomad life, that if one pursued by foes can reach a tent (even so much as touch the tent strings) its occupant must shelter him for two nights and the intervening day. The psalmist has reached the tent, and whilst his host sets before him a rich repast, his breathless pursuers stare in at the ever-open tent door, unable to touch him now. He has anointed his head—token that he is his guest. Now his cup (portion) is overfull, or, more literally, has an overfulness. The word imitates the deep breath which one draws after an extra long draught. Jahweh stands ever ready to receive me, gives the oil before the banquet, and at the feast an abundance beyond what I can possibly eat.

No sublimer words have ever been uttered than the closing verse of this little psalm. The sunshine and mists of memory mingle in the haloes of a rainbow, resting golden beams upon the joyous fields of confidence and experience. Foes have followed, but now *goodness and loving-kindness shall pursue me* all my life long. Not "mercy," but far more than that—loving-kindness, a love with pity in it. By these I shall be *pursued*, or hunted down, with the vim and persistence of a foe. So whether I am being pursued, or I have reached Jahweh's tent, it will be all the same, for I shall ever be dwelling in Jahweh's hospitality. (There is no reference to the temple, for only a priest could speak of dwelling there.) The Greek translation of the Old Testament, made in B.C. 200, reads "dwell," and our translators have followed it. The Hebrew reads *return*. Is not this more suggestive? Like foes, the goodness and loving-kindness of God shall so hunt me

down all my days that I shall be compelled to keep returning to the tent of Jahweh. (Setting the table, pursuing, and returning, are all frequentatives.) God's goodness is constantly driving me to His heart. Surely I shall seek Him to the length of days.

O divine Shepherd, pursue me with Thy goodness and help me ever turning to Thyself. Then when at last my nomad days are done, and I must cross the river to the home-land, be Thou my guide through the dark canyon ; and as I hear the swish of rolling waters, and step with Thee into the swelling tide, still be Thou nigh. After, when I stand upon the sands of that fair shore, and feed upon the pastures of the better land, and walk within the fold of many mansions which Thou hast prepared, and feast upon the riches of Thy home, let nothing be dearer to me than that still "*Thou* art my shepherd," and nothing sweeter in my song than that "*Thou* art with me to the length of days." Even so grant, Lord Jesus.

R. H. Mode, '02.

BUSINESS LIFE AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Some weeks ago *The Globe* published the opinions of several representative business men upon the value of a university education for young men intending to enter business life. The opinions of such men are valuable, though not necessarily final. It is a satisfaction, however, to university men to know that, with one exception, all whose opinions were asked are inclined to think, more or less strongly, that a university education is a valuable asset for a business man.

In the nature of the case, there can be little dogmatism in the utterance of wise men on such a matter. The problem of success in business is too complex for easy solution : too many factors are present to render sweeping generalization possible. Much depends on the man, much on the kind of education, and much on the ideal of success. University graduates will fail in business, as well as in the professions, for lack of the qualities and opportunities requisite for success. Men without a university education will fail for exactly the same reasons. Who is to utter the final word ? No

one, though little men are frequently ready to pretend to do so. The sane utterances of experienced and successful men, however, are worthy of consideration, and should be read and pondered by all interested. In order that they may be so read and pondered by readers of THE MONTHLY, we reprint them. For reasons of brevity we do not quote them in full, but have omitted nothing essential :

MR. B. E. WALKER[1].—My opinion, in brief, is that if a man has more than normal ability, a university education must be of advantage to him in his business career, as well as in any other aspect of his life. On the other hand, if he has less than normal ability, I should say that the higher branches of education would not be of advantage to him.

LIEUT.-COL. H. M. PELLATT[2].—A university education does not necessarily either help or hinder a young man in business pursuits, but it makes a vast difference to the position which he may occupy in the community where he lives, to the enjoyment that he may get out of the fortune, large or small, that his industry may accumulate, and to the good he may do in the world generally.

What is meant by a university education ? My idea of a true university education is, first of all, one that teaches a man to know his fellow-men, and how to deal with them ; one which moulds his character, and fashions his manners, at the same time that his intellectual faculties are being stored with knowledge ; in a word, one that converts the plastic young student into a man fitted to move amongst men, and not into a library on legs, fit to be stored away in the British Museum. This kind of education is not to be got out of books, nor even out of lectures ; it comes from contact with men—contact of the right kind with men of the right kind—and it is to be found, as far as I know, only in the atmosphere and life of residential colleges. During those three or four years when a young man is learning the lessons of a lifetime, he needs to be brought into daily, constant contact with his fellow-students, so that by rubbing together they may wear off some of the jagged edges and acquire some kind of polish before they go out into the world of business, and he needs also to come

1 General Manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
2 Head of the firm of Pellatt & Pellatt, stockbrokers, etc.

into close personal relationship with matured minds, with men of experience, culture and scholarly attainments.

All this a young man may find in a residential arts college, and nowhere else that I know of, during his university education. With an education of this kind, a young man, if he has got any good stuff in him at all, ought to go out into the business world, or any other world, and make his own way to success rapidly and surely. He would be fitted to move in whatever society his fortunes might introduce him to, and as he goes in and out amongst men, in the pursuit of his business or whatever else it may be, he knows how to speak, how to act, how to give and take—in a word, how to be a man living amongst men. For such an education the cost both in time and money would be well spent, and no sacrifice should be reckoned too great to gain it. With this kind of training the young man not only knows how to deal with his fellow-men, but he knows also how to get out of the world all the good that it can give him. He is fitted to take the full measure of enjoyment out of literature, art and travel. He keeps in touch with all nations ; he has put himself *en rapport* with the whole world.

Lieut.-Col. John I. Davidson[3].—I believe a university education, being very easily carried, is a most valuable asset for any business man, and the only disadvantage to a young fellow is during the first one or two years of his business life, but my belief is that the ultimate advantages immensely overbalance this temporary disadvantage. By all means give business men a university education whenever they are capable of assimilating it.

Mr. E. R. Wood[4].—Personally, I am of the opinion that a university education is of the highest value to the young man proposing to go into business, not so much because of the academic knowledge he may have acquired, however important this may be, but because of the fact that he brings a trained mind with which to grapple with the problems he may be called upon to solve, and this not only enables him to take a broad view of matters which present themselves, but to seize the salient points of a subject with comparative ease and without loss of time.

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3 Head of the great wholesale house of Davidson & Hay.

4 Managing Director of the Centra Canada Loan and Savings Company.

There is a growing demand for university men of this kind in business. They will be found, for instance, in all large banking and bond houses of the United States, and the heads of many of these give university men the preference over all others. Inquiry would show that this is increasingly true of Canadian financial institutions also.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson[5].—In my opinion, a good man with a university education will be better than the good man without a university education. The good man without a university education will be better than a poor man with a university education. In other words, the man determines the value of the education, and not the education the value of the man. While I have said what I have said, I do not know but I favor the view that a university education helps a good man in a business career.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle[6].—Where business is of a type, or its administration of a character, calling for clever traders, I am of the opinion that the bright lad, trained from his youth in the business, will outmatch the university man, who of necessity comes into it later. Where business operations, however, are of a broader and wider character than mere trading, and where the spirit and capacity of the merchant and manufacturer are in request, given equal intellectual capacity and industry, the university-trained man will develop greater efficiency, because he brings to his work a disciplined mind.

We are emerging in Canada from the conditions where the demand is merely for capable, sharp traders, into one calling for manufacturers and merchants with wide outlook and capacity to measure the many sides of large business activities. For such enlarged relations, young men with natural business capacity, reinforced by university training, will in my opinion be a force, as well as an ornament, in business circles.

Mr. H. P. Dwight[7].—In my opinion a good common school education, such as may be acquired in our city public schools, is sufficient, so far as our telegraph business is concerned. I can hardly conceive it possible that a young man who has simply a

5 Proprietor of "The Evening Telegram."

6 Managing Director of the great provision firm of The Wm. Davies Co., Limited, and proprietor of "The Evening News."

7 President of The Great North-Western Telegraph Co.

university education would find any employment with us, as such a one would naturally hesitate to begin at the foot of the ladder to work his way to the top, as all our best men have done.

Mr. J. E. Atkinson[8].—Of course, there are useful and useless university men, those who have profited by their university training and those who have not, but the probabilities appear to me all to point to greater success by reason of a university training than without it. A university cannot do everything for a man ; something must have been done for him by nature. A university cannot, any more than a bank or mercantile office, transform lead into silver or brass into gold, incurable indolence into industry, or shallowness into such essential qualities as patience and resolution and the direct-mindedness without which success in business or elsewhere is seldom possible.

The business of the university is to train the mind. The effect of all study, whether inside or outside university walls, is to train men's minds to think logically, to see clearly, and to weigh arguments accurately. A lumber measurer can estimate very closely by his eye alone the relative contents of two piles of lumber ; a coal dealer will make a better guess than other men of the weight of coal in two adjoining bunkers. This they do with a trained eye. Infinitely more difficult is the skill with which a trained mind can reach a decision as to which course of action in business has the weight of reason in its favor. The university does not send its men out experts, but if it has performed its work in any degree its graduates must have had their feet set in the right way.

Upon both the character and capacity of its students the university should have had a beneficial effect ; and no man of sense will have prejudice against a training which tends in that direction. As a matter of fact, prejudice in business circles against university men grows less and less. A young man's judgment should be, and doubtless is, better for his university experience, and judgment in business is the thing which, above all others, is necessary to success. It is the one thing which makes all other qualities available, and without which every good quality may be altogether useless. Perseverance must work with judgment to be of any

8 Editor of "The Evening Star."

effect. Promptness of action, courage and fortitude may lead as easily into difficulty as into success, unless good judgment guide them. Patience, which is the very flux of all the qualities that make for strength and success, may lapse into indolence and the sheerest weakness. Rashness is ever easily confounded with resourcefulness and enterprise. In fact, there is no phase of business wisdom but bears at times such a likeness to some phase of foolishness that without the safeguard of judgment failure lies in wait at every corner.

Then, as to knowledge of human nature, the university should be of value, for human nature enters into business very largely, as it does necessarily into every other relationship of life. Either by reading what men have done in the past or by experience of what men are doing to-day, we must learn how to estimate the significance and importance of what passes around us and learn how to judge the probabilities of the future. From books a part of this knowledge is obtained. Men without books have attained to marvellous business success, but they have been extraordinary men. Speaking generally, acquaintance with books when associated with an acquaintance with everyday human nature is of decided advantage. The university takes its students up to the high places of history and literature, and gives them a look at the whole wide field of human life and experience as contained in books. And they are the better for it when they step down into the market-place and the counting-room.

MINNIE ALBERTA SELDON.

The first break in the ranks of Class '02 has come in the death of Minnie Alberta Seldon, on December 23rd, 1904, in Shanghai, China.

Miss Seldon spent her childhood and her school-days in Ingersoll, and came to Toronto and to McMaster in the fall of '98. The four years spent as a member of '02 were full of pleasure both for her and for us. She was one of the brightest of our number as a student, graduating as a specialist in mathematics. Her unfailing brightness and cheerfulness, her interest in all plans for the

class, and in each member of the class, won for her the friendship of every one of our number, and the love and confidence of those of us who knew her more intimately.

She was, for a year and a half, president of the College Young Women's Christian Association, and those who were there during that time will not soon forget her earnestness of purpose and her zeal in this work among the University girls. She was also a member of the Student Volunteer Band of the College, and it was in May, 1900, that she decided to devote her life to foreign mission work.

After graduation, in May, 1902, she spent a year as assistant secretary of the Young Women's Christian Guild, and also taught there during the winter. Then followed a happy, busy year at the Missionary Training Institute in Nyack, N.Y. It was a very full year, for she attended seventeen classes a week and taught eight. But she was happy among the kindred spirits who were in attendance there and who sympathized with her desires for missionary work, there being twenty-four girls in her class preparing for China. Her interest in McMaster did not lessen, however, for she writes at this time : " I was so glad to hear of the wonderful blessing that is attending the efforts of the McMaster Band. We remember them here in prayer frequently at our evening devotional meetings and on Sundays."

Last summer, very soon after her graduation at Nyack, she received and accepted an offer of a position as teacher in the school established for missionaries' children in Shanghai, China. She left Toronto in August, arriving in China September 24th. Then, for three months, she rejoiced that her long-cherished desire had had fulfilment and she was at work in her chosen land of China. In a letter, written two weeks after her arrival, she says : " It sometimes surprises me when I stop to think how much joy it gives me to see Chinese all about me, but then that longing to tell them of Calvary and Olivet sweeps over me ; but I comfort myself that the Lord is still preparing me for that work." She was very busy, teaching in the school all day, tutoring, and always ready to fill in a vacancy wherever she was needed. The principal of the school wrote home in the early fall that she was proving a great help—she was able and willing to fill any of the vacant places.

But, as Henry Ward Beecher once said, "the greatest mystery in Providence was that God should put His most beautiful souls into such frail bodies." Hers was one of these frail bodies, and, after only three months' service in the new land, she was attacked by a disease which terminated fatally—"God's finger touched her and she slept."

Just about a month before her death she wrote: "I have been thinking so much the last few days of last Christmas, and the strong conviction the Father gave me then that my next Christmas would be spent in the land of China." We have had as yet only the brief cable message received on Christmas Day, but we know she must have spent her Christmas "in Immanuel's land."

It is a short story of a life spent almost entirely in preparation for a work which it was not hers to do. But it was a life full of brightness, strength of purpose, and one wielding a wide influence for the good and the true. To us who knew her well at college, the words often came to us as expressing her life:

"I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place,
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross."

For a little while, when she first knew that her life was to be laid down in that far-away land, before she had been able to tell even once the story of "Calvary and Olivet," the road must have seemed dark and the way past finding out. But we are confident that at the last the poet's beautiful words would be true for her:

"No moaning of the bar, but down the tide,
The white sails swelling free,
The stately spirit-ship, in gallant pride,
Stood out to sea.

"No sadness of farewell, but from the skies,
Like music faint and far,
One gathering shout of triumph swells and dies
Beyond the morning star."

JACQUELINE M. NORTON, '02.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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VOL. XIV. JANUARY, 1905. No. 4

Book Reviews.

POEMS.*

A very pathetic interest attaches to this book. It is a memorial volume, containing about fifty poems, many of which are of exceptional merit and full of promise. A stranger, even, cannot read them without deeply sharing the regret of those who were privileged to know the poet in life. Taken altogether it is a volume which his friends will justly regard with pride, and say—"This was *his* work." We are glad to be able to witness how genuine has been our pleasure in reading the collection as a whole. Many of the verses are rich in color and music, full of mingled sweetness and strength. The man who wrote "The Scythe Song" was a genuine poet. Another of the gems of the collection is the "Song," which in part reads as follows—and it would be difficult to recall a sweeter lyric:

"Once, in a purple twilight,
Long and long ago,
I stood outside your window,
Where the roses bend and blow,

*Poems. By James Alexander Tucker, B.A.; with a Prefatory Memoir by Arthur Stringer. Toronto: William Briggs.

And heard you sing a love-song,
Tender and sweet and free—
But I did not dream that in singing
You were thinking of me, of me!

"Since then, in a far-off country,
When the evening sky was pale,
A nightingale at the casement
Told me the whole sad tale.
You are dead, and my heart is broken—
But ah! this might not be
Had I only known in the twilight
You were singing of me, of me!"

Of the graver pieces, one of the best is the '95 class poem, called "The Voyagers." It concludes as follows:

"O Mariner, undaunted, bold,
To doubt be deaf, to danger blind!
Such never could that soul o'erwhelm
That gave a new world to mankind.
All undeterred thy course still hold,
Thy changeless needle pointing true,
Thy tireless hand upon the helm,
Thine eyes still bent across the blue,
And doubt not with some future morn,
Thy long and toilsome journey past—
Like him who held doubt, dread in scorn—
Thou, too, shalt reach the land at last."

We are unable to quote further, though it would be pleasant to do so. We would say in conclusion that if the reader of this brief review is in doubt as to what volume to choose for a gift, let him select this. It is a book containing many new and charming poems that are the expression of a true soul devoted to beauty. If the Spirit of Canadian literature were incarnated, she would grieve deeply at the early loss of a writer so gifted.

B. W. N. G.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

A Freshie who leaves the straight path
Will incur the Sophomore's wrath,
They'll take him in hand,
'Tis already planned,
And they'll chuck him into the bath.

Then Sophomore swells up with pride,
His dignity he cannot hide,
He once was a Freshie,
But now, why bless ye,
His humility, it has all died.

The Junior thinks he's the whole tip,
From Sophies won't take any lip,
He's a very bold man
And does what he can
To bring others under his whip.

The Senior is lord of the walk
And he likes to hear himself talk,
If him you displease
Get down on your knees
Or off goes your head on the block.

The Theolog. loves the dear girls,
He admires their ringlets and curls,
And in every town
Through the land, up and down,
Is enthrall'd by the fairest of pearls.

J. H. C., '05.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.—The meeting of the Debating Society held on Saturday, December 10th, resolved itself into a mock parliament, G. Tomkinson, '05, acting as premier and E. J. Chave, '06, as leader of the opposition. The premier introduced a bill worded as follows: "Resolved that in the opinion of this house, Canada should have an independent government." The

measure received free discussion from both sides of the house. Upon the conclusion of the debate a division was taken in which the government was defeated. Mr. D. J. Welch, B.A., offered some useful criticisms.

A Conspiracy Exposed.—Vows are becoming fashionable. Last month we reported the formation of a moustache-raising club. This time we report something decidedly more dreadful in its consequences. We have heard that a number of our young men did on the first day of the year, make a solemn resolve to fall in love before the year was out. Fearing that the organization would become too popular the membership has been strictly limited. The conspirators have drawn up a very elaborate constitution, and intend holding meetings fortnightly to report progress. We deem it our duty in the interests of our lady readers, to expose this dire plot, and so warn them against the wiles of these wicked ones.

A Reactionary Club.—Inspired by the formation of the Political Science Club one of our school wits, fearing the result of too many organizations being formed around the University, formulated a lengthy document on which appeared the names of twenty-four clubs or bodies of different kinds, prominent among which was the Boiler Room Committee. The whole appeared under the heading

"Back to the Books! The Simple Life!"

"All those interested in the formation of a Reactionary Club and the introduction of an Eight Hour Night are requested to meet in their rooms from 7 to 11 p.m. to-night. A return to simple living and protest against the complexity hereinafter enumerated."

A Watch Night Service.—Out on the midnight air as big Ben tolled out in twelve great strokes the old year, and a hundred hoarse-throated whistles saluted the new, there floated the melodious sweetness of "Rah! rah! rah! ski-u-mah!" etc., in the angelic voices of those who were imprisoned in McMaster during the Christmas vacation. Then came from a chorus of white-robed Seniors, who had been looking to the dawn of 1905 for a long, long time, the measured accents of their battle cry "Paugawaugau." It was a note of joy that was in their happy tones, for at last '05, whose praises they had sung and yelled for four years, had arrived. They were now on the threshold of their graduation, and they put considerable feeling into the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," which closed the impromptu watch night service.

The Mid-Year Exams.—Hence, loathed melancholy! Thus are dismissed the long laborious days and nights devoid of ease. Forth from the "Chamber of Horrors" came a smiling band of youths and maidens, who had banished dull care from minds hitherto heavy laden. Tuesday, January 10th, marked the close of the mid-year examinations, and everyone was light-hearted, for examinations are a weariness to the flesh, and a questionable source of comfort to the professors. The consumers of the midnight Canadian oil will now put away their lamps for a season. Still there are some who even two nights after the examination had the lamps puffing and steaming, but there are always stupid people and they are to be pitied. Even as the old proverb says, "He who laughs last gathers no moss," so one who will study between meals, in the morning, late at night and all the time will not take as many "firsts" as the one who applies himself diligently to all things in his university life and studies proportionately.

A Call to the Ministry.—What more perplexing problem is there than the nature of a "call?" We all know the black-garbed exhorter who claiming that one day, "under the mysterious influence of———" he opened the Bible, and there found: a verse! We remember the youth who reflected that he was no good at anything else, and so must have been set apart to preach. There was also a man who uttered some remarks one day to a body of worshippers. Afterwards he was whacked on the back by an admirer, who exclaimed: "Waspben-voir, you're a corker!" That settled it for him. But a case that is really clear has recently come to light. One of our probationers, still waiting for guidance, has received from a family of a recent congregation a little white bow tie. Surely this is an "unmistakable indication!" He has sold his waste-paper basket and bought a barrel. (P.S.—On further reflection he has decided that the call is of another nature, and his response will depend on that of a fair young creature who haunts his dreams.)

Political Science Club.—As a result of the interest in economic subjects inspired by our new professor in Political Economy, Dr. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., a Political Science Club has been organized in the University. The following officers were elected at a meeting called for that purpose on December 14th. Hon. President, A. L. McCrimmon, M.A,, LL.D.; President, G. W. Gorman, '05; vice-president, J. H. Cranston, '05; secretary-treasurer, A. S. Woodburne, '06; councillors, T. M. Dadson, '06; A. E. White, '07; N. S. McKechnie, '08; W. T. Roberts, Th. The opening meeting of the society on the evening

of December 19th augured well for the success of the society. Over a hundred were present, and the address of the evening which was given by Mr. James Simpson, vice-president of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada on the subject of "Canadian Trade Unions, Their Organization and Methods" was listened to with great interest. Mr. Simpson, who is a clever speaker, first took up the history of the labor movement in Canada, explained the basis of the international movement, defined the different types of trade unions in Canada, and discussed interestingly a number of the labor questions of the day.

Debating Club Officers.—On Saturday, December the 17th, the last meeting of the Debating Society for the fall term was held. The business was the nomination and election of officers for the ensuing term. The offices were filled as follows: President, A. G. Vining, '05; vice-president, Earl W. Clarke, '05; secretary-treasurer, E. J. Chave, '05; councillors, N. S. McKechnie, '08; R. Harkness, '07; C. E. Burke, '07, and D. A. McGibbon, '08. After speeches by the successful candidates the meeting adjourned. Important speeches were the order of the day at the first meeting of the spring term held on January 14th. Some of the speeches were brilliant, while others had more of humor than substance. G. W. Gorman, '05, acted as critic and gave some useful suggestions.

Fyfe Society—The regular monthly meetings were held on December 13th, Vice-president D. A. McGregor, '06, presided at the afternoon session. After the devotional exercises, and the hearing of reports on the various missionary schemes of the society, Dr. Sowerby spoke on "Local Missions." Having pointed out the emphasis Christ laid upon local missionary effort, he made an earnest and eloquent appeal on behalf of the thousands of young men and women, whom the church is not reaching at present. In conclusion, he pointed out some ways by which the Fyfe Society might assist in furthering the cause of Christ in the city. Several students took part in the discussion which followed. The open session of the society was held in the evening, the president, Prof. P. S. Campbell occupying the chair. Rev. W. H. Porter assisted in the devotional exercises. The annual report was read by the secretary, Mr. T. Dadson, '06. Its adoption was moved by Mr. C. W. New, B.A., and seconded by Mr. J. Janes, '05. Much gratitude was expressed for the evident quickening and deepening of the spiritual life in the school. The chief feature of the evening was a very helpful and instructive address delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, on the "Heroism of Christian Missions." Two selections of music were very acceptably rendered by the Evangelistic Chorus.

Literary Society.—At the regular meeting of the Literary Society on December 9th, several members of the freshman class made their debut before a McMaster audience. H. H. McGregor, '08, spoke on "Earl Grey, the new Governor-General of Canada." He gave an able account of the Earl's past public life, and predicted for him a brilliant term during his stay in Canada. T. A. McWhorter, '08, gave us a vivid sketch of the fortress of Port Arthur. Miss E. D. Hartley, '05, rendered in her inimitable style a reading, which was heartily encored. Mr. D. W. Campbell, '06, opened the programme with a solo, and Misses A. M. Waters, '07, and E. Kennedy, '08, rendered a very acceptable duet.

The first of the Inter-year Debates took place on the evening of December 16th. The contestants were the Juniors and Sophs. The affirmative, Messrs. W. L. McKinnon, and R. J. Currie, '06, very ably upheld tbe resolution "that Canada should own and operate the telephone system," but were unable to answer with their theories the hard facts of the negative, Messrs. J. W. Morrison and C. E. Burke, '07. Prof. TenBrocke acted very acceptably as judge and critic. Mr. D. Williamson, '07, gave two well rendered solos during the interval between the debate and the decision.

A Long Felt Want Filled.—The new system inaugurated this term for the distribution of mail, the attendance upon telephone calls, the guard against suspicious strangers, and the oversight of parcels, is going to fill a much-needed want. Under the old plan a telephone message was placed upon the bulletin board and very often two or three hours would pass by without the message being seen. Now, when the telephone rings and a student is wanted, he is immediately informed of the fact, and thus not only is the person at the other end of the line greatly accommodated, but also the student in the Hall. Formerly parcel boys strolled at random, sometimes in vain endeavor, striving to locate a student. At present all parcels are received at the office at the entrance, and then delivered to the rooms. Under the new and greatly improved system all mail is kept in the office. This will be a great boon to Freshmen and theological students. Two of the students, C. D. Jones, '06, and A. L. Tedford, '08, have charge of the work, and one or the other is on duty from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock in the evening, when the building is closed. The wants of a student are many, some imaginary, but others indispensable. This need which has been filled to the entire satisfaction of everyone, makes us wonder how we got along without it. And thus when lassies call to laddies or send their messages by post, all hearts rejoice on account of quick and polite service.

FOUNDER'S NIGHT.—Tne annual celebration of Founder's Day was held on December 22nd. The affair was, as usual, a great success, and those having the arrangements in hand deserve the greatest possible credit. An innovation was introduced this year in the decorating. Each year had a rendezvous assigned to it, and the result was that the whole effect was the finest in our history. The seniors were entrusted with the reading room, and by the taste and skill of the ladies, aided by many willing hands, the rather sombre room was turned into a little palace of art. Everything was in red. On a table in the centre was the Matthews cup, won by the class for three years. Class room 3 was very prettily fixed up by the Juniors in blue and white, while the Sophomores made class room 1 so bright and cosy with their bunting of yellow and pale blue that it was one of the most popular meeting places. The Freshmen caused the reception room to look very inviting, the predominant color being green. In all the rooms the different class banners were hung, and there was an abundance of cosy corners. The students' rooms also attracted a great deal of attention.

The guests, who numbered about five hundred, were received by Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace and the president of the student body, W. G. Carpenter, '05. There were ten promenades, which were much enjoyed. Music was supplied by two orchestras, one in Castle Memorial Hall and one on the first flat. Refreshments, which were in charge of the wives of the Faculty, were served in the dining room from tables prettily decorated with flowers, red candles and red Christmas bells. An exhibition of X-rays was conducted by the science students in class room 6, which was most interesting. During the evening a portrait of the late Rev. John Crawford, D.D., of Woodstock College, presented by friends of the university, was unveiled. Mr. J. Short McMaster made the presentation on behalf of the donors, and Chancellor Wallace accepted it in suitable language. The general committee in charge were Professors McLay (Chairman), McKay, Smith, Cohoe and Clarke, and Messrs. W. G. Carpenter, '05, T. M. Dadson, '06, J. B. McArthur, '05, F. C. Mabee, B.A., and H. W. Wright, '05, while those who were in charge of the decorations were T. Dadson, '06 (Chairman), C. E. Burke, '07, C. H. Holman, Th., E. W. Clarke, '05, E. Viens, '05, A. S. Woodburne, '06, D. G. Munro, '05, H. B. Moyle, '06, and H. H. McGregor, '08. The following students aided Professors Smith and Cohoe in the scientific exhibitions : E. W. Clarke, G. S. Johnson, E. C. Jordan, D. G. Munro and D. L. McLaurin, of '05 ; Miss W. E. Phillips and H. B. Moyle, of '06, and S. J. Bates, '07. The Censors in Hall were : J. Janes, J. B. McLaurin, G. Tompkinson, of '05 ; D. Buchanan, D. W. Campbell, C. S. Edwards,

J. B. Pengelly, W. Whan, A. S. Woodburne, of '06; G. Irons, J. W. Morrison, N. McNaughton, W. Raithby, A. W. Ross and A. E. White, '07.

THE "LIT" BANQUET.—The second annual banquet of the Literary Society was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Friday, January 13th. W. C. Matthews, '05, president of the Society, was in the chair, and the guests of the evening were the Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., and Mr. J. E. Atkinson. When the dinner, which was both dainty and substantial, had been duly appreciated, President Matthews assumed the role of toast-master and proposed the health of King Edward, "the peace-lover." After the singing of a verse of the National Anthem, G. W. Gorman, '05, spoke to the toast of "Canada," and Hon. S. H. Blake replied. Mr. Blake spoke of his deep love for Canada and Canadians, and urged his hearers not to forget those who had gone before them and had laid the foundations of their liberty and privileges. He spoke optimistically of our country's future, and asked McMaster men and women to realize and act upon the fact that they had a great responsibility because of their privileges. Let them carry out into life the high ideals which became theirs here, and fight for Canada under the banner of purity and righteousness. "Alma Mater" was eloquently proposed by Rev. J. D. Freeman, and replied to fittingly by Chancellor Wallace. At the conclusion of Mr. Freeman's speech, the hearty "Rah! rah! rah!" of McMaster's weird yell made the walls of Alma Mater rattle with pride. J. B. McLaurin, '05, was sponsor for the toast to "The Press," and Mr. J. E. Atkinson, editor of the Toronto *Star*, replied. He traced the development of the newspaper from early times, and deplored the spirit of commercialism in modern journalism. His auditors were urged not to forget their ideals after their graduation, but to hold to them and so raise the tone of the life about them. To Mr. J. B. Pengelly fell the honor of toasting "The Ladies," and after a flow of wit and eloquence never surpassed in an after-dinner speech in McMaster, Miss E. D. Hartley, '05, replied gracefully and winsomely. The concluding toast was that to "Sister Institutions," with which were connected the names of A. G. Vining, '05, Mr. Lane, University College, Mr. Aikin, of Queen's, and R. A. F. McDonald, B.A., of Ontario Normal College. The Varsity and Queen's yells were given, and much appreciated by the representatives. Some difficulty was experienced in the endeavor to twist our tongues around the complicated Gaelic slogan of Queen's, but it was done so well that the Queen's man thought there must be some Scotch blood in us. The other schools who had men present were: Wycliffe, Osgoode, Victoria, Trinity, Toronto Medical, Woodstock and Moulton Colleges.

College Spirit.—It is not necessary to read McMaster students a lecture on "College spirit." We doubt if there is another school in the city where the students are more of a unit than we are here ; in fact, we are quite sure there is not. Yet we have seen occasional instances, not only in this college year, but in years gone by where the individual has put himself first and his Alma Mater second at times when such action was not altogether excusable. True, the College exists for the individuals who comprise it, and not the individuals for the College, yet there are occasions when the interests of the university are, or should be, paramount to those of the particular students. All of us are more or less lacking in this respect. We may think that such and such a thing could be done better were we given charge of it, and when we are not chosen, we do not do our best to help those who are. If the majority in your Class, in the Literary Society, Student Body, or any other department of the University, decide on a course of action to which you are opposed, unless you are convinced that the moral principle back of it is wrong, go in and help make it a success. We are democrats here and believe in rule by the majority. To quote a proverb of the day, "If you can't boost, don't knock." Stand by your college and every one of its institutions, and let us unite to make this year of 1904-05 the best in McMaster's history.

The Evangelistic Band.—Two meetings of the University Band were held on December 4th, one at Association Hall and one at Kenilworth avenue church. On December 18th the large meeting in Massey Hall, under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League, was conducted by the band and was most inspiring. Dr. Cross occupied the chair, and with him on the platform were from forty to fifty students who led the immense throng in the hearty singing. Four of the young men, Messrs. Beck, Nobles, Pengelly and Bingham, gave short effective addresses, offering the Gospel as the only sure remedy for the great evil of intemperance. A reorganization meeting of all students interested in this work was held on December 8th, when it was decided to make all the work of the band voluntary as in the preceding college year. Mr. C. G. Beck, B.A., was chosen leader, Mr. J. B. Pengelly, '06, secretary, and Mr. D. H. Williamson, '07, musical director. With the pressure of mid-year examinations weighing on all students, the work has necessarily been suspended for a few weeks. Several engagements, however, have been made both within and outside the city for the immediate future, when it is hoped the same manifestations of the gracious favor of the Lord may be realized.

Our Victorious Lady Debaters.—A large number of ladies from Victoria, Varsity, Trinity and McMaster gathered in the chapel at McMaster Friday afternoon, December 9th, to listen to the first inter-college debate of the season. The question: "Resolved, That examinations as now conducted in the provincial universities should be abolished," was an ambitious one, but the sides, the Misses Deacon and Cullen, of Victoria, for the affirmative, and the Misses Lillie M. Senior, '05, and Eva Wilkins, '07, of McMaster, for the negative, were well equipped with information. The negative, however, was the better side. Miss Winnifred Phillips, '06, occupied the chair and made a few suitable remarks, after which an artistic piano solo was given by Miss Fox. Miss Deacon led off in the debate. Her manner was quiet, her style collected, and her thoughts well thought out. The two chief objections to the examinations seemed to be the necessity and bad results of cramming, and the injustice of the final test. Miss Senior, in leading the negative, showed that cramming was unnecessary if faithful work had been done during the term, and was the fault of the student, not the examination, and that the final test was a good one in that the salient points the student had gone over during the term were required of him. The essence of his knowledge of the different subjects was demanded. The test was even, and the results representative of the student's honest work. Miss Cullen gave the outline of an improved method of examination, but this was shown by Miss Wilkins to be impracticable, point after point being advanced against it. Miss Deacon occupied the leader's customary three minutes in replying to the points of her opponents, and the judges, Prof. Alexander of Varsity, Prof. Edgar of Victoria, and Dr. Tracy of McMaster retired. Miss Kennedy gave a solo, and the judges returning, were called upon. Prof. Alexander, as spokesman, paid the debaters from Victoria a graceful compliment, but announced the victory to McMaster. This called forth prolonged applause. "Thy praises, McMaster," was sung with unusual vim, and the meeting broke up. This is the first time the ladies of McMaster have won a debate from the Victoria ladies, and all are justly proud of Miss Senior and Miss Wilkins. The debate was the result of much research, and the fund of knowledge gained by the listeners was valuable. McMaster's victory was celebrated by a tea in the ladies' room and spirits ran high. The St. Hilda's College (Trinity) ladies won from Varsity on the following night, so that McMaster and St. Hilda's are in the finals.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. S. EATON, '05.

THE annual meeting of the executive of the Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union, composed of representatives from all the colleges in the union, was held in Kingston on Nov. 11th. Several proposed changes to the rules were discussed, but the most important matters were left over for consideration at the meeting to be held next spring. The only amendment adopted of any consequence was that whereby if a team made ten yards in any one of three scrimmages and then lost ground, it should be allowed to retain possession of the ball, in view of the first gain.

The election of officers took place and resulted as follows :— Honorary president, Prof. McLeod, McGill ; president, J. D. McCallum, McGill ; vice-president, R. K. Patterson, Queen's ; secretary-treasurer, A. J. Davidson, 'Varsity. Committee : P. D. Mitchell, Trinity ; Cadet A. T. Powell, R.M.C. ; J. B. McArthur, McMaster ; D. J. Bonsfield, Bishops.

The Rugby banquet was served in the British-American hotel on the following evening. More than one hundred guests were present and voted the function a complete success. Mr. F. W. Baldwin presided over the gathering.

THE executive of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union met in Kingston on Nov. 12th. McMaster was represented by M. S. McArthur, who was also our representative at the two Rugby meetings above. The chief work done was the fixing of a schedule for the ensuing year. The dates selected are entirely satisfactory to us, and are as follows :—

Senior Series—Jan. 13, Queen's at McGill ; Jan. 21, McGill at Toronto ; Jan. 27, Toronto at Queen's ; Feb. 3, McGill at Queen's ; Feb. 10, Toronto at McGill ; Feb. 18, Queen's at Toronto.

Intermediate Series—Group A—Jan. 21, Toronto II. at McMaster ; Jan. 28, McMaster at Toronto II. Group B—Jan. 13, Queen's II. at R.M.C. ; Jan. 20, R.M.C. at Queen's II. Group C —Feb. 3, winners of B at winners of A ; Feb. 10, winners of A at winners of B.

EMBLEMS GRANTED.—Since the opening of the College term in October the following have been successful in winning the emblem of the McM. A. A. A. :—In Rugby—O. C. Gray, '05 ;

D. A. McGregor, '05; E. R. Fitch, '05; J. B. Pengelly, '06; D. W. Campbell, '06; C. T. Holman, Th.; S. R. McEwen, '07; R. D. Moyle, '08. On field day—G. E. Tomkinson, '05. *Honoris Causa*—H. W. Wright, '05; W. L. McKinnon, '06.

Two McMaster men are playing hockey with city teams. "Rolly" Young, '07, one of the strong men of our last year's team, is doing brilliant work at cover point for the champion Marlboro's. We congratulate the latter on their excellent judgment and good fortune. Ware, '08, has elected to play this season with the Parkdale Junior O.H.A., and is giving a good account of himself.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: W. J. GRIGG, '05.

TO THE list of those registered for advanced degrees we add the following names: For M.A.—In Pedagogy, Mr. C. L. Brown, '99, of the faculty of Woodstock College. In English, Mr. L. C. Fraser, '02. In History, Rev. A. S. Cross, '99, pastor at Hartford, Ont.; Mr. E. Cameron, '03, and Rev. L. F. Kipp, '01, pastor at Strathavon, Ont. In Geology, Mr. W. C. Gordon, '01, assistant Geologist for the State of Michigan. In Greek, Mr. A. Clinton Watson, '01. For B.D.—In Historical Theology, Rev. J. F. Vichert, '97, M.A., '98, B. Th. '04.

IN the recent examinations of the South Indian Missionary Association, Ralph E. Smith, B.A., '00, B.Th. '03, stood first among those who passed "with distinction."

MARRIAGES.

REV. A. EUSTACE HAYDON, B.A., '01, B. Th. '03, was married to Miss Edith E. Jones, at Brampton, 28th December, 1904. Rev. W. S. McAlpine performed the ceremony. Mr. Haydon has accepted a call to Fort William, Ont.

REV. WALTER S. MCALPINE, B.A., '95, B. Th. '97, was married in the chapel of McMaster University, Thursday afternoon, 12th January, 1905, to Miss Martha T. Leslie, of Georgetown. Chancellor Wallace performed the ceremony. Mr. McAlpine is the pastor in Brampton.

Rev. H. Proctor, '99, Theol., '03, was married on January 4th, 1905, at Kettlewell, Ont., to Miss E. M. Archibald. Mr. Proctor is pastor of the Oxford Street Baptist Church in Woodstock, Ont.

Rev. W. C. Riddiford was married to Miss Annie Katherine Kemp, at Beamsville on Thursday, Oct. 20, 1904, by Rev. A. E. Quinn. Mr. Riddiford is in charge of the Barton Street Church, Hamilton.

Mr. H. E. Jordan, '00, M.A., '01, (Ph.D., of Chicago University) was married on September 6th, 1904, to Miss Neva Mills, of Chicago. Dr. Jordan is in charge of the Department of Mathematics and Physics at Brandon College.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Maretta Gordon.

On Friday evening, December 16th, Professor Clark, of Trinity University, lectured to us on "The Holy Grail," one of Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Chancellor Wallace filled the position of chairman and introduced the speaker. The chapel was filled and we were glad to see so many of our friends present to enjoy Dr. Clark's lecture, which was both pleasing and helpful. He interpreted the poem, and rearranged the difficult passages, thus making them simple and easily understood.

On Monday evening, December 19th, the monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. A Christmas program was given as follows :—

Piano Solo, Miss Bromley; Carol, "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen," Glee Club; Christmas in Different Countries, Miss Fry; Carol, "Nowel," Glee Club; Debate, "Resolved, That Christmas dinner should be abolished"; Dialogue, "The Obstructive Hat"; Heliconian Paper; Carol, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," Glee Club; Critic's Report, Miss Dryden; God Save the King.

School re-opened Wednesday, January 4th. Although the holidays were shorter than usual, a great many of the girls were present on the first day to attend classes. Though we are sorry all of our fellow students were unable to return, we are glad to welcome the new ones to take their places.

Here and There.

EDITOR: J. B. MCLAURIN, '05.

DURING the Christmas season most of our exchanges have assumed a festive air, on the cover if nowhere else. Some have appeared in striking and beautiful designs; others print their titles in red, give them some kind of a green border, and consider that they have done justice to the spirit of the season. Others, again, pursue the even tenor of their way, taking no account of the changing seasons. One of the best cover designs of the season was that of the University of Virginia *Magazine*, which changed its usual red and green dress for that of orange and black. The contents of this issue were not behind the artistic features in the advance. The *O.A.C. Review* and *Acta Victoriana* were prettily and attractively illustrated; while *Varsity* and Queen's University *Journal* had much of real value in poem and literary work, and were the more interesting as they represented the efforts of the students themselves. If the feelings of the students of Toronto University are as described in the following poem from the pages of *Varsity*, its editor need not deplore a lack of confidence and pride in Alma Mater:

VARSITY BY MOONLIGHT.

Still is the night, and still the old gray walls
  Bathed in the moon's soft light.
Dark are the trees, and dark the shadows lie,
  And myriad stars are bright.

Thoughts that arise and crowd upon the mind,
  Words would in vain express;
Longings that spring within the 'raptured soul
  The will cannot suppress.

Gone are the days, but every shadowy niche
  Speaks of a living Past;—
Hopes that expired toward the upward plains,
  Heights that were won at last.

Veiled is the scene, yet every silvery spire
  Points to the realm of light;—
Minds in the Future Days reflecting Truth
  Will soaring shine as bright.

Shine, silvery moon: and faithful stars keep watch,
  Guards of the still night hour.
Come, Lamp of Truth, and likewise brightly shine
  O'er this beloved old tower.

N. A. MCEACHERN, '07.

The *Ottawa Campus* can certainly lay claim to originality in the field of college journalism, whatever other qualities may be denied it. The most noticeable December feature is a dissertation on "The Wrong Wearing of Birds," put into verse form in the metre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The result, enriched by such spelling as "splender" and "sickning," stretches over four pages, but the following selection will give some idea of it. The teacher has caught Johnnie robbing birds' nests :—

> "Then she calls him 'Naughty Johnnie,'
> Bad and wicked little Johnnie,
> To tear up the home of birdies,
> Home that birdies worked so hard for—
> Worked and built with sticks and grass-roots.
> Naughty, wicked, sinful Johnnie.
> But she wears a hat on Sundays,
> Wears a rich and stately dress-hat,
> Trimmed in birds of two descriptions."

Depth of hypocrisy! How our indignation is stirred! The readers of the Ontario Normal College *Monthly*, by the way, will be interested to note the luxury of dress affected by Kansas public school teachers on Sunday.

Our experience with many college magazines is much the same as that of the exchange editor of the Kenyon *Collegian*. He says, in part :—"The exchanges received during the last two weeks are, for the most part, uninteresting to the outsider, for they contain either a long, tedious summary of the season's work in football, or else a long drawn-out account of the final game. The flattering summary of a team's fall work, however unsuccessful, together with eulogies on each member, with perhaps a 'sly' joke on one or more of the stars, just to show 'that the heart is in the right place,' is without a doubt interesting to the supporters of any institution, and therefore, however tiresome, there is no room for just criticism. When, however, the accounts of a couple of games take up the whole issue, long after every one interested knows every play that was made, they are merely a waste of space and have only the doubtful value of reference, which could be supplied by a much briefer account."

The Bowdoin *Quill* cannot be classed among these. In it one is always sure of something of universal interest in the shape of good literature, and it is a welcome change from some of the glaring "football numbers."

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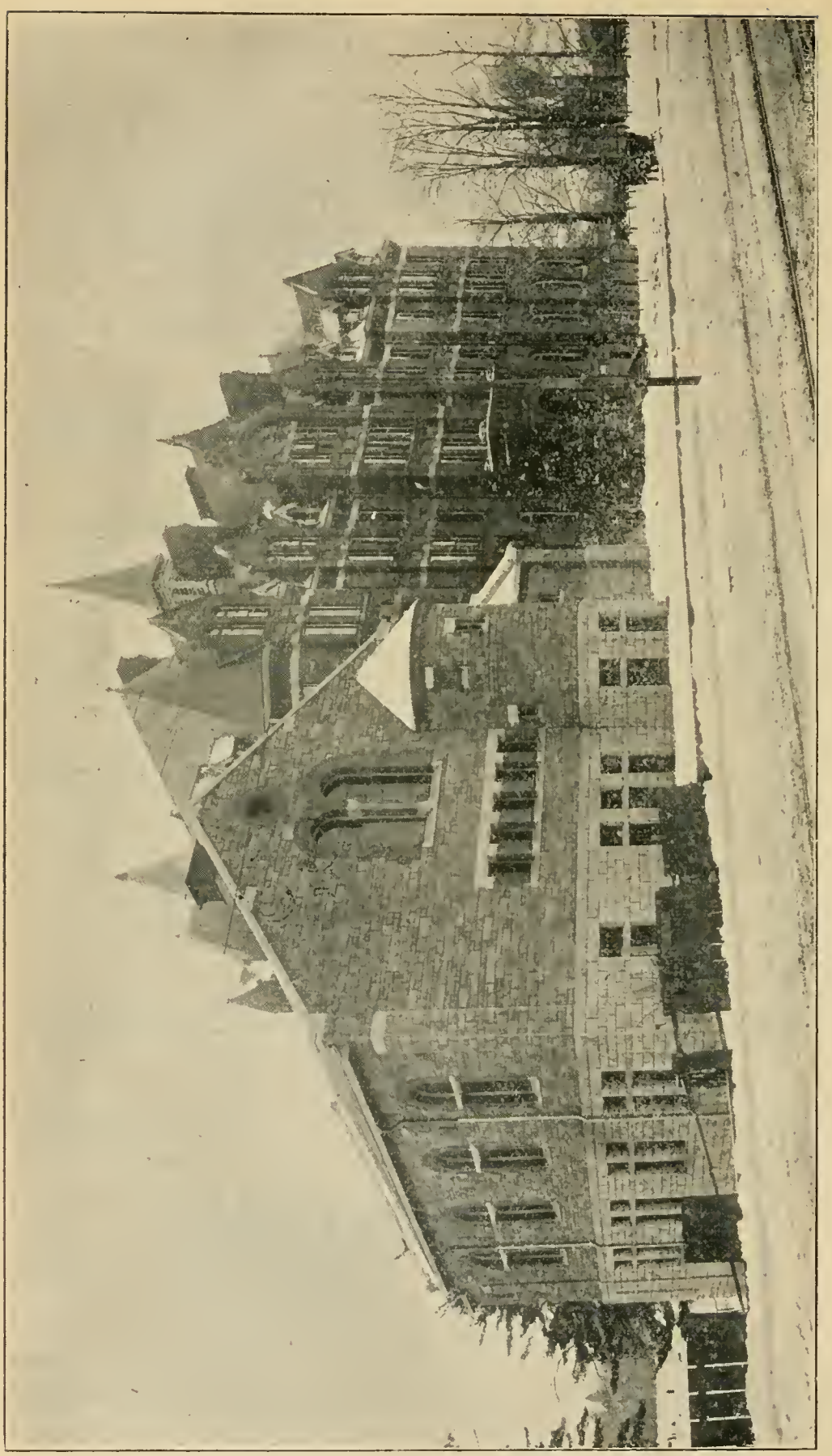

McMaster University, Bloor Street, Toronto.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
FEBRUARY, 1905.

MALCOLM MacVICAR.

Malcolm MacVicar, the first chancellor of McMaster University, was born on September 30th, 1829, in Argyleshire, Scotland. He came to Canada with his parents in 1835, and settled on a farm near Chatham, Ontario. After some years spent on the farm and in a ship carpenter's establishment in Cleveland, Ohio, he entered on work preparatory to a higher education, and finally in 1850, along with his brother Donald, entered Knox College. There he remained two years; but his religious views changed, and in consequence he became a member of the Baptist denomination. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1856, and graduated from the University of Rochester with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1859. He immediately entered the teaching profession, and from that time almost to the day of his death, May 18th, 1904, he was closely connected with educational institutions.

During these years Dr. MacVicar attained a high mark as an educationist. His invaluable services were recognized wherever he labored. New York, Kansas, Michigan, Canada, and the States of the sunny South paid generous tribute to his exceptional ability in constructive education. Brockport, Potsdam, Leavenworth, Ypsilanti saw some of his strenuous efforts and of his enviable achievements in normal training. In the teeth of an able and, sometimes, of an unscrupulous opposition, he assiduously and pertinaciously prosecuted his work. While in Leavenworth the opposition became so fierce that his friends feared that his life would be taken; and his wife, in trepidation, saw him leave the home in the morning, expecting a tragedy before the noon hour. His indomitable will gained the

victory there as in other places, and soon those localities without exception expressed their appreciation of his services. It was characteristic of the man never to be satisfied with present achievement. Continually was he pulling up the old stakes and extending the boundaries. The adoption of such a course necessarily brings opposition.

Dr. MacVicar was a man of conviction, ready to sacrifice for what he considered to be the truth. It caused him a good deal of travail of soul to leave the religious denomination of his boyhood and identify himself with the Baptists. To the Baptists he was true ; their principles he loved ; their interests he advanced. The last twenty-five years of his life were devoted to educational work in Baptist institutions. That work he began in 1881 as a professor in the Toronto Baptist College. He had horizon ; he saw farther into the future than most of his coadjutors ; he possessed organizing ability of a high order. It was Senator McMaster's confidence in this skill in organization and in this hopeful outlook for the future which permitted the Baptists to enjoy the educational advantages of institutions under their own control. In the reorganization of our schools he was an indefatigable worker. To his secretary it seemed marvellous the way in which he would handle the curricula, and the logical precision with which he would cause the chaos of subjects to assume systematic form. Hour after hour, without respite, he would spend in this arduous labor with the greatest enthusiasm. Vision of a well-equipped university, with academic departments as feeders, was ever before him. To his mind the way was clear, the means most apparent. Into the early hours of the morning would he fight for his points in committee and board meetings. At times you would hear him say : " I cannot understand the position taken by Mr. A., or the criticism offered by Mr. B." Everything was as clear as day to him. The point was insisted on, not because it was his point, but because he thought it essential to the welfare of the University. Any mistakes he made were not selfish mistakes. While at work it was the life of the University which he was living, and living intensely, for he was a past master in the art of application. It was a lucky dinner-bell that got a response at the first ringing. Let a train of thought claim his attention and the most unusual noise and clatter would go unnoticed. Thoughts and purposes

became "fixed" to him. This may account for the fact that to the casual observer there seemed to be so many jutting points in the ruggedness of his personality.

His students speak of his teaching in eulogistic terms. To his class-room work he brought an intimate acquaintance with the fields of philosophy, mathematics, apologetics, and pedagogy. The thinking was clear, the reasoning cogent, the presentation scientific, the whole lecture inspiring. Even those who differed from him in educational views would offer the tribute, "But I tell you he could teach."

For nearly a decade his services were given to our educational institutions in Canada. At the close of his labors here the Board and Senate of McMaster University, in a testimonial, expressed their esteem of him as an instructor and organizer, among other statements declaring, "We have recognized in you a man of many virtues and excellencies, among which we cannot refrain from mentioning your ingeniousness, your unselfishness, your conscientiousness, your uniform courtesy and kindliness, and your unswerving devotion to the tasks that have fallen to your hands."

The last years of his life were spent in service for the American Baptist Home Mission Society. In the diversity of institutions under his care he found ample opportunity for the exercise of his exceptional powers in constructive work. Buildings were erected, charters remodeled, curricula revised, new departments opened, seminaries consolidated. A master-hand was at work. Dr. MacVicar was cutting his usual wide swath. He had before him a field which allowed the display of the versatility of his genius, and there was accorded to him large liberty of action and of initiative by the executive officers of the Society. Industrial education ran little risk of being overlooked by one who worked in the shop and in the ship-builder's yard in his youth, and who, grasping the significance of manual training as an instrument in education soon after its introduction on this continent, became its ardent supporter and the founder of the first manual training department in Canada, at Woodstock College. Teacher training, to which he devoted twenty years of his life in New York and Michigan, was emphasized in many of the Southern seminaries. Theological courses, Christian culture courses, nurses' courses, commercial courses, etc., show something of the varied field

which was his. Amid all, character, Christ-like character, was ever his ideal ; life, devoted, energetic, self-sacrificing life, was continually kept in view. The testimony of Dr. H. L. Morehouse, of the Home Mission Society, is worth quoting :

"His mental powers were highly disciplined and instantly responsive to an imperial will, that as occasion required could be, but rarely was, imperious. The bent of his mind was philosophical. He worked with great intensity and earnestness, and his capacity for attention to details, as well as his general grasp of a situation, were those of a genius. His downright sincerity and genuine simplicity of character created in him a strong aversion to all shams and unwarranted pretensions, whether in educational or other circles. Nothing was more marked than his own self-effacement in his service for his generation. Never would he resort to common artifices to keep himself and his work before the public. He never courted notoriety, never blew his own trumpet, nor induced another to blow it for him. He was not unmindful of the praise of his fellow-men, but was not unhappy if it was not liberally given ; his supreme satisfaction being found in the approval of a good conscience for duty done, and in the divine approval of his motives, his methods and his whole manner of life. Who that knew this high-minded, talented, conscientious, diligent and eminently useful servant of Christ, can doubt that he has heard his Master's benediction, 'Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'?"

Two weeks before his death McMaster University conferred on her first Chancellor the degree of Doctor of Laws, and procured an oil painting of him for her halls. A replica of this portrait is being made for Virginia Union University, of which he was President until shortly before his death. These universities honored themselves in thus honoring one of God's noblemen.

Reverent, humble, and simple was his life. To see him at his best one should have known him in his home. As he leaves his library where incessant toil, carking cares, merciless criticism, ignorant misinterpretation have faced him in men, in letters, in manuscript, all troubles are brushed aside. He is the genial, Christian master of the house, whose child-like petitions at the throne of grace accentuate the greatness of the man, and whose kindly expressions of interest warm the hearts of his household.

A body naturally strong, and kept under control ; a mind active, keen, and well disciplined ; a will inflexible in the pursuit of right ; a soul large with spiritual grace and burning with zeal to extend the kingdom of God, enabled him to do an immense amount of work intelligently, persistently, conscientiously, in a humble, simple, reverential manner.

When, on May 18th, 1904, he was called from earth by the Master, two generations had been blessed by the self-sacrificing work of a noble life.

A. L. McCrimmon.

THE FALL OF O'GRADY.

Second Prize—Undergraduate Cempetition.

O'Grady was six feet two, and twenty-two. He was strong, too. His muscles had not become flabby by over-much "resting," and his vitality had not been called upon to offer up its despair and fireworks by his falling in love every fifteen months. He had two sisters, and they thought he was fine.

"A man's got to come up to 'O' before *I'll* look at him," they said ; and when a man's sisters say a thing like that about him he *must* be pretty nice.

O'Grady was even stronger than he looked. He had not studied too hard. He had spent the last year with a surveying party in New Ontario, and had literally "hewed a path before him." Now he was down for study—but not too much. He could put better work into the football team.

"There are such a lot of these freshies," he overheard a soph. say. "There are over two hundred."

"We can do 'em," another answered ; "don't have to take 'em all at once."

"Ho, ho ! you will, will you ?" O'Grady said to himself. "Nothing like having your eyes peeled for you. I'll get Little Watts."

He went up the steps by leaps.

"In, 100 ?" he asked, stopping at a rather battered door.

"Yes. That you, 10?"

O'Grady walked in.

"Look here, Little Watts," he said, "You and I've got to stick together. The sophs. have something up their sleeves."

"So've I up mine," said 100.

"By Jupiter, that's no joke!" answered 10. "Here, little one, tighten up!"

O'Grady grasped Little Watts' biceps. Little Watts doubled up his fist and sawed his arm up and down.

"Oh Moses!" 10 exclaimed, "it's even better than I counted on—it's like a steel bear-trap."

"So-so!" Little Watts answered.

"Well, bye-bye. Remember to keep by me and watch the lighthouse."

O'Grady stumped off. Little Watts went back to his dynamics.

"O'Grady's a pretty good sort," he said to himself, "but a little more study wouldn't injure his back."

"Little Watts is all right," O'Grady was thinking, "but the deuce take his dynamics! He'll lose that steel muscle of his."

Now, Little Watts had no intention of losing his muscle. He was four years older than O'Grady, and—listen! When he was O'Grady's age he had fallen—oh, terribly!—in love. The object of his affections had not taken him at all seriously. She had smiled sweetly and shown her little white teeth to him always—but that was all. When he had worn himself out trying to make her *not* smile, and had grown almost decrepit at the boiling and turmoil of his "inners" at the thought and sight of her, he had called a halt. He was mad—not angry or disappointed or broken-hearted, but downright, common, flaming *mad*.

"I'll make her see I'm not such a numskull!" he said with grinding teeth.

So there must have been some fireworks left.

He rose early in the morning, he took cold baths and exercises, and he began to study two hours every night and two hours every morning. He had left school at the "entrance," nine years before, and entered his uncle's printing office as devil and general messenger-boy. He washed the rollers, swept the floors, blew out the cases, and emptied the hell-boxes. Also he walked

errands. Between times he learned to set type, and soon acquired a pretty good swing of newspaper English—so good that when the sporting editor broke his leg Little Watts was put on as "sub." He did so well that when the sporting editor recovered the use of his leg Watts' uncle let him walk off.

"You stay on," he said to Little Watts.

And this was the beginning of Watts' tragedy, for at one of the baseball games he met Her.

You know the rest.

In two years from the time he had grown so flaming mad, he had taken his matriculation, and had not neglected the sporting news. Also he had saved, and could enter college. That was how he came to be in Toronto.

The girl, you see, was really his guiding angel, but she has nothing to do with the story.

O'Grady and Little Watts were to stick together, and O'Grady was not to fall because—well, because he was six feet two, and the sophs. had determined he *should* fall.

The next day was quiet. Nothing occurred except that a professional-looking man came around with his camera to take a photograph of the freshman class for the Saturday *Globe*. It was such an unusually large freshman year.

"You will line up in front of the building, there, please," he said suavely.

The two hundred lined along—all except O'Grady and Little Watts. They sauntered off.

"What's the matter, fellows?" called one of the freshmen.

"Aw," O'Grady drawled, "we don't want our pictures took."

The photographer focused his lens.

"Now—steady!" he called.

The freshmen all smiled, and—

! ! ! ! ! ! !

down came an avalanche of water, clean and dirty, hot, cold and tepid, from pitchers and basins emptied out of the upper windows.

The freshmen gasped. Some of them said things; and all slunk off, dripping, to their rooms.

Away off on the extreme edge of the campus, O'Grady and Little Watts were capering wildly around.

"They were wise in the Island of Man," O'Grady sang hilariously.

"Is it all over now?" Watts asked.

"Oh, no, little one, notta yettski," O'Grady answered indulgently.

They went back to their rooms.

"I tell you what, baby mine, you'd better bunk with old pop to-night," O'Grady said; "there may be some proceedin's."

"As long as I'm in it," Watts answered, trying his muscle just for fun.

"Oh, I say, save it," O'Grady remonstrated. "There'll be no use for it to-night."

"What, then?"

"Come over to this corner and I'll show you," O'Grady answered cautiously. "Now, I feel in my bones there's to be a deputation to wait upon me at my 'rooms' this evening. We have the door barred, of course. The deputation bursts it open. We are right in front of it, in the dark, and we dose 'em. See?"

"Oh, by Bob, yes!" Little Watts hopped around the room.

"Be still, baby!" O'Grady commanded, frowning. "Don't you hear an eye at the keyhole?"

"Squirt some flour in it!" Watts said.

"Flour your granny!" O'Grady returned disgustedly. "Baby, you're excited. You must come for a walk in the open air."

They went out and locked the door behind them. At eight o'clock they returned.

"The deputation will not be here until ten," O'Grady said. "There will be twelve."

"How do you know?" Watts asked.

"Don't ask questions," O'Grady returned. "We will study until a quarter to ten. *You* will study, I mean. I've got to read up the Ontario football news. At a quarter to ten we get ready, put out the light, and wait."

They sat down. Little Watts pulled a book out of his pocket and O'Grady drew out a newspaper. The time dragged. Watts kept reading the first page over. As soon as he got to the end of a line he had forgotten the beginning and went back to it.

O'Grady was more successful with his newspaper, but it required an effort to concentrate on even that. At last half-past nine sounded. A quarter of an hour passed, and Watts threw down his book. O'Grady folded his newspaper. They took off their coats, made things ready, and turned out the light.

"Now, stand right here with me," O'Grady whispered.

They waited. One minute passed—five—ten.

"I hear them!" Watts hissed.

"Yes. When the door is flung right open, we let go."

They stood tense.

"Lawrence John O'Grady," came a sepulchral voice, "open the door and you may escape."

O'Grady was silent.

"Lawrence John O'Grady," came the voice again, "open the door and you may escape."

Still silence.

"He's here," someone outside whispered, "I saw him come in at eight with the little one that studies."

"Lawrence John O'Grady," said the hollow voice again, "this is the third and last time. Open the door and you may escape."

There was no answer.

"They are going to rush," O'Grady said softly. "Now, not till the door flies!"

"One, two, three!"

There was an ominous sound of padded feet, a commanding "Now!" and—

Crash! In came the door, and for an instant only an indistinct mass of advancing white-masked figures was seen.

Fsss-s-s-s-s! went two long streams of ammonia right into their faces, through the cotton masks. They fell back gasping, choking and blinded, clutching convulsively at the masks, which soaked the ammonia right into them.

"Come on, fellows!" shouted the back half. "We'll get even with them!" They leapt over the front men and rushed in the door.

Fsss-s-s-s-s! came two more streams of ammonia.

"Moses and Aaron!" "For the love of Peter!" "What is it?" they howled, also staggering back, choking and half dead with the spirits.

O'Grady closed the door.

"That ends them for to-night," he said, "but help me Bob to-morrow!"

They both turned in and slept. They were too healthy to lie awake for anything.

The next day dawned, cold and clear and beautiful.

"Now mind, baby, whatever you do, stick to your grandpa."

O'Grady said this, and "baby" sniffed.

"You're too good a dog to get mad at," he threatened.

"That I am, baby mine. The boys'll be after us to-day, sure. Here, take this string and tie it around the button-hole of your little coat. We're all doing it to know each other. Mind, if there's a scuffle, you knock at someone without a string."

"My, what a jam!" Little Watts exclaimed when they came in sight of the corridor.

"No getting out of it, either," returned O'Grady nonchalantly.

They went on.

"Ha, here come the two of them!" a soph. sang out. "Little wanted much and got nothing—hee-haw! hee-haw!"

"Shut up there!" O'Grady snapped. "Better go and tack your own ears down."

"Put him under the tap!" someone shouted.

"It's a freshman!" Little Watts exclaimed. "Why, they've *all* got strings.

"Yes, the cat's out," O'Grady said.

"Gentlemen," pompously declaimed a confident soph., standing on the backs of a bunch of pushing classmates and flapping the side of his coat sporting the string, "I have been requested to announce that the swimming bath will receive from nine until ten."

"Knock him off!" exclaimed an angry freshman.

The orator pitched headlong into another knot of men.

"Take that!" he said, recovering, and cracking the offender over the back of the neck.

"Cut his moustache off!" a freshman yelled, and the soph. was grasped in iron arms.

"Snip, snip!" went a pair of scissors, and the moustache dropped unevenly to the floor.

"Grab the big one!" someone called.

"Take the little one first!" another yelled.

"Don't bother with the kid!"

"Oh, lump it!"

O'Grady and Little Watts backed against the wall.

"Who killed Cock Robin?
'I,' said O'Grady,
'*And* I'm afraidy—
I killed—Cock—Robin!'"

"Down to the swimming tank!"

"Under the tap!"

A rush was made for O'Grady. The freshmen pushed. The sophs. pushed.

"Down with O'Grady!"

Heads were lowered, muscles strained. The hall was one seething mass of closely-wedged human backs.

"Boys, boys! what is this?"

Two irate professors strode into the hall.

"Gentlemen!"

The professors might as well have been flies. They climbed to the backs of the struggling men, and walked over the floor of heads and shoulders to the front, grabbed two fighting sophomores by the necks and hauled them back. It would have had the same effect to take two peas from a bushel measure.

A freshman was between the sophs. and the two at the wall.

"Pass him back!" a soph. yelled.

The freshman was picked up and passed like a squirming eel over the sea of heads, and thrown to the floor.

"Now, at them!"

A dozen hands shot out, but like lightning sledge-hammers the stiffened hands of Watts and O'Grady cut down and caught the outstretched arms sharply in the crook of the elbow. The arms dropped limp and helpless. The two fought like tigers. Little Watts cut and stamped and ground his heel into toes and insteps, and O'Grady pounded and slashed and whirled his iron fists, but finally Little Watts was caught.

"Out with him!"

Watts felt himself being forced through the crowd. Suddenly

he saw his chance, slipped down and grabbed one of his captors by the leg. His muscle was steel. He was knocked and jammed, but gained his feet with his captor-prisoner upside down. He was hauled this way and pushed that, but clung to the leg like grim death. Now he was down. Now he was up, and his prisoner bumping along or dragged with head and one leg down, and one leg twisted in Watts' relentless arms. Gradually they were forced to the head of the stairs.

"Furies and blazes!" the helpless man howled, "you are breaking my leg!" But Watts clung fast.

The stairs were lined with sophs. and freshmen, the former pushing down, the latter trying to stem the advance.

Watts was jammed down a step, then hoisted up again, but he could not be loosed from the leg. Finally his prisoner made a gigantic effort to free himself, and the other leg caught in the banister. The sophs. surged down, but Watts clung like a leech.

"Quit! quit!" the pinioned man shrieked in actual pain, "my leg *is* breaking!"

"Drop it!" the sophs. said to Watts, "and we'll leave you alone."

"Honour?" asked Watts.

"Of course," they answered.

Then Little Watts let go, for he knew he was safe.

O'Grady was laying about him like the Strathcona Horse. He had a black eye, but so had others. Gradually he had been forced from the wall, and was moving slowly to the head of the stairs.

"Take that—and that—and that!" he said quietly, and three men left the ranks.

"Spring, you fellows!" commanded a soph. with only half a moustache. "We'll get him in the tank or die. Here—you two grab his arms, and four of us'll tame his kicking legs! Now, if he bucks"—giving his leg a twist—"it'll be all the worse for him."

O'Grady realized it was no use. Kicking out and squirming only invited further twists of arms and legs. He looked daggers for a minute; then suddenly a seraphic smile burst over his face.

"It's going to be a beautiful day, boys," he remarked cordially.

"We believe so." The soph. with the abreviated moustache smiled blandly.

Little Watts caught O'Grady's eye, and O'Grady winked.

"Well, in Sam Hill!" Watts nearly suffocated.

O'Grady was getting nearer and nearer the swimming bath. There was a long, narrow bench beside the tank, and on this the men must climb before they could swing their burden into the ice-cold water.

"You're dead easy!" The man at his right arm grew contemptuous.

Little Watts heard. "So, so!" he said to himself.

The men mounted the bench. They were perilously balanced.

"Now! One—two—" O'Grady was swinging.

"Three!" Their hold loosened.

Like a dart of lightning O'Grady's muscles sprang out. He caught the man with the curtailed moustache between his powerful ankles, and grabbed the head men by the outstretched wrists.

Splash! splash!

Down went O'Grady, the freshman, into the freezing, seething water; but with him went also three erstwhile lordly sophomores.

Little Watts was madly pounding the banisters. "Who killed Cock Robin?" he howled.

O'Grady had fallen, but—mighty and triumphant was he even in his fall.

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON, '07.

A WOODLAND KING.

Special Second Prize—Undergraduate Competition.

To begin with, he was born. He chose a pretty place to be born in. The light of his first day filtered softly through the interlaced boughs of surrounding and overhanging balsams. The ground was resilient with the cast-off needles, and the air was fragrant with the spring-time perfume of the deep, dark woods. There was a pleasant sound of gurgling water not far distant. He had no need to be lonely, for there were squirrels who seemed

inclined to be friendly, and the tree-tops were alive with the hoarse gutturals of the whiskey-jacks. And then his mother never went far from his side, browsing on the green shoots and leaves of the bushes growing on the borders of the near-by stream. She was big and clumsy, with the immense, ugly nose of her race, but she was loving and attentive, and the little calf, if he thought about it at all, knew her for the best of mothers.

His first few days he passed in sleeping and eating, and gaining confidence on his feet. Then his mother led him away one morning through the cool, quiet depths of the forest. His legs were very long and spindling and straggled. His neck also seemed too long, and at first sight an observer might have wondered whether or not he were related to the great cow moose that crashed through bushes and stepped over fallen logs with that wonderful mixture of clumsy strength and grace found only in a moose or an elephant. But soon the observer would have noticed the nose, tiny, but unmistakably bulbous, which placed his lineage beyond doubt. His eyes, large and blue, were wide open with surprise at the bigness of the world, and at first he kept very close to his mother's side, for there were many strange things to be seen and to beware of. Once he stooped, in pretty baby imitation of his mother, to nibble at a tuft of green, and when a bombshell exploded from its midst in the shape of a brownish animal with long ears, which scurried away in great hops, he stayed very close to his mother's side for some time.

He soon grew to learn that close to his mother there were few dangers to molest him, and that nearly all the forest folk made way for her. A black bear whom they met, looked and considered, and made room. A tawny lynx, whose eyes made him very glad he was not alone, under the circumstances gave them a wide berth, for a cow moose with her calf is not the most pleasant of animals. Only one animal refused them right of way. It happened in this wise: One day they were wandering slowly along, the cow feeding, the little fellow busy trying to find explanation for the strange things that demanded his attention at every turn. Then out of the brush, showing none of the deference that he had grown accustomed to see animals yield to his mother, came a small animal with a bear-like appearance, walking more clumsily than even the bears do. It did not look danger-

ous, and so curiosity impelled him to go up to it. It stopped and curled itself in a ball. Very cautiously the little moose approached and, timidly lowering his head, sniffed. It was a porcupine, and it was lucky he acted so timidly. As it was, in an instant he was running back to his mother's side as fast as he could, with a drop or two of blood showing on his nose. The big cow moose stepped aside to pass it.

And day by day he grew stronger and heavier. He began to resemble his mother more and more. The nose began to develop, the high shoulders and sloping back became daily more apparent. He already knew how to tread down the taller shrubs so as to be able to reach the leaves and twigs at the top. And with added strength came wisdom. Experience teaches quickly: he never forgot the porcupine. Another time he had strayed some distance from his mother's side and he encountered a bear. He had never met one alone before, but they had always seemed cowardly when his mother was with him. This one, however, paid no attention to him but came straight on, and the little calf refused to move. Fortunately for him the bear was well fed and contented himself with a blow from his paw which merely rolled the little fellow over and over, and then vanished a trifle precipitately as a heavy crashing in the underbrush answered the shrill call of the moose calf. A single attack of sickness bid him beware ever afterwards of the deadly ground-hemlock.

When he was in his second year there came a night in his life he could never forget. He was by then as large as a full-grown pony, but still running with his mother. It was towards the end of summer, and the vicious moose-flies and black-flies had driven the two for relief to the water, where they were half submerged and hidden by the tall reeds. A little after dark they were feeding close together. A flock of wild ducks suddenly rose from the reeds down stream and made off with much noise. The calf lifted his head in wonder. Suddenly a very bright light flashed in their eyes, so suddenly and so bright that all idea of flight left them for a fatal second. Then a terrible noise broke from the region of the light, and with the noise the young moose found power to run, and run he did as never before. There was another of the terrible noises as he entered the forest's edge and the sound of a heavy fall behind him. He was horribly frightened and covered some

twenty miles before he stopped. All the next day and the day after he spent in roaming the woods and calling for his mother, but some way or other he never found her.

He was now thrown upon his own resources. In his own way he mourned his mother, but he was a moose, not a human being, and so before long she was forgotten. Life was harder without her. He had by no means come to his full strength and size, and was forced to give way still to the bears, and even on one occasion to seek safety in flight from some hungry wolves, who kept up the chase for several hours. The time was yet to come when he could crush a wolf's skull with a stroke of his hoof.

And he grew and continued to grow. His antlers commenced to show in his third year. By that time he gave promise of being an unusually large animal. He was already as large as an ordinary horse, and with wonderful endurance and speed. When his fifth year came he was monarch of the range of country he inhabited. He stood seven feet and over at the shoulder, with antlers measuring probably four feet across and weighing in the neighborhood of half a hundred-weight. Many battles he had fought to establish his position, and he carried scars to show for them. On his shoulder and chest were the scars of the second and last time one of the tribe of Bruin had contested the right of way with him. The battle had been long and fierce, but finally the terrible, crushing hoofs of the bull moose had worked their purpose and his bearship lay quiet. Twenty hundred pounds of bone and muscle behind hoofs six inches across are too much for the skull of any bear.

And so he lived on, still growing a little, the tremendous antlers becoming of a size and weight almost beyond belief. It was, therefore, little wonder that when the French Canadian hunter, Francois, who had ventured in his canoe far up the chain of rivers and miniature lakes that eventually empty into Lake Temiscamingue, saw him, in the early gray of the morning, he carried back word to the settlement on Long Lake that this was the King of the moose. It was a good story he had to tell and it lost nothing in the telling. A great moose, nine feet at the shoulder, antlers as far across as the length of his paddle, eyes shining with such a malevolence that even he, Francois St. Cyr, who had killed as many moose as he had hairs in his head, had refrained from hostilities.

And the story grew. No mere moose this, but the Moose-Manitou, come to stop the slaughter of his subjects, and keep inviolate from axe and saw their heritage of free forest. This last was a stroke of policy, for Francois was a hunter and did not approve of settlers. But the settlers were of Scotch and English extraction, and feared the denizens of the forest very little, and fairy tales not at all. Yes, and that bottle of Francois' was not empty when he had left, and it was sometimes responsible for his seeing other things than moose. But one or two others saw and reported, and made their reports worth while, and so there grew the belief that, ranging somewhere in the north country, south of the Height of Land, was a bull moose of monster proportions, the king of his race, who would show fight without provocation. This last was a libel on our hero, but the fact that no hunter had ever even fired on him required some explanation.

It was a day in the depth of winter. The mercury had almost gone out of sight. The snow lay deep in the woods. The rivers and streams were bound in bonds more strong than iron. If we could have been there to see, we should have observed the giant moose come swinging through the woods, borne up on the snow crust. We should have wondered at the length of his stride, the consummate ease of the canter that eats up the miles like wildfire, the wonderful gliding muscles of the shoulders, the regal beauty of the immense spread of antlers, and the girth of the neck that bore their weight. He was a subject to tax the genius of a Bonheur or a Landseer.

Who can say whether it was fate or chance that brought Francois so far north this winter on his hunting and trapping expedition, and led him, some twenty minutes or so after the moose had disappeared among the trees, to its trail? Francois had never believed more than half his own story, and his eyes fairly bulged as he took in the dimensions of the prints and saw that they were fresh and ran in the teeth of the wind. With the instinct of the hunter, for he had no need of meat, he turned and followed. Now, no man, or dog even, can ever hope to come up with a moose, unwounded, which is running for its life. But this moose was unaware of danger, and might stop at any moment. He might have already stopped, and even be within a few hundred yards. Under such conditions French Canadian and Indian

hunters have been known to follow trails for days. Swiftly he stooped and examined the lacings of his snow-shoes, jerked his pack higher on his shoulders, pulled his toque over his ears, for he had to face the wind, and set off.

The sun had sunk behind the banks of cloud above the horizon. For a few minutes, all too short, the western sky seen through the trees assumed a crimson glory that seemed grimly suggestive of the quest that gave wings to the hunter's feet. The reds became pink, and gradually shaded back to the dull grey of the winter sky. But overhead the sky was clear with the blue of shining steel. One by one, "in the infinite meadows of heaven," the stars blossomed, first twinkling, then blazing with implacable and impartial light on the world beneath them. The glorious radiance of the moon flung inky shadows that seemed as if embossed upon the virgin whiteness of the snow. The feet of the hunter never hesitated, never hastened. One hand tightened his belt a hole. With eyes ever searching the track ahead, occasionally changing his rifle from one hand to another, Francois swung on. And then, in an instant, his trained sight had spied, in a clump of trees, an immense, gaunt form, and he dropped to one knee, working the lever of his rifle as it raised to his shoulder, hung quiet one-tenth of a second, and the snow-covered world echoed to its roar.

For the second time in its life the moose heard the sound of a gun and smelt powder. A sharp, cutting pain shot across his left shoulder and his chest. He had been standing almost sideways to the hunter, and the heavy, soft-nosed bullet grazed his shoulder and cut across the base of his neck. It had very nearly been a miss. A shower of warm rain drenched the snow at his feet, as he suddenly launched into the tremendous gallop of the frightened moose. As he started Francois had an opportunity to observe his immense bulk, and with a sudden great longing, fired again. This time the shot struck fair behind the shoulder, passing out in front, but breaking no bones. The great bull staggered but rushed on. A futile third shot was fired before he vanished in the shadows. With nose elevated so that from its tip to the tail was a straight line, antlers flat on back, crashing through bushes and small trees, over logs, through drifts, on and on he rushed. The treacherous crust hiding a creek gave way and left

him floundering a moment. It was as the rush of the pierced battleship making for harbour at top speed, with foam and surf flying to the very fighting tops. Up and down hill, through dark glades, over rocks he went at the speed of an express train, and ever on the trail glistened drops of color, that grew not fewer, but rather more numerous, and which gladdened the heart of Francois far behind.

And the night hours flew. And the moon sank near the horizon, shining peaceably on, for it had seen sights which rendered it callous to the life and death struggle of a mere moose. And the brave heart and dauntless spirit still struggled. What if the red drops were more plentiful? What of the stumble now and then? What mattered it if the ease and delight of running had passed away? A king does not easily give up. And back in the forest, shadows, which were attracted by the blood drops, gathered and raced on the trail, and howled as they raced. And the old king still ran, more slowly now, and with effort, and once he fell. The struggle was coming to a close, and he was defeated, but kingly in his defeat. The gallop broke to a jarring trot, and in a little glade he stopped, head down, knees trembling, and something dyeing the snow at his feet. The shadows on his trail rushed up, but dared not come to close quarters. They stood in a semi-circle and watched him, growling, snarling. One wolf snapped at his foreleg, and the antlers sweeping down tossed it yards away—there lacked strength to kill. And the head came up, and again he ran.

But not for long. Slowly he came to his knees, and the semi-circle pressed closer. He struggled to straighten his legs, to raise his head, to live, to fight, and the wolves slunk back. Then a film came over his eyes, his nose touched the ground, his neck stretched out, and slowly he rolled on his side. The black shadows hurled themselves at his throat.

. . . . . .

Miles back in the woods the Frenchman plodded on. He was rehearsing to himself the great story he would have to carry to the settlement.

George R. M. Wells, '06.

THE RIVAL.

'Twas midnight—in the heart of June—
  Calm as a passion that but slept,
The proud, imperious, full-orbed moon
  Down from the zenith queenly stepped :
My star before her paled its rays,
  And seemed as lost within her light,
As one sweet voice whose tones we praise,
  In some loud chorus ceases quite.

Still, all unseen, that star flamed on,
  Nor lost, in truth, one silver ray :
The moon that had so brightly shone,
  Waning and changing, passed away !

The passion that so madly burned
  And dimmed the light of our Ideal,
Has now to sullen ashes turned,
  But leaves to us the old—the Real.

B. W. N. Grigg, '95.

"GRANDMA": A CHILDHOOD'S MEMORY.

She was known to all the village as "Dear old Grandma Westbrook," and yet she was kin to no one in the whole settlement. People knew very little about her life history, in fact. She had quietly drifted into the little village—from whence few knew exactly—and had drifted just as quietly into the life and hearts of the villagers. Everybody loved her, from oldest to youngest. I have often wondered since wherein her charm lay, but the only features of her character that stand out distinctly in my memory are those of placid evenness of temper, and gentleness, which made the wrinkled white face beautiful.

She was very poor. It was whispered that a son "way

down East" sent her a niggardly sum every month, not by any means sufficient to supply her needs. But "Grandma" never spoke of any of her troubles or heart-aches. She was always bright and cheery, more ready to console others than to receive comfort herself. Her home was one place in the village where there was no room for uncharitable gossip—no one ever thought of taking *that* to the dear old soul shut in there.

I believe we children of the village knew and loved her best of all. We were nearly always the ones to carry in to "Grandma" the little basket of potatoes or apples, the choice cut of steak, or little dainty from the home table. We were the ones who received the blessings and often the confidences. How well I can remember her look of gratitude, not unmixed with pain, for often the dear old eyes would fill with tears as she took our little loads from us. "Eh, lassies," she would say, "but it's good of you to be bringing those things to me;" or sometimes she would have her little sermon for us: "Lassies, it's true that the Lord always cares for his children; the old ones, like me, and you, little ones. He's good to us all." And we never forgot those lessons.

She was always so happy — apparently, at least. We children never found her any other way. She had her own little home, just of two rooms, but it was large enough for her and her two birds—her only companions. She had a canary and a robin. We never paid much attention to the canary, but the robin was a great curiosity to us. Poor Bob, perhaps, did not enjoy our visits as much as we did, for "Grandma" never failed to coax him to "talk" to us. Sometimes he was inclined to scold us roundly and loudly, and "Grandma" would then reprove his ill-mannered treatment of her guests. It always seemed to us that she did so with marvellous effect, for in response to her gentle chiding, his clamor would cease, and crowding up in his cage as close as he could get to her, he would answer in penitent, plaintive chirps. Many, too, were the stories she would tell us of the Acadian home of her childhood. Tales of the sea, of its tempests, dangers and disasters, legends of early Acadian life, all were rehearsed to eager, ever-unsatisfied ears. She never seemed to weary of telling our favorite stories, or, indeed, of doing anything that would give joy to anyone else. She was always busy making some little gift for those who had shown her a kindness in any way—little

pin-cushions, needle-books, jewel-cases—anything that love could suggest or slender means permit. Her poor old hands never tired of it.

I well remember the last time I saw her. She had been sick for three days—very sick. We children had tiptoed up the walk to the door every day, to inquire after her, but the neighbors taking care of her did not know how much we loved her, or else thought best that we should not see her. But this day she asked for her little friends. We stole in to her bedside. There was the same old smile, only more tender, and tinged with the joy of the Great Beyond her feeble eyes were already beginning to see. We felt that this was not the dear old friend who talked to her birds and who chatted to us of her girlhood. There was an air of mystery surrounding her, filling even the room. Our childish hearts could not understand it, but we felt and were awed by it. It was the first time I had stood in the presence of one so near the portals, and the feeling, as she laid her thin, weak hand on my chubby one and bade me "good-bye," can never be forgotten. A few days later we stood by the open grave and listened to the English Church burial service—for "Grandma" was a devout Anglican. Then only did I realize that our friend had indeed bidden us a long "good-bye."

"JUNIOR."

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

The long white path through the wood glistened in the sunlight, except where the trees and bushes cast dull, purple shadows across it. As I paused, entranced by the marvelous beauty, I knew that it was to a scene such as this that Whittier referred when he wrote :

> "What miracle of weird transforming
> Is this wild work of frost and light,
> This glimpse of glory infinite?"

Among the tall, straight pine trees, which bore great burdens of snow on their outspread branches, stood their more graceful sisters, the hemlocks and spruces. The frozen catkins of the

alders, which grew along the pathway, gleamed like jewels in the sunshine, and the snow-wreathed weeds reflected every ray with dazzling brightness. Here and there grew slender shrubs, their branches bent almost to the ground, while the sturdier witch-hazels stood up as erect as ever, the empty seed-pods changed into wonderful winter flowers by the frost and snow, and the smaller bushes completely covered over, making perfectly curved mounds among the trees. Where there were open, sunlit spaces, many plants, especially those of the composite family, as golden rods, wild asters and sunflowers, bowed fantastically beneath their weight of snow, and tall grasses and other slender plants traced delicate, graceful shadows on the smooth drifts.

No sound broke the frozen silence except the occasional creaking of the branches, and the wind rustling through the tough, dead leaves which still adhered to the young oak trees. The only signs of life were the crows deliberately flying across the snowy meadow, their black bodies looking blacker than ever against the bright, blue sky.

The snow crunched musically beneath my feet as I walked slowly through the wood, listening to the dull, soft thud of the snow falling from the over-weighted branches, and the rattling of the ice-encased plants as I brushed against them.

I paused by the brookside where, in summer, the water had reflected the cardinal-flowers and ferns, and had merrily hurried past the overhanging bushes. Here, where all was now silent and ice-bound, the frost had wrought a strange transformation. Over the flowing stream a thin covering of ice had formed, on which were traced fanciful and intricate designs, wonderful scenes, and many nameless plants and flowers—a perfect winter fairy-land.

Following the path, I came to the open fields again, where the sun glistened on the untrodden snow. Across the meadow, where the frozen lake gleamed through its border of fir-trees, a party of skaters added brightness to the scene, and the place echoed with the merry laughter of youngsters with their sleds and eager voices.

Still I turned back again, for a magic spell is wrought in the beautiful wood with its glistening whiteness and dark, dreamy shadows ; a magic spell which banishes the petty cares of life and causes even the graver anxieties to fade into insignificance. I turned back to the forest, more beautiful than ever in the golden light of sunset, for it held the secret charm which makes one realize the "joy of living."

Blanche Edy, '08.

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Editorial Notes.

We sincerely regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Charles G. Beck, a graduate in Arts of 1904, and a member of the present first year in Theology. The sad event occurred with startling suddenness. Mr. Beck was in regular attendance on lectures up to Friday, the 3rd inst., and after less than six days' illness died about eleven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 9th. From the very first, owing to a complication of pneumonia, pleurisy and neuralgia, his case was considered critical, and all that medical skill and experienced nursing could do was done, but in vain. "God's finger touched him, and he slept." His death has cast a deep gloom over the University, every member of which, whether professor or student, had a genuine affection for Charlie Beck. What adds to the pathos of the sad event is that he leaves a widow who, only three or four months ago, was a happy bride. May she be given grace from on high to bear the burden of the present affliction and of the future loneliness. Next month we shall give a fuller account of the life and character of our late brother.

Correspondence.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinion of correspondents. In all cases correspondents must send their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Graduates and undergraduates are invited to express their mature opinions on matters of general interest to the members of the University.

THE McMASTER YEAR.

To the Editor of The Monthly.

Sir,—A few years ago, when the agitation for mid-year examinations sprang up among the students of McMaster, the plan now in operation was not anticipated. It was not expected that when we asked for fish we would be given a scorpion. The writer, an undergraduate, believes that this system, while in a limited degree an improvement upon the old one, is unsatisfactory to professors as well as students. Preparation for examinations, even by the most thorough of "pluggers," involves a strain not excelled by any other work. To make this come at the holiday season, when the rest of the world, students of other colleges included, are relaxing into the life-renewing joy of Christmastide, is not only a torture but savors of infidelity.

That an advantage has accompanied the working of the system everyone admits. It has lengthened the year by several days, or, at least, more thorough work is done in both terms. But is there not some scheme which would accomplish this end and, at the same time, be free from the objectionable features of the present?

There are two such plans. One would be to start the year earlier, say about September 15th. The two weeks gained would allow the exams. to come before Christmas. The other plan would be to have the year begin as now, but run on for two weeks in May, as in many other colleges. If this were done, the mid-year exams. could come about the first of February, and the final preparation for them be made after the holiday.

The key to the situation lies in the fact that our work must be kept at the same standard as that of other universities, while we have at least two weeks less in which to do it. From the standpoint of the professors this is an injustice. To give them, in their desire to promote scholarship, an equal chance with the faculties of other colleges, is surely not too much to ask. The objection to lengthening the year is, that the student of limited means wants a longer vacation in which to earn funds. Is the objection valid? The writer thinks not, and he is one of those

who is providing for himself. With many the worth of an Arts course is undervalued, and as a consequence the provision for it is inadequate. Many rush upon it with eyes shut and pockets empty, in the presumption that the Lord will provide. The result is that they must either borrow heavily or suffer in scholarship because of having to be absent for weeks or months during their course in order to earn funds. There is another course open—to "bank up" better beforehand. Let the man or woman of limited means take a year or even two between his collegiate and university courses, and "make a pile" which will be large enough, with what can be earned in vacations of reasonable length, to satisfy the demands which will be made upon it.

The present system, then, is unsatisfactory, and the one argument against the adoption of one of the plans proposed is essentially weak. To make the saving of two weeks' time put us at a disadvantage as compared with other institutions is surely an error. No one will admit it more readily than the one who is strenuously wresting from the world the means with which to obtain the culture of a university education. K. C.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

A CLOCK serves to point out the hours, a Freshette to make us forget them.

FAINT Freshman never won fair Freshette. N.B.—Keep an eye on Seniors, Juniors, and Sophs.

FIRST PLUGGER—"Was there a 'Lit.' last night?" Second Plugger—"Yes, there was a lamp 'lit' in my room." And with that he lit out.

"PLUG."—Chambers' Etymological Dictionary: "A block or peg used to stop a hole. Probably of Celtic origin." Modern McMaster slang: "A species of action designed to fill up a hole. Origin and pedigree: Father, Examinations; mother, Necessity."

THE professor in Ethics spoke more truly than he thought when he said, "Ideals are like the stars; we steer by them, not towards them." Most of us have no desire to attain to "stars," but we wish to steer *by* them—to pass them by on the other side.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—No; the student who takes a bath at midnight has no claim on the title "(K)night Commander of the Bath."

SO SIMPLE.—"What fluid does the tear gland secrete?" asked a Freshman in the Biology class. "The fluid is commonly known as tears," answered the professor, while the remainder of the class collapsed.

"WHERE is that book called 'Crabbe's Synonyms'?" asked a Senior (whose visits to the library are not numerous) of the librarian. "I want to see if it has that poem, 'The Village,' in it."

PROFESSOR, at 8.15 lecture, noticing some students eating apples: "Gentlemen, when you have finished breakfast we will proceed."

PROFESSOR IN BIOLOGY—"There are over 2,500,000 perspiration glands on the body. The amount of secretion is one and a half to four pounds a day." Bright student—"Each gland, professor?"

A "FIRST" on the Registrar's bulletin board is worth two in the mind.

SCENE—Spacious apartment, with blue draperies and hangings—lights burning dimly—Junior spirit hovering in the background. Time—Founder's night. Enter jolly Junior, with maiden fair leaning upon his arm. "Ah," she whispers, "what do those letters mean upon the cushion in the cosy corner, S.F.C.C.?" Jolly J. smiles inwardly. "Those mean, 'Semper fidelis cosy corner.' Let us go and be seated." But the corner was occupied.

THE question of a weekly, fortnightly or monthly prayer-meeting was under discussion in class '08. One gentleman, in concluding his remarks, said: "Mr. Chairman, I think that we should hold this meeting once a week, or at least twice in two weeks." And he couldn't understand why the class laughed.

Class '08 has decided to hold a weekly class prayer meeting. Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock, is the time fixed upon, and the initial meeting was held on February 2nd.

An Israelitish Hazing.—Professor, lecturing in First Year Bible: "The sacrifice made at the feast of the Passover was a male of the first year." The whole of the male portion of the Freshman class shivered, and their hearts went out in sympathy to their predecessors in Biblical times, while one sweet-faced youth was heard to say, "They were pretty hard on the Freshies in those days, weren't they?"

"What shape is the moon early in the evening, when it is in the west?" asked the professor in astronomy, and a bright Senior answered, "Like a piece of watermelon."

The Literary Society met on Friday evening, January 27th, to listen to an instructive address by W. J. Grigg, '05, on the subject of printing, entitled "The Art Preservative, Past and Present." Morden H. Long, '08, read an excellent paper on "The Present Condition of Russia." Miss Pugsley, '08, gave a well received instrumental solo. Miss Lottie Burke, '06, favored with a reading, and E. St. James, '06, sang.

ON TAKING THIRDS.

Oh, say, its no fun
Taking thirds.
Life is an empty barrel
With the bottom knocked out,
And all those who took firsts
Are rusty nails,
Sticking in to chew at me as I
Crawl through.
At any rate I knew what I
Did put down,
And did not have to guess.
I wrote against
Contriving odds,
Too,
For every time I had
A telling thought, and went
To write it down,
The table bobbed,
Because
One leg was short.
Then when I made my blotter
In a wedge
To stick beneath the leg
And keep
The table still,
My pen rolled off and spattered
Ink on me.
I'm glad that others got their
Thirds, too.
The sticks that happened first are
No good.
I love the ones
That came
Third.

B. J. T., '07.

The noughty-eight class pin has made its appearance. It is slightly oblong in shape, and has a black, diagonal band on a green field which bears the word "McMaster." The figure "0" appears in the upper corner and the "8" beneath in the lower.

Y.W.C.A.—The first Y.W.C.A. meeting of this term was held on Monday, January 16th. Miss Little, the travelling secretary of the Association, was present, and her address was a fitting beginning for a new term's meetings. She related McMaster's small society with the great world-wide sisterhood and brotherhood in a very intimate way, and aroused a desire hitherto not felt, namely, that of sending a delegate from our society to the annual summer conference at Silver Bay, N.Y. We hope that some time in the future this may materialize.

INDIGNANT student, coming out of the examination room after a Latin exam. : "Who is this Ibid? I did not know we had to read any of his works!"

THE Political Science Club was very fortunate in having as lecturer for the second meeting, on January 23rd, Mr. W. K. George, B.A., President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Mr. George gave a most interesting address, of an hour's duration, on "The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, its aims and methods," which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. The Club is in a flourishing condition, and has secured some able men for addresses in the near future.

THE Chemical Colloquium, organized in the fall with Professor W. P. Cohoe, M.A., as president, and G. S. Johnson, '05, as secretary-treasurer, has been having some very interesting meetings. Dr. Vanderlinden, of the Gutta Percha Works, addressed the society on January 24th. The membership is about twenty.

A CHAIR IN GEOGRAPHY.—We throw the suggestion out to the Board of Governors that it might be well to establish such a chair in McMaster. We are driven to this conclusion by the fact that during one week recently we heard of a Senior who told the professor in Astronomy that New York was on the other side of the equator from us, and of a Freshman who declared that Cyprus was an island in the Suez Canal.

THE representatives of the Literary Society to the Trinity University conversazione and the Wycliffe College dinner were J. H. Cranston, '05, and E. R. Fitch, '05, respectively.

IT is the early bird that catches the worm, but it is the student who comes late with his young lady to an open "Lit." that escapes the jolly.

By an unfortunate oversight in our report of the "Lit" banquet we neglected to mention the music which was so prominent and pleasing a feature of the evening. Seldom has any singer received a more hearty reception at McMaster than did Miss Pauline Mowat, of London. Her rich and powerful soprano voice was heard to great advantage in "Angus McDonald" and "Daffodils," her encore. Miss Helen K. Ferguson is an old favorite with us here, and her two numbers, "My Love is a Rose" and the encore, were listened to with much appreciation.

The L.L.L.—"Resolved, That the education gained by travelling is more profitable than that gained in a university course," was the subject of a spirited debate in the L.L.L. on Friday, February 3rd. Miss A. Windsor, '05, and Miss B. J. Thomson, '07, argued for travel, but fell down before the oratorical prowess of Miss Bessie Pugsley and Miss Mabel Vansickle, of '08. The judges were Miss Jacqueline Norton, B.A., Mrs. G. H. Campbell, B.A., and Mrs. J. S. Barrick, B.A. The musical part of the programme was given by Miss A. McIntosh, '08, a piano solo, and Miss Blanche Shields, '07, a vocal solo. Miss E. D. Hartley, '05, gave a reading, and a short address from Mrs. TenBroeke, the honorary president, was much appreciated.

It is an established custom at McMaster to ask "old boys" for speeches when they are dining with us, and a desirable one, too. At the same time we believe that "old boys" should remember that they are our guests, and that the privilege to speak is a courtesy which they should be careful not to abuse. The graduate who, at such a time and such a place, attacks the institution's so-called weak points, though stimulating thought in Seniors and graduates, is not rightly using the kindness extended to him, and does not seem to us to be as truly loyal to Alma Mater as he perhaps believes himself to be. The only result can be to foment disloyalty among the students of to-day who make up the University. There are proper times and proper places and audiences for all such discussions.

A What is It?—The Freshmen, having met in grave council, launched forth an idea worthy of a mighty mind. Feeling their defenceless condition they have employed the services of some giant forger of bolts, and now they appear covered with their armor. This covering of steel is in the form of a breastplate, and every smiling member of the First Year proudly asserts—"Our class pin." But for the suggestion, the average mortal might have mistaken it for a relic of the Middle Ages, or a modern weapon of warfare used in the Sandwich Islands. The design

of the pin is the principal point. Some have ventured the opinion that it is a sunflower Canadensis, others have thought that it is the trunk of an elephant with "lion *rampant.*" Whatever it is, Class '08 have adopted it, and they must abide by their decision. Truly, in the language of the poet, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy to Freshmen."

The Evangelistic Band has again entered earnestly into the work for the present term. The first meetings were held on the 15th January, one at the Y.W.C. Guild, at 4.15 p.m., and one at Toronto Junction, at 7 p.m., with good results. From Friday, January 20th, to the Sunday following, Claremont and Stouffville were visited by separate portions of the Band. At Stouffville in particular the work was very successful, and led to a return of the students for the following week. At a recent business meeting the resignation of C. G. Beck, B.A., as leader of the Band, was accepted with much regret. W. A. Cameron, '06, was the unanimous choice as successor.

Day of Prayer for Colleges.—Thursday, January 26th, was the day of prayer for colleges. At the morning session Professor Campbell occupied the chair. The meeting was almost entirely of a devotional character. H. B. Moyle, '06, read an excellent paper on "Christian Work in Colleges." Some discussion followed before adjournment. At two o'clock the students again assembled in Castle Memorial Hall, with Chancellor Wallace presiding. Some eighteen or twenty messages were read from graduates in Arts and Theology, all expressing a very high appreciation of the work McMaster has done and is now doing. Chancellor Wallace spoke a few earnest words from Romans 14: 7 and 12, after which the various classes with the faculty adjourned to separate rooms for special prayer. With the dispersing of the class gatherings closed the exercises of what has proved to be one of the most helpful Fyfe days of the year.

Seniors Victorious.—The second debate of the inter-year series was won by '05 from '08 on January 20th. The subject was: "Resolved, That McMaster should federate with Toronto University." Messrs. E. R. Fitch and R. G. Hartley, representing the Seniors, had the affirmative; while N. S. McKechnie and G. Vichert held up the colors of the Freshmen. The contest was an extremely close one, the speeches being of a high order. Dr. Tracy gave an admirable summing up, and awarded the debate to the Seniors. E. C. Jordan, '05, sang "The Merman's Song," and Miss O. Harton, '06, played a piano solo during the evening.

"Books and Reading."—The executive of the Literary Society were happy in securing Rev. Dr. W. Clark, M.A., of Trinity University, for the open meeting on Friday evening, February 3rd. Professor Clark delivered his well-known lecture on "Books and Reading," which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience of students and their friends. Chancellor Wallace occupied the chair. Before the lecture a couple of songs were sung very acceptably by a double quartette, composed of the Misses Senior, '05, Harton, '06, Waters, '07, and Kennedy, '08; and Messrs. Brouillet, '05, St. James, '06, Williamson, '07, and Edwards, '08.

The Debating Society.—The usual debating programme gave place, on January 14th, to one of impromptu speeches. Many budding orators were discovered, and the meeting was much enjoyed. G. W. Gorman, '05, was a very helpful critic. The subject of debate on January 21st was: "Resolved, That ministers of the gospel should enter into party politics." The affirmative was upheld by L. D. Jackson, '08, and the negative by A. H. Jones, '08. The duties of critic were performed in a humorous style by Professor W. P. Cohoe, M.A. F. C. Mabee, acting as judge, awarded the victory to the negative. A very interesting debate was held on January 28th on the question, "Resolved, That it would be in the best interests of the country to abolish provincial legislatures." The affirmative was taken by Reuben E. E. Harkness, '07, and the negative by J. D. Craig, '07. A. C. Watson, B.A., made an admirable critic. Mr. Vining, the president, filled the office of judge, awarding the decision to the negative. "Resolved, That Governmental ownership of railways in Canada would be better than the present system," was the subject on February 4th. J. B. McLaurin, '05, led the affirmative, and G. W. Gorman, '05, the negative. Dr. Cross, who acted as judge and critic, awarded the decision to the negative.

Death of Charles G. Beck, B.A.—On Thursday, February 9th, the soul of "Charlie" Beck went home to its Maker. Pneumonia was the cause of death after an illness lasting but a few days. Lectures were called off after chapel on Friday, and the remainder of the day was spent in mourning for one whom we all loved and respected. At 1.30 a memorial service was held in Castle Memorial Hall, conducted by Chancellor Wallace. Among the large number who were present were relatives of the deceased and members of his church at Aurora. The service was opened with the singing of the McMaster hymn, "Jesus, wond'rous Saviour," after which Professor Campbell read the fourteenth chapter of John, Mr. Beck's favorite chapter. Dr. Goodspeed on

behalf of the faculty, and J. Russell Coutts, B.A., for the students, spoke briefly in eulogy of the splendid Christian life and work of the departed. Chancellor Wallace added a personal tribute, after which the Evangelistic Band, which up till a few days before was led by Mr. Beck, sang "Abide with me." The singing of "O love that wilt not let me go" and the benediction brought the impressive service to a close. The students marched in a body to Mr. Beck's home, on Pears Avenue, where a short service was held and the remains viewed. Forming in line again, the students accompanied the cortege to the station. Six students accompanied the body to Delhi, where it was buried, to act as pall bearers. They were Messrs. H. H. Bingham, B.A.; E. J. Bingham, '06; J. B. Pengelly, '06; N. A. Harkness, B.A.; W. G. Carpenter, '05, and F. C. Mabee, B.A. Dr. Cross represented the faculty. Among the many beautiful flowers were offerings from the faculty, the student body, the McMaster ladies, and the Aurora church. An extended biographical sketch will be given in the magazine section of the March issue.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: W. J. GRIGG, '05.

MR. DAVID NIMMO, '95, has been located at Detroit, Mich.

MR. W. H. AUGUSTINE, '01, is teaching in the High School at Streetsville.

REV. A. A. SCOTT, '03, has removed from Peddapuram to Tuni, Godavari District India.

REV. D. ALEXANDER, Th., '02, has accepted the pastorate of the Neepawa and Glendale churches.

MR. J. A. HILTS, Th., '04, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Livonia, New York.

REV. H. A. PORTER, '94, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Oklahoma City.

H. L. Kempton, B.A., B.Th., 1903, is happy and successful in his pastoral work at Okotoks, Alberta.

Mr. J. F. Calvert, '03, M.A. '04, has accepted the position of science master at the Oakville High School.

Rev. Hugh McDiarmid, '03, is steadily gaining in health, and recently made a most welcome visit to the Hall.

Mr. W. J. Ellis, Theol., has been appointed general agent for the Province of New Brunswick by the W.C.T.U.

Mr. J. A. Faulkner, '00 (McGill, '04, Faculty of Medicine) is an assistant in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97, M.A. '98, is head of the mathematical department at the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

Rev. P. S. McEwen, B.D., '86, has resigned his work in Carleton Place to accept the pastorate of the church at Eglington.

Mr. L. C. Lauchlan, '00 (McGill, '04, Faculty of Medicine) has entered, as assistant, the office of Dr. Buller, eye specialist, of Montreal.

Mr. G. H. Grant, '00, spent last summer as engineer in charge of a party surveying timber limits on Quatsino Sound, Vancouver Island.

Mr. H. C. Mann, '04, has been appointed assistant school inspector for Peterborough county. He is president of the hockey club in Fenelon Falls.

The University of Michigan, has enrolled Mr. E. J. Zavitz, '03. He is pursuing the course leading to the degree of Master of Science of Forestry.

The *Examiner*, of New York, in a recent issue, refers to the encouraging condition of the work at Kanigiri, South India, under Rev. G. H. Brock, Theol. '90.

Mr. A. H. Baker, '04, is teaching in the High School at Orillia as supply for Mr. A. J. Madill, '02, until the latter is released from his work in Paris.

Mr. S. M. McLay, '03, who during the past summer has been in the employ of the Dominion Government at Little Current, Manitoulin Island, is spending the winter at Woodstock.

Mr. D. C. MacIntosh, '03, who lectured in Philosophy at McMaster last year, is at Chicago University. Mr. MacIntosh was formerly editor of this department. Mr. John McLauchlan, '03, M.A., '04, is also taking a course at Chicago University.

Under the leadership of Rev. C. H. Schutt, '95, M.A. '98, B.Th. '98, the Century Baptist Church, Toronto, has erected a commodious and beautiful building. It was opened on Sunday, January 22, by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D. '99, of Montreal.

To the district of Alberta in the Canadian West have gone Mr. E. J. Reid, '99, who is engaged in ranching in the vicinity of Lacome; Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, who is teaching near Edmonton, and Mr. B. R. Allen, '03, who, near Grenfell, is also teaching.

On behalf of Baptist Mission work in Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia, Rev. A. J. Vining, Theol., '90, is at present touring in Great Britain. Speaking of him the *London Baptist* says, "than whom no society ever sent out a worthier or abler deputation."

Mr. W. J. Thorold, '95, is living in London, Eng., and is one of the editors of *Smart Set.* He is to play as double of Mr. George Alexander, the great English actor, in the dramatization of "John Chilcote, M.P.," a popular novel, known in America as "The Masqueraders."

McMaster has these representatives working as missionaries in India:—Rev. J. E. Clute, B.Th. '91; Rev. H. E. Stillwell, '94; Rev. R. E. Smith, '00, B.Th. '03; Rev. A. A. Scott, B.A., B.Th. '03. Dr. E. G. Smith, Miss K. S. McLaurin, and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell were partial students. These are on the mission staff in Bolivia: Rev. A. G. Baker, '96, B.Th. '00; Rev. Robert Routledge, '95, B.Th. '98: Rev. A. B. Reekie, Theol. '97; Rev. C. N. Mitchell, '94, M.A. '99.

We regret that, owing to oversight, the following interesting paragraph of information, relating to one of our graduates, is so

late in being printed in THE MONTHLY :—Miss Grace Wallace, '02, was married in September to Mr. Ralph Burnaby. It was expected that they would reside in Yarmouth, N.S., but they have decided to stay in Toronto. During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby are occupying the parental home on Howard St.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR : C. S. EATON, '05.

EARLIER in the year we were confident that our hockey team would be a strong factor in the championship race this winter ; all signs pointed toward a successful season, but circumstances have combined to disappoint us, and hence we are not able to record the series of victories for which we had hoped. The only league game contested was that against Varsity on January 21st. It was played under most unfavorable conditions. Two of our men were starring with city teams and were not eligible, two had grievances against the Athletic Association and could not conscientiously play, one was taken ill just before the game, and one met with an unfortunate accident in the first few minutes of play and was incapacitated. In spite of this depletion we were enabled to put a fairly good team on the ice ; the boys played a plucky game, but lost through lack of condition. For various reasons, not necessary to mention, our athletic management decided to default and hence we are out of business for the present. By next year we hope that the tempest in our athletic tea-pot will have calmed, and we give warning that the green and black will then be heard from.

MCMASTER 6, VARSITY II. 9.—Our first and only league game of the season took place in the Caledonia rink, Mutual street, on Saturday morning January 21st. About ten o'clock the teams lined up in battle array and the struggle began. For five minutes the teams strove against each other with little show of superiority on either side ; at this point however, Gordon McEwen's knee gave out, and McKenzie for Varsity was retired to even up. The contest continued for six minutes longer without any scoring, when Crawford rushed the puck and secured the first goal. This opened the playing. Peine and Chave performed some fine combination work and Chave put the rubber into

Varsity's net. The remaining part of the half was all McMaster's. Peine's rushes, Scotty McEwen's support, Bensen's strong defence, and Munro's sure stops all contributed to the success of our side. During the second quarter McMaster found the net five times, Peine being responsible for three and McEwen and Parker one each. At the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 4 in McMaster's favor. During the second half, Varsity reversed the order and scored frequently while McMaster failed to tally. The Varsity men had a great advantage in weight and superior condition ; however their task was not a very easy one and it looked at times as though McMaster would score. Some of the wearers of the green and black were evidently not strong enough for the pace in the last quarter and their playing lacked the spirit and life it had during the first half. It is safe to say that the McMaster team had the speed and science but lacked in weight and condition. Had they had even the same amount of training as Varsity the score in the second half might have been a repetition of that of the first. For McMaster Peine, McEwen, Bensen and Munro did excellent work, and for Varsity Kennedy and McGowan played the game. F. W. Woodworth referred to the satisfaction of all. The game was clean all the way with little penalizing. The teams were :—

McMaster—Goal, Munro ; point, Bensen ; cover-point, G. McEwen ; centre, Peine ; rover, S. R. McEwen (captain) ; right wing, Chave, left wing, Parker.

Varsity II.—Goal, Hall ; point, Crawford ; cover-point, McGowan ; centre, Fraser ; rover, McKenzie ; right wing, Montague (captain) ; left wing, Kennedy.

Reconstruction in the Athletic Association.—We have to report a new president of our Athletic Association and a new captain of the hockey team. These appointments were necessitated by the resignations of J. B. McArthur and M. S. McArthur, who on account of being unable to agree with the association in a course of action, felt it a duty to themselves to withdraw. T. H. Peine, '05, has been elected to the presidency, and S. R. McEwen, '07, has been appointed captain of the hockey team.

McMaster II. 3, Victoria II. 1.—Chagrined by the record made by the first team, McMaster seconds went out on February 3rd to bring back our departed reputation. They selected as their victims Victoria II., and in a strenuous contest covered themselves with glory, smothering their opponents with their speed, shooting and checking. The final score was 3 to 1. The Victorias lined up as follows :—

Goal, Harold McGregor ; point, G. R. M. Wells ; cover-point, White ; forwards, Ritchie, Moyle, Chave, E. E. Wells.

The R.M.C. hockey team, champions last year of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Union, came to Toronto on February 3rd with the expectation of dealing out a decisive defeat to Varsity II. in the first of the two final games of the series. In the evening at Mutual street rink, they were undeceived and their bubble was pricked. Varsity won out by the large margin of eight goals, the score at the close being 13 to 5. The return game was played at Kingston on Friday, the 10th, when R.M.C. won by 6 goals to 3. As a result, Varsity won the championship by a margin of five goals. We take pleasure in congratulating Varsity on their victory.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor : Maretta Gordon.

On Friday evening, January the 13th, we had our annual sleigh ride, which is an event always looked forward to by the girls. As may be imagined, great excitement reigned in the school when the night for the drive came at last. About eight o'clock, the vans arrived, and everybody being carefully packed in, the merry party with songs and college "yells" drove all around the city serenading some of our college friends with various vocal productions, and it is to be feared, waking the inhabitants of many a sober household. On returning, everyone, cold from the long drive, was very appreciative of an oyster supper, which had been thoughtfully prepared during our absence. All voted the sleigh-ride the jolliest event of the season.

On January 16th the monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. Each month the society makes a study of some great man or some country. This meeting was one devoted to Shakespeare, his writings and his home. Mrs. Wallace gave us a very interesting talk on Shakespeare's birth place and his early surroundings at Stratford-on-Avon. The talk was accompanied by views, illustrating the places of interest.

In each school year one day is set apart for special prayer for colleges and Christian institutions. This year the day of prayer came on the 26th of January, and three services were held during the day. The first one held at ten o'clock was conducted by Mrs. Wallace. The eleven o'clock service was lead by Rev. Mr. Webb, of the Western Baptist Church, and the evening services by Dr. Perry, of Jarvis Street Church.

On Friday evening, January 27th, Mrs. Wallace gave a skating party for the members of the fourth year. The evening was fine and the ice splendid, making up in quality what was lacking in quantity. After a couple of hours of delightful skating, the guests were invited to the drawing rooms to enjoy a social hour. This event is one, which reminds the senior that the events which mark the school year are quickly passing by.

We were pleased to have with us in our Wednesday night prayer meetings this month, Dr. Bates and Professor Cross, who both brought helpful messages and encouraging words.

On Friday evening, February 3rd, a school recital was given in the chapel by the vocal and instrumental students. These recitals which are held quite frequently, are given with the view to making the students feel more confidence in themselves.

With the beginning of February is the commencement of a new term. The second term examinations, which were written the last week in January, are now a thing of the past, except as we are reminded of the fact by the appearance of new results as they are posted on the bulletin board.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor : W. J. Chalk.

The Christmas examinations took place between the 15th and 20th December. The College closed for the vacation on the 20th December, and re-opened on the 5th January.

Since the re-opening of school we have had the pleasure of welcoming a number of new students into our midst. We hope

that they will enter into the life of the school with a spirit worthy of this College, and be a help to others as well as being benefited themselves.

THE election of officers for the last half of the College year took place in the literary societies on Friday evening, January 13. The results of the elections were :—

The Philomathic Society—N. Shaffer, president; T. Richards, vice-president ; H. Miller, secretary ; D. A. McKerricher, B.A., critic ; C. Manning, editor : E. Brock, associate editor.

The Excelsior Society—C. Evans, president ; L. McCrimmon, vice-president ; J. Gomez, secretary ; J. W. Russell, M.A., critic ; E. Newton, editor ; E. Warren, associate editor ; W. Hawkins, marshal.

THE election of officers took place in the Debating Society on Saturday afternoon, January 14th, and resulted as follows : President, J. Hind ; vice-president, E. Brock ; secretary, R. Clarke ; marshal, C. Manning. Members on the executive—N. McCausland, H. Firstbrook.

ON Friday evening, January 13th, the students of the College were entertained at a reception given by the ladies of the First Baptist Church. During the evening a short but excellent programme was rendered, after which the young people of the church took charge of the entertainment and served refreshments. The evening was very much enjoyed by the students, and only words of praise are spoken for the people in the First Baptist Church. Such occasions as these leave very pleasant memories with the student, and cause him to look back with much pleasure upon his life in Woodstock.

ON Thursday evening, January 26th, the regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held. Rev. H. E. Stillwell, returned missionary from India, gave a very interesting address. He spoke about his first impressions of the people of India, and how their character compared with the character of those brought up in a Christian country. During the meeting the College quartette rendered a couple of appropriate selections.

THE Evangelistic Band have begun their work for the year. Sunday, January 29th, and again February 5th, was spent at Folden's Corners. Deep interest was manifested at all the meetings, and conversions have been reported. The Band are looking forward to a season of much blessing in the meetings that are before them. The Band spent Sunday, February 12th, with the Baptist Church in Tilsonburg.

Rev. Thos. Bone, the well-known Welland Canal missionary, paid his annual visit to the College on Thursday evening, February 9th. Instead of having our regular prayer-meeting, Mr. Bone took charge, and in his own very interesting way related some of the incidents that took place on his field during the past summer. These annual visits by Mr. Bone are looked forward to with much interest.

The winter sports have been entered upon with a great deal of interest. The hockey matches in the city league are being hotly contested, thus adding interest to the sport. On Saturday evening, January 14th, the College team played their first match with the Aberdeens of the city league. The College team were victorious, the score being 3—0. Thursday evening, January 19th, our team was defeated in a match with the Limericks, the score being 2—0. On Wednesday afternoon, February 1st, the College team was again victorious, in a match with the Globes, the score this time being 4—1.

In the early hours of Monday, 23rd January, there passed forever from our midst the spirit of one of our most beloved boys, Ross Fisher. This was the culmination of a ten or twelve days' brave struggle against an attack of pneumonia. During the long, trying days and nights of illness, Dr. Fisher, his father; Mrs. Fisher, his mother; and Albert, his brother, watched lovingly and unremittingly by the sick bed. In the closing hours members of the faculty kept watch with the family over the young life as it passed out into another world. On Monday afternoon an appropriate and impressive service was held in the College Chapel. Principal McCrimmon and Rev. Mr. Rutledge, of the city, each delivered an address suitable to the occasion. The remains of our late companion were taken to the G.T.R. station, and thence conveyed by train to Wiarton, the home of the family. In the closing hours of his brief day it was Ross's great joy to accept Jesus as his Saviour and Master; and we believe that all feel the deep solemnity of the call to "be ready."

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

THE prize stories of the January MONTHLY have been read with much interest. While "The Tale of a Guinea Pig" seemed to captivate the minds of the young, the "Hero or Coward?" was highly appreciated by the older ones who read THE MONTHLY.

AFTER the holidays is the time we usually look for sickness. This year our fears were not in vain. Shortly after the opening of school a girl was taken sick with what proved to be diphtheria. Knowledge of this naturally caused no small amount of anxiety, both among scholars and teachers. This being an unwelcome visitor nothing was spared to drive it from our midst. After a quarantine of about two weeks all was over. When we think that out of a family of some 170 persons only six contracted the disease, and all are now restored to perfect health again, we certainly have great reason to feel thankful and exceedingly grateful to Him who doeth all things well.

ON Friday evening, the 10th of February, our Temperance Society held its regular monthly meeting. After the business part of the programme was over we all listened with interest to a well prepared debate on the subject, "Resolved, That women have done more for the cause of temperance than men." The speakers for the affirmative were Misses Alice Massé and Nora Malboeuf; for the negative, Messrs. Harold Kimball and Orvile Lemoine. These young debaters did justice to the subject and honor to themselves. In spite of all efforts made to prove that women have done the most for this great cause, it was decided by the judges of the evening that men have taken the lead.

SNOW-SHOEING is a growing sport at our school this winter. There are several of our boys and girls who indulge in tramps across our beautiful fields.

THERE has been an increased interest in hockey this year. So far our team has played three matches with outside teams. The first was played on our own rink, against our "Old Montreal Boys," on the 4th Feb. The score was 4 to 1 in favor of our present team. On Feb. 10 and 11 our team played "Sabrevois College" and "Montreal High School" teams in Montreal. The score of the first was 6 to 1 in favor of our boys, and that of the second 5 to 1 in favor of "Montreal High School." Our boys expect to play return matches with each of these teams.

Here and There.

EDITOR: J. B. McLAURIN, '05.

THE *Munroe College Monthly* is a new visitor with whom we are glad to exchange. It has literary worth, and represents a ladies' college, so we feel safe in recommending it to the student for perusal.

THE SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

The brief light wanes and the wind rises cold,
  The chill gray mist comes circling high and higher;
In the still shelter of the mountain-fold
  The lonely shepherd lights his evening fire.

But though he hears not human speech or cry,
  And though no welcome hand the door unbars,
He sits in old and loved society—
  Silence and sleep and the kind host of stars.

EMILY TAYLOR, *in "Poems."*

THE FRENCH EQUIVALENT.—A French Catholic was discussing some literary points with an English friend, and the latter observed that in all attempts at translation from one language to the other the finer shades of meaning must necessarily be lost. "Even in ordinary cases," he said, "how difficult it is to find really equivalent expressions, and when it is a question of how to render such a thing as a play upon words, the matter becomes hopeless. Take, for instance, such a quip as the famous answer to the query, 'Is life worth living?'—That depends on the liver!' How impossible it would be to turn that into French!" "Ah, mon ami," smiled the Catholic, "ce n'est qu'une question de foie (foi)."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"HERE is another example of faulty English," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric. "In this essay you have written, 'Her sight broke upon a landscape of entrancing loveliness.' How could any one's sight 'break upon' a landscape?" "She might have dropped her eyes," timidly suggested the young woman who had written the essay.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CORRESPONDENCE UP-TO-DATE. — First darkey—What you gwine to do dis winter? Second darkey—I'se gwine to teach. First darkey—What yo' teach? Second darkey—I'se gwine to teach chicken stealin' by correspondence.—*Ex.*

Oh who shall write the voyages down
Where dragon flies set sail and drown?
Who knows the rigging of the craft
Where fare the fat moths, drunk and daft?
Oh, come, historian of the sky!
Name us the navies of the fly,
And trace the pathways up the blue
Where prayers arise, where Ariel flew,
Which Shelley's sun-wooed skylark knew;
Show us the canvas, gossamer-thin,
Which wafts the dream-boat, Might Have Been—
Fathom the leagues of ether-sea,
And write the Odyssey of a bee!

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES, *in "On Life's Stairway."*

PITFALLS OF THE LANGUAGE.—There was a Frenchman who came to grief over his English grammar. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

PRAYER-PERFECT.

Dear Lord, kind Lord,
  Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
  Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
  Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
  Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
  All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
  Overflow again,
And with all the needy
  O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
  That is mine to-day!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, *in Reader Magazine.*

INSTRUCTOR—"What do you know concerning the ibis?" Student—"The ibis is the part of the eye immediately surrounding the cuticle."—*Chicago Tribune.*

An anonymous wit in *Punch* has his fling at university schools of commerce. In his dream the poet is transported to Oxford :—

MY DREAM.

[The Faculty of Commerce and Administration in the University of Manchester has just issued its first prospectus, giving its degree regulations and a syllabus of classes for 1904-5.]

The gray old pile that once was known
As Univ. was no more,
And on its ancient site had grown
A universal store :
Here freshers sold you pounds of tea,
There smart shop-walking scholars
Were bidding Madam pause and see
The latest thing in collars.

Across the road I cast my eyes :
Behold, All Souls' had fled,
And in its place I saw arise
A corrugated shed.
Steam jets were spitting here and there,
Machinery was flying,
And these the words that met my stare :
The Oxford School of Dyeing.

On Magdalen next my glances fell ;
Smoke hung about it black ;
The tower had turned by some strange spell
Into a chimney-stack.
No need to ask how it was named,
Nor what the men were doing :
An overpowering smell proclaimed
The Oxford School of Brewing.

Two Christchurch men came down the street
Discussing their exams.
Quoth one, "I'm through in frozen meat,
But ploughed again in hams."
"Hard lines!" said Number Two ; "the Dean
Just told me I have taken
An alpha plus in margarine,
Although I'm gulfed in bacon."

. . . . . .

I started up ; my blood ran chill,
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy Alma Mater still
Lags centuries behind !
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain's youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge.

Be Brief.—The lesson of brevity in newspaper work has seldom been enforced so strikingly as in the following incident, recorded in the *Saturday Evening Post*:—A certain beginner in journalism picked up in a Southern town what seemed to him a "big story." He hurried to the telegraph office and "queried" the editor of a New York daily. "Column story on ———. Shall I send?" The answer arrived promptly: "Send six hundred words." This, to the enthusiastic correspondent, was depressing. "Can't be told in less than twelve hundred," he wired back. Then came this reply: "Story of creation of world told in six hundred. Try it."

Instructor (in despair)—"Well, at least you can tell me where the Magna Charta was signed? Student (cheerfully)—"Oh, yes! King John signed that at the bottom."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

In the February *Critic* M. Francois Coppée gives his "Recollections of Victor Hugo," describing among other things experiences in Paris during the siege, when Hugo and his literary friends were forced to indulge in horse-flesh. We think we may pay our readers—at anyrate surely the undergraduates—the compliment of supposing that they can easily understand the French of Hugo's joke as reported by M. Coppée:—

It was for Gautier's charming daughter that Hugo, who loved a joke, wrote at this time the quatrain in which he makes allusion to the horse-flesh which was then almost the only food of the Parisian:

Si vous étiez venue, ô beauté que j'admire.
Je vous aurais offert un festin sans rival:
J'aurais tué Pégase et je l'aurais faite cuire
Afin de vous donner une aile de cheval!

English Weather.—The following lines, which we clip from an English magazine, though new to us, are an old and humorous variation of a well-known rhyme:

"Dirty days has September,
April, June and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without one blessed gleam of sun,
And if any of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

THE "BRIDE" OF LEITH.

The "Bride" o' Leith swings out to sea,
  Breasting the snow-white foam,
And the pier is thronged with waving hands,
  For she has far to roam ;
Her sails are white in the morning light ;
  God send her safely home !

The captain's wife is lone at home,
  She spins full wearily,
And night and morn she kneels and prays,
  (So slow the moments flee),
"God prosper all good mariners
  That sail upon the sea !"

The "Bride" o' Leith steers home again,
  Not lightly does she ride,
There's goodly cargo in her hold,
  There's blood upon her side ;
In the trough of the sea her laden keel
  Rolls in the plunging tide.

There are folk who watch for a ship that ne'er
  Comes up within their ken,
Who watch for a goodly merchantman
  That shall ne'er come home again ;
There are maids in Portsmouth town to-day
  That weep for murdered men.

. . . . . .

The night was dark and the waves ran high,
  And loud the storm-wind's roar,
And, white and aghast, with one accord,
  The frightened seamen swore
They saw, through the mist-rack and the rain,
  A ship that went before.

No lights shone out from her looming side,
  No lamp at her masthead ;
No hail came over the boiling surf
  From the vessel of the dead ;
And a dead man stood at the helm and steered,
And the waves in her wake were red.

And, cowering down on the wave swept decks,
  Betwixt the night and morn,
They saw the hull of a drifting ship
  Close on them swiftly borne,
That the "Bride" o' Leith robbed days agone,
  And left to sink forlorn.

. . . . . .

The "Bride" o' Leith lies sunken deep,
  The avenger lieth nigh,
Through rotting spar and sail and rope
  The shuddering tides drive by,
And none shall know till the judgment day
  Where those who manned her lie.

C. Fox Smith, *in "Men of Men."*

MOTHER (to boy who has just received punishment by the paternal hand)—My son, don't you want to go to heaven when you die? Son—Not if father is going to be there.—*Ottawa Campus.*

THE following table shows the enrollment to date at our leading universities :—Harvard. 6,013 ; Columbia, 4,557 ; Chicago, 4,146 ; Northwestern, 4,007 ; Michigan, 3,726 ; California, 3,690 ; Illinois, 3,661 ; Minnesota, 3,550 ; Cornell, 3,438 ; Wisconsin, 3,221 ; Yale, 2,990 ; Pennsylvania, 2,664 ; Syracuse, 2,207 ; Leland Stanford, Jr., 1,370 ; Princeton, 1,383.

Yale University had 2,975 students last year ; Cornell, 3,457; Chicago, 4,463 ; Columbia, New York, 4,512 ; and Harvard, 5,066.

EVEN the student who rooms in an attic may look down on his neighbors.—*Ex.*

BERLIN University has more students than any other university in the world, 7,774 at present attending lectures. A noticeable feature at the Berlin and other German seats of learning is the decline in the number of theological students.—*Ex.*

SHE—"What book does a young man need most when he first goes to college?" He—"Depends upon his weight." "I don't understand you." "Well, if he's heavy enough to get upon the football team, the book he'll need most is 'First Aid to the Injured.'"—*Yonkers' Statesman.*

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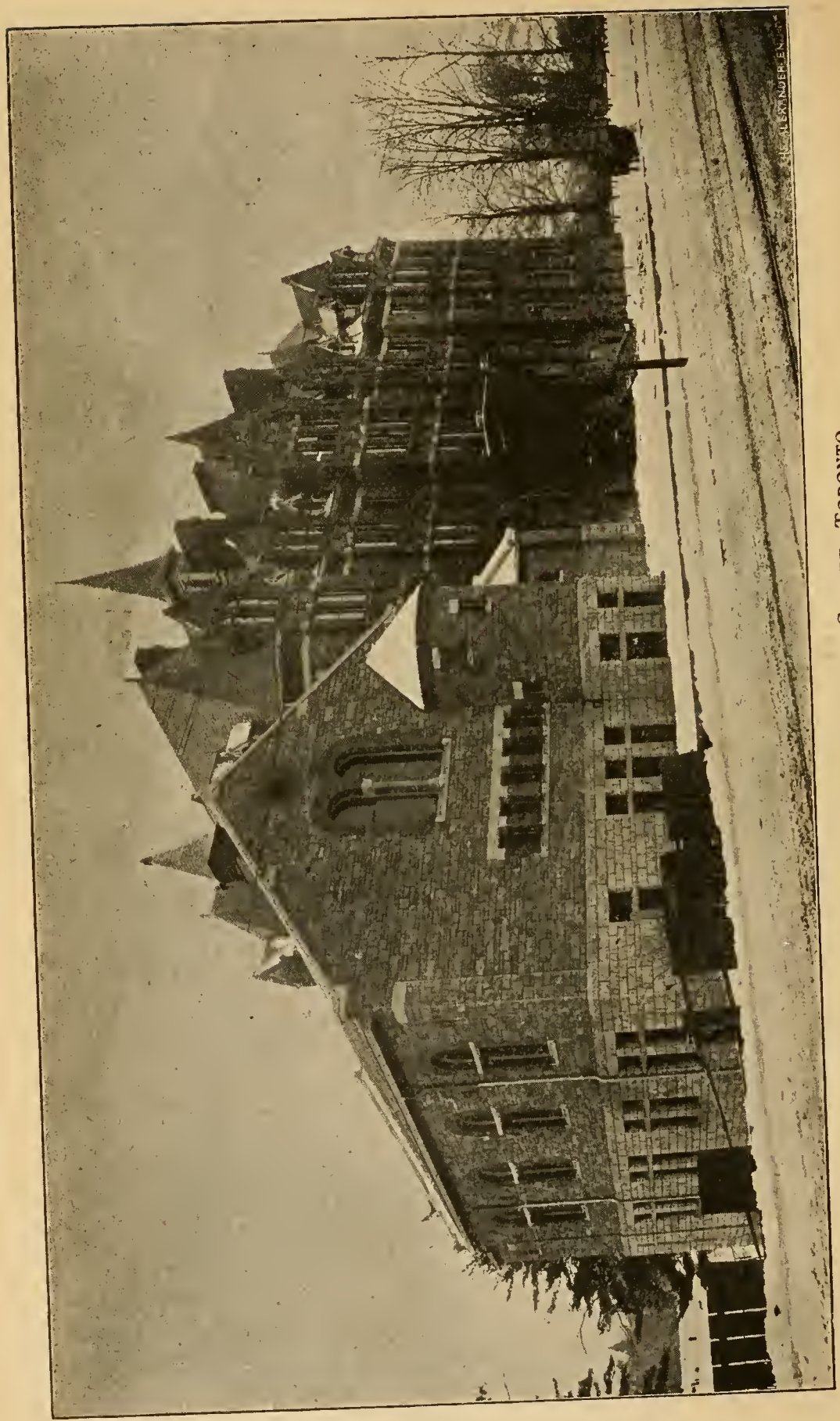

McMaster University, Bloor Street, Toronto.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1905.

McMASTER ABROAD: AT OXFORD.

"There was a clerke of Oxenford also
That unto logick hadde longe y-go."—*Chaucer.*

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

Since of McMaster graduates I believe I am the pioneer in these halls of learning that border on the Isis, I may perhaps claim the explorer's privilege of relating my impressions and adventures. And just to prove that I am still a Canadian and not an Englishman I am now writing to you, Mr. Editor, instead of to *The Times*. Other pens than mine must celebrate the praises of old Oxford, the glories of her past and her hopes for the future, the beauties of her landscapes and buildings and the excellencies of her educational system; other wits than mine must try to analyze the genial influences of the place and explain the marvelous hold that Oxford has upon her sons. My sole desire is to give voice to my impressions of student life here, so far as I know it, and to compare it with the life at McMaster, with which I may claim a considerable acquaintance.

Just a word about the Rhodes scholars. Of course they have been written into the ground, to use a vulgar expression, but like that fabled freak of mythology whose name wasn't Jones, but whose correct appelation I just now forget, they no sooner touch the ground than they are up again. The Rhodes invasion has taken place quietly and unostentatiously, at least so far as the scholars themselves have been concerned. Even the Americans have preserved a decorous modesty and an unnatural quietness of demeanor, *mirabile dictu!* Such has been the desire of all the

Rhodians to identify themselves with the orthodox student body of the university that they have endeavored to avoid all cliques, to conform to all customs of the place, and to ally themselves with such clubs and societies as were already in existence. Thus, though they are content in the meantime to work out their salvation along established lines, I do not think for an instant that they will lose any of their own individuality. Our reception in England has been very gratifying, dons and students and the public generally having manifested towards us a considerable degree of cordiality. To be sure the university authorities take some umbrage at being blessed with so large an addition to the student body as Mr. Rhodes provided without being correspondingly enriched with the means of educating them, but it is thought that the Rhodes trustees will come to the rescue and silence that complaint. It is already evident that this scholarship scheme has stimulated other benefactors, it being recently announced that Mr. Alfred Beit has donated to the university a sum of money for a chair of Imperial History and for substantial prizes for essays on Imperial topics.

Oxford town is not very impressive. The buildings in many parts of it show signs of acute decrepitude and look out on narrow, dirty streets that run helter-skelter in every direction. The main streets, viz., The High, The Broad, and Cornmarket, or The Corn, are the haunts of a numerous tribe of tradesmen of predatory instincts, yet marvelously subservient and genial withal in the matter of extending unlimited credit to the prodigal freshman. Happy is the student who has established an *entente cordiale* with them about the time he thinks of going up for his degree. It is the colleges that make Oxford such a centre of interest, not only to students but to tourists as well. With the exception of Keble they are all stone buildings, varying in age and style of architecture, but all manifesting a desire to realize the beautiful. Although to me, coming as I did from a land where everything wears an air of youth and freshness, some of the buildings at first seemed mere grimy crumbling walls, repeated observations soon changed my opinion, and a sense of their beauty began to grow upon me. As your readers are no doubt aware, there are twenty odd colleges in the university. These vary in size and reputation, and despite their amalgamation each retains a certain individuality of its own. Some offer special

attractions to students of a scholastic bent, others are noted for their fine football players, others for oarsmen, and still others lure those who love a genial life of Saxon good cheer. All of the colleges are well endowed, some being enormously wealthy, and it seems that at least half of the students are there by virtue of some scholarship. These are known as "scholars," and the other students are "commoners." These two classes are distinguished by the cut of their gowns, the former wearing long and the latter short gowns. The Rhodians are classified as commoners, since they do not hold scholarships from any particular college. The ignorance of a student in one college about the sister institutions is astonishing; often after three or four years of residence he has not been about to any of them unless compelled to go for certain lectures.

An Oxonian's method of life differs considerably from that of the McMaster undergrad. Most of the students dwell within college walls, while those who cannot be accommodated must live in lodgings that are licensed by the university authorities. Each student in college has two rooms, a large sitting or study room and a bedroom. These are furnished by the college, and the furniture is either bought or rented by the incoming tenant. Most of the colleges exact a sum of from twenty-five to forty pounds from each student when he registers. This is called "caution money," and is a sort of guarantee that he will keep the peace and not display a wantonly destructive spirit. A servant or "scout" looks after the wants of the student—keeps his room in order, calls him in the morning, brings his breakfast and luncheon to his rooms; in fact he does most everything for a fellow except his studying, and in all preserves a most becoming air of solicitude and subserviency. The scout's vocabulary conforms closely to that recommended by the Scriptures, but instead of saying, "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," he reiterates continually, "Yes, sir; thank you, sir." Dinner is the only meal of the day taken in common and is served at seven o'clock in hall.

The English freshman is as a rule about nineteen years of age. He is quite often a pretty raw-looking chap, and does not exhibit that spirit of independence and self-reliance so common in colonials of the same age. He comes to the university with a pretty fair knowledge of history, literature and classics, but his acquire-

ments in science and mathematics are, as a rule, very ordinary.

In the matter of dress the English student is not fastidious, and does not present as smart an appearance as his Canadian confrère of much smaller means. His predilection is for heavy fabrics, which, after being hacked and hewed by English tailors, give him an air of negligee and comfort not at all consistent with elegance. Hats are seldom worn in Oxford; tweed caps cover every head. Academical caps and gowns are not held in high esteem, and are never worn except where they are absolutely required. Gowns must be worn at lectures, chapel and hall dinner, and when making an official call on a tutor. The vocabulary peculiar to Oxford is strange and barbarous and not a little absurd. The master of a college is called the "magger." The "scouter," or scout, comes into a fellow's "bedder," or bedroom, in the morning and gets his order for "breakker," or breakfast. In the afternoon one plays "soccer" or "rugger," which terms being interpreted mean association and rugby. If one is a good oar he may finally be chosen to row in the "togger" or torpid. I even once heard one chap ask another if he intended to go to the "debagger" that night, by which he meant the debate.

The university authorities exercise a sort of patriarchal rule over the students as respects their actions and demeanor in public. A number of proctors and their assistants constantly prowl the streets in the earnest endeavor to apprehend and bring to justice any one who may offend against the statutes and customs of the university. This system of espionage is distasteful to those who are supposed to have reached years of discretion, and as applied to students of all ages I do not believe it tends to produce a strong moral character. It seems to me that it would be far better to point out the right course of conduct and endeavor to keep the students in it by precept and exhortation rather than by force, thus treating them as rational beings.

On coming to Oxford I was disappointed in one particular. I had expected to find each college comfortably situated in a fine big park all by itself and having expansive campuses round about. Instead of this the colleges are huddled together and open right upon the streets of the city, so that the only greenery about them is found in their quadrangles and gardens. The athletic grounds are scattered all about the town, in many cases at a considerable

distance from the colleges. Contrary to conditions in Canada, association football seems to take precedence over rugby, though both games have numerous devotees and are brought to a high state of perfection. English rugby is a much prettier game to watch than the Canadian game, being faster and more open. The English player wastes very little time in the scrimmage, he seldom tackles low or punts the ball, he passes freely and with great accuracy: these are the essential points in which he differs from his Canadian cousin.

Cricket, tennis and field-hockey engage the attention of many in their respective seasons, and even lacrosse is securing quite a foothold. Rowing, of course, heads the list among Oxford sports. It is exceedingly hard work and involves a perpetual grind, but in spite of all this it certainly has its compensations. Every athletic freshman is given a chance to show what he can do in the boats, being taken out at first in what is called a "tub" with an experienced oarsman. After four or five days of testing the weeding-out process begins, and if a man does not show good form he is simply told that he is no longer required at the boats. That ends his acquatic career for the ensuing year at least. Toward the end of November novice races are held, and from the various competing crews each college chooses the best men for the torpids, which are rowed in February. From the torpids another selection is made for the college eights, which engage in the famous bump races during "Eights-week" in May. Of the pleasures of "Eights-week" I have yet to learn. I understand that work is then at a standstill, and the whole time is devoted to rowing and the entertaining of one's friends who for this brief period make Oxford a gay town. Thus the system is a progressive one and well illustrates the theory of "the survival of the fittest." The afternoon is entirely given up to sports and recreation, there being no lectures after one o'clock.

One need not be very long in Oxford, or, indeed, in any part of England, to learn of the prevalent passion for athletics. Almost every man, woman and child plays some game or other, and the effect is patent to any observer. The Englishman—I speak of the upper and middle classes—is, as a rule, of fine physique, strong, active, full of courage, and with a boundless amount of endurance. The spirit manifested by the students in contests

is admirable. They are strictly honorable and fair, and their chief regard seems to be for the game rather than for the prize. Fees for the upkeep of the various clubs are, like everything else at Oxford, extremely high. The subscriptions to all the clubs are pooled together, and collected terminally along with other fees by the bursar. Of course, it is optional on the part of a student whether he shall pay these subscriptions or not; but moral suasion generally results in their payment.

The different grades of athletes are distinguished by various insignia. A man is entitled to wear a certain outfit when he has represented his college in any branch of athletics. When he has rowed in the torpids he gets a blazer with a peculiar insignia on it; after he has rowed in his college eight he receives a further decoration. But the most coveted distinction is what is called a "blue," and this is won only by men who represent the University as a whole. For football, rowing and boxing a man may get his "blue"; for other games less in esteem he may get his "half-blue." In all my wanderings around Oxford I have never heard anything like a college yell as we understand it. Though Englishmen may become excited in watching a contest, they don't give their feelings such voluble expression as Canadians do.

Examinations are held three times a year, and a student may stand his test any time he wishes, though he cannot go up for his final until he has kept residence for a certain number of terms. "A very convenient system—these exams.," a senior explained to me, "for if you're 'pipped' at one, all you need do is to take another shot at it next term." One hardship in the system, however, is that if a fellow is "pipped" or "ploughed" in any part of his examination, he is obliged to try the whole thing again. Most tests of this kind have an oral as well as a written part, and are conducted by men whose whole time is devoted to such work.

Altogether, life at Oxford is exceedingly pleasant and easy. The emphasis seems to be placed rather on culture and social amenities than on the mere acquirement of practical knowledge and the stern realities of life; and thus the system is eminently adapted to the education of those who have the dignified role of "English gentleman" to play in after years.

Having now dealt with such a disagreeable subject as examinations, I am sure that the industrious reader who may have per-

severed thus far, will be quite willing to have the curtain drawn on this inadequate picture of Oxford. I can only hope that I have not distorted any of the details of the picture. Life at Oxford is by no means ideal, but there is much, nevertheless, that is helpful and inspiring, and I trust, Mr. Editor, that ere many months pass McMaster will send yet others of her sons to share in its benefits.

Fraternally yours,

R. V. Bellamy, '02.

A TALE OF ONE SHIRT.

Second Prize—Graduate Competition.

Do not think the boy was called One Shirt because he had only one garment of that order. To be exact, he had two—one for Sunday service in the church-tepee, the other for ordinary wear—so much alike that he seemed to be always wearing the same one. So it was only natural for the white folks to dub him One Shirt, although his real Sioux name was Shunka Gee, or Brown Dog.

One Shirt had hair as black as a crow's wing at midnight, cheek bones that aped his nose in prominence, a large, bulging mouth, and a skin the color of iron evenly touched by rust; so far he was of out-and-out Sitting Bull stock. But a lively cunning that darted from his eyes—and they were blue!—a faint rosinesss glowing beneath the rusty skin, and a certain roguish energy of movement, betrayed a strong flow of white blood in his veins. Blood and birth, however, were but a small portion of One Shirt—he was mostly shirt.

It was a most interesting shirt. So long was it, that all one could see of its occupant was head above and moccasins below; and in hue so like the boy's skin that it was hard to tell exactly where shirt ended and boy began. Large enough for a whole family of papooses, it fell around the boy's form like the wrinkled jacket on a baked potato. But One Shirt himself was wholly disgusted with his distinguished attire. And no wonder; for whenever he chased a jack-rabbit into a bluff, the tail of the shirt

always caught on a projecting branch and held him fast. Of course, the rabbit got away. Besides, only pants were *a la mode* for papooses of his age. Nothing but pants would satisfy One Shirt ; and thereby hangs the tale.

With great excitement, one chilly fall morning, the boy saw the white missionary enter his mother's tepee carrying a small-sized suit of clothes on his arm. One Shirt followed him inside, with his eye covetously separating the pants from the coat, and wondering who was to be the lucky papoose. Scarcely had he entered when his mother gave him a cuff, seized him by the neck of his shirt and threw him bodily outside. No prying papoose was to insult her honorable guest.

But being outside was no obstacle to hearing what went on inside, for a small boy's ear and a crevice can accomplish wonders in that line.

"Good day," said the white in Sioux.

The squaw grunted.

"How old is your papoose, Brown Dog?"

"Ten winters next Moon of Cold."

"It's time, then, he was going to the Indian school. I'll take him there to-morrow along with Black Horse's two papooses, if you'll let him go."

One Shirt's heart sank within him. The visit was not about pants after all, only about school, that hateful place where the papooses had to wear hard, stiff boots and eat from dishes and off a table.

At length the squaw asked, "How much?"

"Nothing."

"But how much you give?"

"Give you? You ought to be glad to get all this for nothing."

"How much?" The squaw was dogged.

"We'll give Brown Dog these clothes."

"Good. And how much you give me?"

"Well, a blanket."

"Good. Take him when you like——and keep him."

It was then arranged that the missionary was to hold a short service for the Reserve that evening in the tepee, and afterwards was to clothe One Shirt in his new apparel and take him away to school.

The conversation over, One Shirt vanished into the thick bluff like a gopher popping into his hole. There he held a council of war with himself. A complicated proposition faced him. How could he avoid the evil, school, and at the same time gain the good, pants? What were the relative values of school and pants? Was the pleasure of the one commensurate with the discomfort of the other? His decision was prompt and pointed: "I'll have the pants, and without going to school for them, too."

At the hour arranged the missionary came, bringing Black Horse's two papooses. He seated them in a far corner, laid a pair of pants and a coat on an old grocery box fastened cupboard-like to the wall near the door, and ran his eye over the congregation. The dim light struggling through the dirty pane of a little west window showed that most of his parishioners were on hand, squaws, bucks, and papooses of both sexes, either squatting or stretched out flat on the earthen floor. Black Horse was already sound asleep and snoring loudly, although the service had not yet begun. Wide awake and in the very front squatted One Shirt and his mother, visibly impatient for the service to get under way.

At last the missionary closed the door, and announced the Sioux version of the hymn "Yield not to Temptation." He led off with great vim and was vigorously followed by all present—except, of course, by One Shirt, who was otherwise occupied. By the time the hymn was over, the stove in the centre of the tepee, together with the heat engendered by such energetic singing, made the place so hot that the white man threw open the door. At that instant One Shirt, unseen by the missionary, with the quick, slippery movement of a coyote, moved to a spot just beneath the box on the wall and settled down as if quite unconcerned with anything else than the service. In a moment the missionary folded his arms, tipped his head back, closed his eyes tightly, and began talking in a loud voice. One Shirt saw with pleasure that nearly everybody copied him as far as the closing of the eyes was concerned. The hour for action had arrived.

One Shirt looked around him cautiously. An old buck on his right had just wakened; one of Black Horse's papooses was peeking. He must wait a little. But the next minute the buck fell asleep again and the papoose looked the other way. By a second hasty survey One Shirt assured himself that the coast was

clear. With that he rose suddenly to his toes, as a bow straightens when the cord is cut, and stretched out a grimy hand to grasp the pants just above him. Horrors! he felt nothing, not even the box. He was too short. Simultaneously with that discovery he crouched double, shot himself upward as from a gun, seized the pants, and—contrary to calculations—fell in a kicking heap on the bowed head of a devout old squaw. The latter uttered a piercing scream, while One Shirt disappeared through the open door. In his surprise he left the precious garment on the floor behind him.

The prayer ended abruptly. The missionary lit a spluttering lamp, by the light of which he discovered and pieced together several facts—the squaw's bewilderment, the nowhereness of One Shirt, and the fallen trousers—and located the trouble. He replaced the garment on the box and devoutly continued the service.

To One Shirt defeat was not discomfiture. Quite unruffled in spirit he went a little to the west of the tepee, tucked his warm shirt around him, and squatted on his haunches just as any mischievous little brown dog would do. There he thought and thought as only a half-breed boy can, watching the smoke that curled from the stove-pipe of his home and clouded the rising moon till it took on the dull hazy glow of a bed of embers. On just such a night, a year before, he recalled, he smoked out a litter of young foxes yonder on the prairie. His memory stopped short. The recollection brought with it a plan.

The log walls of his tepee were but unevenly plastered, and showed many a chink. Up to this the boy crept, placed a moccasin in a chink, and, using his hands similarly, quickly drew himself up to the slightly-tilted roof. Serpent-like he crawled over to the stumpy stovepipe, deliberately he doubled the excess length of his wonderful garment beneath him, and sat lightly on the top of the pipe with as much coolness as on a chair.

The speaker below was describing, in simple and vivid Sioux, some awful place to which all bad people would go some day, a place of endless fire and choking smoke, when, to One Shirt's satisfaction, a squaw coughed. Others followed in a chorus. Somebody gave the stove a wild poke, and suddenly there was a stampede for the door. As with a single bound the little half-breed reached the ground, jerked open the little west window and jumped unnoticed into the midst of the confused company. With

another bound he snatched the pants and flew out of the door. The missionary, who was poking at the stove, turned around at the scurrying sound, but all he saw was the tail of a brown shirt passing into the night with amazing swiftness. That was, indeed, a tell-tale.

The white man dropped his poker and started out in hot pursuit. The little brown thief was just diving into the bluff. Crash, crash, he burst through the willow underbrush with the speed of a half-grown fawn. A shallow slough lay before him. He flew over it like a frightened wild duckling and dashed through the bushes on the other side until he reached the open. When, a few minutes later, the missionary emerged at the same spot, he saw his quarry far ahead on the moonlit prairie galloping like a scared coyote straight towards the river bush.

In the open the white man knew that the advantage lay with him and doubled his pace accordingly, so that One Shirt, on turning a minute later for a survey of affairs, found the distance between them diminished at least by half. Fortunately for him a little bluff of scrub oaks stood near, as it were a sentry of the wood beyond. In this the boy was soon hidden from the missionary. But instead of penetrating it, as the rustling of branches heard from without seemed to indicate, he wriggled noiselessly back to the edge where he had entered, and, the moment the other was among the trees, slipped out and started for the river with the speed of Hiawatha's moccasins.

But the pursuer's next glimpse of the pursued was reassuring rather than otherwise. One Shirt, evidently forgetful of his cunning in the moment of victory, was just entering a long, tapering tongue of land around which the river looped and made a perfect trap. Still, the boy kept straight on. Counting the crisis of the race over, the white man followed up with less haste. At last he spied the boy ahead of him standing on the extreme point of land and looking helplessly around him. He walked leisurely to his captive.

Captive? Would you have thought One Shirt a captive had you seen him pick up a stout cudgel, hastily wrap the pants around it, fling them thus weighted over the stream, and then paddle dog-fashion to the other side, where he carelessly sat down on his haunches and watched the expression on the missionary's face change from one of frowning reproof to one of appreciative humor? Captive? But this is just what One Shirt did, and also how he got his pants without going to school for them.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Third Prize—Undergraduate Competition.

Not seldom, in this evil world, a human conscience, when its owner arrives at, say, thirty years of age, seems to reach a condition in which, apparently, complete recovery from even a serious wound is not only possible but rapid. Thus it came about that Jacob Jarrett was setting out for his office, not downcast and uneasy, but in the best of spirits : and a radiant, English June morning was no hindrance to such a mood.

Jacob Jarrett lived in London. He was employed in one of the multitude of warehouses that do business in the great English metropolis, and though young, being a man of industry and no little ability, he had been placed in charge of a department and was quite evidently making headway in the world ; and many were the plans he was drawing for the future. Recently he had secured a comfortable house in St. John's Wood. There were trees front and back, and the high, formidable-looking brick wall, which surrounded everything, shut out the world and made his abode that secluded home an Englishman loves. Here he dwelt with his wife and their child, a boy of seven.

On arriving at the office, Jarrett's first task was to attend to the not inconsiderable pile of letters that lay on his desk awaiting his coming. After opening several of the ordinary business type, his astonished eyes read a missive which ran as follows :—

"Box 1172,
"G. P. O.,
"London,
"June 2, 18—.

"Dear Mr. Jarrett,—

"It is with much diffidence I am putting pen to paper. I have the privilege of claiming friendship with you, and therefore take this step, no doubt very bold under the circumstances, of writing to warn you of serious danger. I fear, from a remark I overheard yesterday, that an important secret in your life has become known to an outsider.

"You will, doubtless, wonder I do not sign my name. My reason is that I feel it best for all concerned, yourself not least, that I should remain unknown until I learn how you will look upon my knowing of this affair.

"However, if you are willing to confide in me, I shall be glad to make myself known at once, and shall count it a high privilege to be of any service possible.

"I fancy prompt action may do a good deal."

As might be expected on reading such words, Jacob Jarrett's peace of mind took to itself swift wings; his sleeping conscience awoke; in his imagination disturbing pictures of newspaper headlines and public shame formed themselves.

"It was queer he didn't sign his name—yet perhaps it was understandable—a man doesn't like to get mixed up in a bad business if he can help it," mused Jacob. Then, impulsively, "I'll try and see him—there may be a chance yet," and, suiting the action to the word, he penned a reply to Box 1172. And an ill-fated act it proved.

Behind this anonymous letter were facts which Jacob Jarrett had no means of knowing, else might his mind have rested easy. The sender was a total stranger, a mere adventurer trying to "raise the wind." It was his custom to hang about public places listening closely to conversation. A chance remark from Jarrett's lips had set him thinking. Enquiries revealed that Jarrett was decidedly prospering in the world, but nothing seemed amiss in spite of that seemingly suspicious word or two. "However, most people have a skeleton in the cupboard," said this fellow, so the letter was sent, cunningly worded for its purpose. Jacob's reply made it sufficiently clear that there had actually been some serious misdeed—though of what nature there was no hint. The result was that, instead of an interview, Jacob immediately received another letter as follows:—

"Sir,—

"What you have done is known. To avoid exposure you will send the sum of £5 to the above address.

"You have till to-morrow at 12, noon, to make up your mind.

"Attempt to make any enquiries as to the identity of the sender of this, and you will be exposed forthwith."

Jacob Jarrett's hands shook as he read, and read again, the alarming words; he felt his brow grow damp, his brain whirl so that he could not see clearly familiar objects in the office; but anyone noticing something strange in his appearance at that trying moment would have presently seen him pull himself together and go on with his letter-opening with apparent unconcern, for Jacob Jarrett was no weakling. However, when he had read the next letter twice, he had to confess to himself that he did not know a word that was in it. He glanced round at his fellow-clerks, and began again, but, try as he might, it was sorry work.

The bright weather enjoyed the day before had disappeared, clouds had stolen over the sky and rain was beginning to fall.

"What a brute of a hole this place is," Jarrett growled as he stepped into the street at dinner-time and banged the door behind him. From sheer force of habit his feet carried him to his accustomed lunching place on the Strand; but when he reached it he testily turned on his heel and passed out again into the wet and miserable streets, oblivious of everything except his troublesome thoughts.

Naturally business went badly that afternoon, but at last six o'clock came and Jacob was free. He rode inside the 'bus on account of the rain which still steadily fell. Half-an-hour of uncomfortable rattling and bumping in the crowded conveyance brought him to his journey's end. The affectionate greeting with which his wife and child bade him welcome proved very hard to bear that evening, for although Jacob had become a hard man by contact with a hard world, he was not altogether bad, nor lost to every tender influence. He had married one of the most lovable of women, and while he looked into her pure face he trembled to think of the dark cloud that hung over the household.

That night the unhappy man slept not at all, and arose with the first sign of daylight troubled and unrested. The £5 had been sent, but he realized that that did by no means settle the matter—it was but the beginning. Through the long hours of darkness Jarrett endeavored to recall some circumstances which would reveal the identity of this person who had learned his secret.

Hour after hour his mind wrestled with the problems before it, and the terror of his position grew with considering it.

In the morning, in spite of lowering clouds and a chill, damp wind that seemed to cut into the very marrow of the bones, Jarrett took his seat on top of the 'bus; the cold wind was an advantage —it kept others from riding on top.

"Bad mornin', this 'ere—threat'nin'," remarked the driver, and Jacob entirely agreed with him, as the 'bus jolted uneasily through the comfortless streets. As Jarrett's glance fell upon the horses pulling the heavy vehicle, he envied them.

Several weeks went by without further developments, but this silence only added anxiety to anxiety. His secret was the property of another, Jacob could have no peace. It was like sitting over a powder magazine, every moment expecting an unseen hand to apply the match. "How ill you are looking!" said Jacob's wife again and again, with an upward, questioning inflection of her voice, while she gently pressed his hand. But her husband resolutely refused to take medical advice. "Pills and bottles of medicine can't cure *me*," he said to himself; and besides he had no wish to come under the keen scrutiny of an experienced physician, for doctors know that a bodily malady is sometimes but the outward sign of the sickness of the spirit.

The restless weeks of waiting were ended by another letter in the same hand. It ran this time with a mocking politeness :—

"My Dear Sir,—

"Your kind favour of 5th ult. duly received. Many thanks. Accept assurances that the £5 came in very handy. Please forward £50 before to-morrow at 12, noon.

"Sorry to see you are not looking well."

This mocking, brutal letter was as an extra turn of the handles to a man enduring the tortures of the rack.

The £50 was sent. "What else can I do?" asked Jacob despairingly as he mailed the envelope with a quivering hand.

Another period of suspense ensued, but when it was broken the price of silence was put at £100, and within two days more a fourth anonymous message called for £500.

Jarrett was now close to despair. He had been trying to

keep up appearances before the world, and—what was far more difficult—before his wife. But his ruin could not now be put off much longer. He began to seriously take account of several dismal alternatives which presented themselves.

Having dismissed as impossible that of doing away with his persecutor, for the sufficient reason that he was unable to find him, first, he might give himself up to the police. This would probably result in the arrest and punishment of his enemy ; but it would also mean the keenest suffering and disgrace for his wife and their child. There was still one place in Jacob's world true and dear ; it was within those high, gray walls in St. John's Wood. "My God ! that I could pay all the penalty *in myself;* but I can't !" cried poor Jarrett.

He might disappear from London. "Why not go out to America and begin all over again," he asked himself. "That would mean Nancy must know," he went on. "But why tell her ?—her friends would look after her, no doubt—she conld forget about me," meditated Jacob ; then he groaned aloud in his torment of soul. "No ! No !" he said.

"Then why not—oh, awful thought—why not quietly dispose of her and the boy : and then fly—it would save a world of sorrow. But such a deed ! What a hell of torment would be in my soul for ever after—and perhaps they'd catch me, though that wouldn't matter much."

"Then, do away with myself too ? But why not do that without harming them ?" and there rose up in Jarrett's disordered mind a vision of grim Blackfriars' Bridge at night, the murky waters of the Thames flowing beneath the arches. "Yes, kill myself," he went on, now almost beside himself, "kill myself before the money is all gone !"

Day upon day, and night upon night, since the coming of the letter demanding £500, the unhappy man turned over and over in his aching brain these melancholy alternatives, now inclining towards one, now another. He was fast becoming incapable of anything like sober reasoning : he battled that he might save the two souls he loved amid all his distresses, but he felt, do what he might—that he was to be their utter ruin, he himself in spite of himself. His unbalanced mind found itself becoming permanently possessed by the dreadful idea of making a violent and bloody

end of everything. He said he could not : yet his tumultuous brain continually dwelt upon the terrible thing, until this bewildered, lost soul began to feel stealing over it, not a dread of the deed, but a strange and horrible fascination in the contemplation of such a tragedy. Jacob Jarrett was two men. He knew how wrong the thoughts were ; he knew how futile to earn liberty or any good thing. He hated them with a loathing beyond description, yet he seemed compelled to indulge them. That very night he looked upon his gentle wife and child as they slept, and got out the razor and tested with his thumb its keenness ; but at the last moment his hand drew back, and they and he were saved. "Perhaps to-morrow I'll not be able to put the razor back," he said, shuddering. "O God ! I go mad ! I'm lost ! Hell is master of me ! "

Long ago Jarrett had lost all interest in his office work, and next day his employer summoned him to an interview. "I trust that we shall not find it necessary to conclude that we are better off without your services. I warn you that I shall not speak again, Mr. Jarrett. Good morning." Such was the termination of this painful interview.

The thoroughly overwrought man locked up his desk, left the office without a word, and stepped into the street with a dreadful resolve deep down in his heart. He kept muttering incoherently to himself, both fists clenched tight, as he strode rapidly along with an energy born of the fever of his mind. All that day he tramped the inhospitable streets of heedless London, and no face in all the hurrying hundreds that passed him, even so much as turned an eye upon him : had not every man his own life to live, his own problems to solve ?

That afternoon this letter, anonymous like the others, and addressed to Jarrett, was delivered in St. John's Wood :—

"Dear Sir,—

"This to thank you for the money you have been kind enough to provide me with from time to time. I have enough now for my purpose, namely, the purchase of a sheep station in Australia, so you will not hear from me again.

"I may tell you for your comfort that I am not to this day aware of any misdeed of yours. It was all a guess. Cheer up, I leave for Australia to-morrow."

At night-fall Jacob Jarrett stood before his house, and gazed at the door—he had no courage to open it. "How can I," he gasped, and his hand let go the door-knob. Yet what was the good in relenting—to relent was but to prolong and increase what was already unbearable.

"I'll do it," he said desperately. "May God forgive!" So the hand laid hold of the knob again, and Jacob Jarrett entered the house.

Poor Jacob's wife met him in the hall.

"Oh, Jacob, how strange you look!" she cried. What *can* be the matter?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Nancy," he said. "What's that in your hand?"

It was the letter. One glance at the address was enough. Jacob took the envelope and stuffed it, just as it was, unopened, into his pocket. "That devil won't get any more out of me—the game's up," he muttered under his breath, and he swore he *never* would look at that writing again. Over and over again that night an inward voice urged him to open that envelope, but he had made up his mind.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. On the following morning the papers came out with the startling announcement of a fearful crime in a house in St. John's Wood.

F. S. Beddow, '06.

DR. DRUMMOND AND THE "HABITANT."

The province of Quebec, with its old-fashioned laws, quaint customs, and provincial types of men and women, has been recognized since the days of Parkman as a province rich in what has been termed the "raw material of literature." Many writers have availed themselves of this material in recent years. Sir Gilbert Parker is one. His French-Canadian romances have given him an assured standing among contemporary novelists. In these romances he is, perhaps, most happy when he is portraying a vanished or vanishing type of the French-Canadian, as, for instance, his character Iberville in "The Trail of the Sword,"

who was of the opinion that there were but three things in the world worth doing—loving, roaming, and fighting. Until a few years ago Sir Gilbert was considered the only one worthy of notice in this particular field. But, within the last ten years, a new writer has appeared, who is winning his way into the affections of the reading public. This is Dr. Drummond. He has seen the literary possibilities of the "coureur de bois" and the "voyageur," and seized upon this type and introduced us to him in his dialect poems. In these poems the author keeps completely out of sight, and we have speaking to us from the printed page these artless French-Canadians.

Before going further, it may be interesting to note Dr. Drummond's career. William Henry Drummond was born in Ireland in 1854. He came to Canada at an early age, and was educated in Montreal High School and Bishop's College. He studied medicine, and at present occupies the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in Bishop's. He is an ardent sportsman and an influential member of several game clubs. "The Habitant" appeared in 1897, and "Johnny Courteau" in 1902.

Dr. Drummond has chosen to deal with a most attractive type of the French-Canadian. The "courier de bois" and the "voyageur," as a class, are strong and venturesome spirits, even though they are to a large extent uneducated, as we understand the word. Dr. Drummond draws attention to their hardy spirit in his preface to "Johnny Courteau" when he says :—

> "Remember when these tales you read
> Of rude but honest "Canayen,"
> That Joliet, La Verandrye,
> La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin
> Were all true "Canayen" themselves—
> And in their veins the same red stream,
> The conquering blood of Normandy,
> Flowed strong, and gave America
> Coureur de Bois and Voyageurs."

Anyone acquainted with the Doctor's sporting proclivities will find it easy to imagine him coming into contact with these rivermen and ramblers of the woods. Probably it has often happened that he has spent a night as the welcome and honored guest of one of these backwood pioneers, or sat by some bright camp-

fire on a northern trail listening to their stories. And a certain aloofness that always clings to an outsider has enabled him to perceive more clearly, with his poetic insight, the beautiful and the picturesque. Thus, I think, he has gathered these stories, and has overcome the limitations of their language in passing them on to us in poetic form. In consequence the "Habitant" stands out with perfect naturalness in his writings. The "Habitant" dialect, with its whimsical turns of expression, is preserved by the author, and drops freely and unrestrainedly from the lips of the speaker. And what an engaging character he is, with his animal spirits, simple philosophy, and childlike trust in the Bon Dieu !

He tells us of his boyhood days, when his father taught him river driving :—

> "Lak' small boy on hees lesson, I learn de way to han'le
> Mos' beeges' raf' is never float upon de Ottawaw."

Or about the drive itself, after the long, hard winter's work in the woods, when

> "De spring is set in steady, an' we get de log all ready,
> Workin' hard all day, an' night too, on de water mos' de tam,
> An' de skeeter, w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly nearly blin' us,
> Biz-biz-biz-biz all around us, till we feel lak' sacré dam.
>
> "All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top of house to cellar,
> Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's going right away,
> See hees fader an' hees moder, see hees sister an' hees broder,
> An' de girl hees spark las' summer, if she's not get mariée."

And with what *eclat* do the gang arrive home after the drive is over, "yellin' hooraw ! troo de village, all de horse upon de roune." And then the round of gaiety commences—the "beeg soirées," when "de whole paroisse she be invite," and the dancing is fast and furious :—

> "Away she go—hooraw ! hooraw ! plus fort Bateese, mon vieux
> Camille Besson, please watch your girl—dat's bes' t'ing you
> can do—
> Pass on de right an' tak' your place, Mam'zelle Dés Nous Maison,
> You're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not Telesphore Tagnon."

Just home from the shanty and the drive, with lots of money in his pocket, Napoleon's mind turns naturally to "de nice leetle Canadienne," and he wants to "mak' mariée on de church toute suite," But 'Poleon is long-headed in his wooing—he finds a girl whose father is well off:—

> —"she's fader, beeg farmeur, leev' noder side St. Flore,
> Got five—six honder acre—mebbe a leetle more—
> Nice sugar bush—une belle maison—de bes' I never see.
> So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak' de foolish me."

And when he has won Elmire, and the good curé married them in the church of St. Michel, 'Poleon tells us how they "leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year," until his wife dies and he now is only waiting for "mak' de longue voyage."

His life annals are short and simple, but, nevertheless, he manages to pass the years happily enough. Indeed it is his very nature to be content with whatever comes, convinced that the Bon Dieu knows what is best. If he has never married and settled down, but spent his years in the woods, lumbering, hunting, trapping, and fishing, does he grow taciturn and hard? Not at all. Entrenched in his optimism he makes a pleasant picture wherever he is. See him inside his snug little home in the forest while the storm king holds carnival out of doors. Hear him talk:—

> "I'm sitting to-night in ma leetle cabane more happier dan de king,
> An' ev'ry corner's singin' out wit' musique de old stove sing.
> I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm gate's open wide.
> But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm so long I was safe inside."

Of book learning he has very little, though he sees to it that his children are educated. And of course he is superstitious. Sit down beside him some night when the wind is shrieking through the pine-trees, and he will tell you, while he smokes his strong-smelling "tabac Canayen," of the time he saw "La Chasse Gal'rie"; or, crossing himself, he will tell you how he has heard his chum, who was killed on the Long "Soo," calling to him. But he is not ignorant. He gets a "Gazette" every week from Trois Rivères, which he has his daughter read to him. And he knows all about the exploits of de Salabery and his habitant

troops, or of the voyageurs on the Nile. And he knows of the money some make in "de beeg Yankee town." But that does not make him discontented, for he has learned the compensating value of the simple things of life, and accepts the limitations of his little world without complaint. About himself and his class he says :—

> " Dey don't mak' no monee, but 'tisn't fonny,
> For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—
> All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
> Dat's plaintee good healt', w'at de monee can't geev'.
> So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere,
> On farm by de reever, so long I was leev'."

Of course, the "Habitant" is not perfect. He has his imperfections like the rest of us. He is, perhaps, too fond of excitement. He likes his "coup" of "whiskey blanc," likes to buy raffle tickets and bet on horse-races. But these things are a very small part of him.

The appreciation with which Dr. Drummond's writings have been received is largely due to the fact that into the present day literature, so much given to delineating subtle and artificial characters, he has introduced genial and unsophisticated figures. And in decades to come, when the habitant has disappeared, new generations will make his acquaintance in those pages of Dr. Drummond, and enjoy, as we do, his bonhommie and happy faculty of looking on the bright side of life.

D. A. MacGibbon, '08.

CHARLES GIDEON BECK.

No greater gloom could have come to the professors and students of McMaster University than that caused by the sudden death of Charles Gideon Beck of Class '04, who died at his home in Toronto, on Thursday morning, February 9th, after a severe illness of only six days.

Mr. Beck was born in Delhi, in 1875, where he received his early education. About the time the boy was giving place to the

man he felt his life must be devoted to the ministry, and to this end he attended Woodstock College, graduating in 1899. The following fall he came to McMaster, and on completing the first year he served for a year or so the Maxville and Dominionville churches with great acceptance. He then returned to the University and graduated in Arts with Class '04, of which class he was president in his final year. Last fall Mr. Beck entered on his Theological course, and would have graduated next year had he survived. In December last the deceased was married to Miss Katherine, the only daughter of Mr. J. H. Cole, of Delhi. Their short period of married life was a rich foretaste of the happiness and usefulness which would have filled the future years had he been spared.

In addition to his studies Mr. Beck had charge of the Aurora and King churches, and also the leadership of the Evangelistic Band. No young man could stand the strain of so many responsibilities, yet all these burdens he bore and faithfully discharged in the name of the Master, until, like Him, he fell exhausted beneath the weight of the cross. To these tasks he gave himself with all the intensity of his nature, all the breadth and reach of his vision, all the steadiness and resolution of his purpose, all the faith and courage of his spirit. He was a born evangelist; with firmness, yet gentle and kind; with the courage of his convictions, yet ever responsive to truth; with a passion for souls, yet always wise and cautious in leading them to Christ. He was a leader of men, and literally poured out his soul that he might lead them to the fountain of eternal life. Just two days before he died his mind was on the pending revival in Aurora, and turning to the writer he said: "Tell them to hold the fort until I come." Truly he was a soldier of Christ ever found in the fighting line. No wonder that the intense and constant putting forth of energy told upon his nerves and weakened his constitution. No wonder that the physical machinery began to fail and the lamp of life to flicker and fade ere half his days were spent. "Never did a man serve in the vineyard of the Lord more worthy to be called a 'laborer' than he during the years he was permitted to live."

A memorial service was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the Friday afternoon. It was a solemn, impressive service. His favorite chapter, John XIV., was read, and his favorite hymns

sung. Dr. Goodspeed and J. R. Coutts, B.A., on behalf of the faculty and students, spoke of Mr. Beck's life and influence during his college days. At the close both students and professors went in procession to the late home of the deceased, a short service being conducted by Chancellor Wallace before proceeding to the Union Station, where the remains were sent to Delhi for burial.

On Saturday afternoon a funeral service was held in his home church at Delhi. Rev. Prof. Cross represented the faculty and preached a powerful sermon to a large and responsive audience. Mr. E. J. Bingham, '07, read the Scripture, and Rev. J. M. Cornwall, B.A., of Hamilton, and at one time a college room-mate of deceased, led in prayer. H. H. Bingham, B.A., spoke on behalf of the student body. During the service the six students who acted as pall-bearers sang his favorite hymn :

"O love that will not let me go,
I yield my flickering torch to thee ;
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

A few moments later, as we stood by the open grave and viewed the wreaths and profusion of flowers placed there by faculty, students and friends, we looked beyond the flowers and open tomb and drank in the spirit of the man whom God had called home ; and our prayers, could they have found expression, would have been in the language of the poet :

"I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

Although the body sleeps after the morning of toil, yet his spirit lives and lingers with us. We hear his strong appeals still beseeching men to follow the Christ. Service, manhood and Christlikeness were the keynotes of his life which ever kept his soul in harmony with God. Yes, with his spirit lingers also

"His thoughts that climbed the hidden mount,
His words that brought the fire down
Ring still across the valley's din :
'Come, serve ! this is life's very crown.'"

HERBERT H. BINGHAM, '04.

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Editorial Notes.

WE are glad to welcome Chancellor Wallace back to our midst after his three weeks' attack of grip. The hearty cheers that greeted his first appearance at chapel was an evidence of our pleasure at his re-appearance in his accustomed place. We trust that he may soon fully recover his strength, and feel ready for the tasks that will engage his attention as leader in our educational work.

THE annual Commencement Exercises of the University will be held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 3 to May 5. The names of the speakers are a guarantee that the occasion will be one of exceptional interest. Rev. J. J. McNeil, B.A., of Winnipeg, is to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon, and Rev. Canon Cody, of Toronto, is to deliver the Educational Address. Mr. McNeil's reputation as a preacher is too well known to require anything to be said about him. He is the first graduate of McMaster to be honored by an invitation to deliver the baccalaureate sermon, and well deserves the honor. Rev. Canon Cody is also well known among Baptists. He took a brilliant course at the University of Toronto, and is now both professor in Wycliffe

College and rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, where Sunday after Sunday he preaches to crowds that fill the enlarged church to overflowing. In addition to the regular University functions, there will be, as usual, the meetings of the Alumni Association, announcement concerning which will shortly be made. We understand that the members of "Century Class" are arranging for a re-union. It is to be hoped that they may be able to foregather in large numbers at their Alma Mater, and that their example may inspire the members of other classes to do likewise. Arrangements will be made for reduced rates on the railroads. Let us all try to make this year's exercises the best in the history of the University.

LATE numbers of *The Westminster* have contained contributions from graduates of McMaster, which, to say the least, have not been the most uninteresting articles in that excellent magazine. THE MONTHLY takes pleasure in noting the continued success of *The Westminster*, and wishes to commend the policy of its editor in developing young Canadian talent. During the past year the contents of the various issues have surpassed those of any previous year. The privilege of giving its readers two such excellent sketches of Canadian life as "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor, and "Duncan Polite," by Marian Keith, is surely one in which the editor of a Canadian magazine has every reason to feel a large degree of satisfaction. The other departments have also been on a high level. In particular, the illustrated historical sketches of our Canadian cities have been full of interest and value. So, too, the studies of Biblical and religious topics surpass anything appearing elsewhere in Canadian journals. We congratulate our contemporary on its past achievements, and trust that it may find many readers in all parts of Canada.

THE world has lately been talking a good deal about Dr. Osler's dictum that a man does his best work before forty, and that at sixty it is time for him to "shuffle off this mortal coil" by taking chloroform. An American newspaper has reprinted some passages from a largely unknown poem of Longfellow which are extremely apposite to the matter under discussion. Inasmuch as

they were read at Bowdoin College on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, they have academic associations that, apart from their intrinsic value and timely interest, make them well suited for republication in the pages of a college magazine. They are from a poem entitled "Morituri Salutamus" :—

"It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years;
And Theophrastus at four-score and ten,
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.
What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

Correspondence.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinion of correspondents. In all cases correspondents must send their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Graduates and undergraduates are invited to express their mature opinions on matters of general interest to the members of the University.

THE INCREASE OF CLASS SPIRIT.

To the Editor of The Monthly.

Dear Sir,—From an acorn may come an oak, and apparently insignificant trends of thought or life in a nation or a school may produce great results. It is with no intention of sounding a violent note of alarm that these few words are written, but simply to call attention to a phase of McMaster life which is on the increase, and which, in the opinion of the present writer, augurs little good to that much-prized life. The evil to which I refer is the abnormal growth of class spirit.

It is not easy to cite many definite facts which would point to an unhealthy class spirit. It is, perhaps, true that there have been no open disagreements between years *as years*. If these had occurred they would have rendered the writing of this letter unnecessary. But few McMaster men will deny that the feeling between the different years is one of such strong rivalry that at times it almost amounts to unpleasantness. The writer has frequently heard it stated that certain men or certain years prize the welfare of their year so highly as sometimes to be blinded to the best interests of the University. If these things are true, even in part, it is time for a change. McMaster has won for herself an enviable place among the colleges of Toronto in athletics, in debating, and in other lines. We have fewer students than most of the colleges. Our advantages are no greater, possibly less. To what do we owe our position? A professor in one of the colleges of the University of Toronto told the writer some time ago that he believed we owed much to our exceptionally strong *esprit de corps*. In our McMaster spirit we find, in no small degree, the secret of our success. The abnormal year spirit must exist, if it exists at all, in opposition to the university spirit. Without doubt moderate year rivalry in sports and debating is healthy, and in a degree essential. But when, in advancing its own interests, a year forgets the good of the University, harm must and shall result. The writer does not refer to any one year, nor to any particular events, though there are events fresh in all our memories which prove his statements. He merely wishes to point out that an unmoderated class feeling is a growth that must, in time, affect adversely the life of McMaster—her *esprit de corps*. Let us be loyal, but let us be loyal on broader lines. Yours truly,

PAX.

McMaster Hall.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

OUR dream editor informs us that the recent appearance of a cat in the chapel during service is not an omen of a cat-astrophe.

PROFESSOR IN ASTRONOMY—"I'll not promise to make this clear to you. If I leave you in the dark—well, you were there before, anyway."

A NEW QUANTITY THEORY.—Although we may not hold to the quantity theory of money as applied to a nation, *i.e.*, that prices are determined by the relation between the amount of goods on the market and the amount of money in circulation, we are quite sure that we are right when we assert that prices are high or low, individually, according to the quantity of money that one has in his pocket-book.

STUDENT, who is looking toward divinity, in Political Economy of the third year—"Now, professor, suppose I had $10,000!" Collapse of Juniors as the professor replies, "Impossible supposition."

PROFESSOR in third year Bible, discoursing on feet-washing—"How do you account for the great denominations not following the ordinance of feet-washing?" Theological student—"In private, sir?"

STUDENT, with divinity tendencies, reading an essay on volcanoes, in third year Geology—"The moanings of the dead after the great eruption were beyond description." And someone on the back row is still wondering.

CONGRATULATIONS!—THE MONTHLY extends congratulations to two of our undergraduates, Mr. W. L. McKinnon and Miss Winnifred Phillips, both of '06, who were married on the evening of February 2nd, by Rev. C. W. King, of Parliament Street Baptist Church. We wish them a long, prosperous and happy married life.

A NUMBER of Sophomores were immeasurably relieved one day recently to hear a professor remark :—"Better to have gone to the university and loafed, than never to have gone at all."

THE only championship won by McMaster this year is that brought home by our ladies. We always did think a lot of our "co-eds," and we doff our hats to them with increased respect.

A SOPHOMORE has handed in the following contribution :— "Behold ! lately Class '07 has been seen to toss restlessly about in her sleep. It was thought she was about to wake up. A dream seemed to be haunting her. Sleigh-bells in vain tried to make themselves heard through the dense clouds of lethargy which surrounded her. But after a few muttered syllables the vision seemed to pass away, and she is sleeping as quietly and peacefully as of yore."

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," ETC.

Only an innocent Freshman,
  Only a parlor dim,
Only a Freshette in it,
  Freshman in the swim.

Only a Freshette's papa,
  Only the student bold,
Only the papa's boots—
  Freshman in the cold.

H. R. N., '06.

PROFESSOR in History—"Hume was a philosopher, but he was a good man." Indignation amongst special philosophers in the back seats.

W. J. GRIGG, of '05, represented McMaster at the Bar dinner of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, held at the King Edward on March 3rd.

EVANGELISTIC BAND.—A busy month has been spent by the members of the Evangelistic Band, with results that have been very encouraging. On Sunday evening, February 5th, a successful meeting was held at College Street Church, Toronto. Georgetown was visited on Friday, February 10th, where six meetings were held, and which proved to be among the most fruitful of any series of the present term. On February 19th a portion of the Band conducted the service at the Central Y.M.C.A., at 4.15, and at Weston Road Mission at 7 p.m. A good campaign was held at Brampton, February 24th to 26th, and helpful work done.

The evening of the 23rd of February will long be remembered by the juniors as one of the most pleasant in their history as a class. After a fine sleigh-ride the merry crowd, numbering about forty, were most hospitably entertained at the home of F. C. Fox, one of the Juniors. On March 1st the Freshmen had an outing, ending up at the home of Miss Ada Scott, of '08, where a couple of happy hours were spent.

Theological Society.—On Tuesday evening, February 14th, the Theological Society was addressed by Canon H. J. Cody, M.A., LL.D., on "The Present Religious Movement in France." The lecturer briefly sketched the religious history of France during the past one hundred years, showing the forces within and without the Roman Catholic Church that have produced the present conditions. The address was most interesting, and was listened to with close attention. Canon Cody is not a stranger at McMaster, and his popularity with the students was evidenced by a large attendance.

Fyfe Society.—The regular monthly meetings of the Society were held on February 15th, and were of a specially helpful character. The morning session was presided over by Vice-President D. A. McGregor, '06. There was some discussion concerning the organization of the Society, and a committee was appointed to consider proposed changes and report. Much of the time of the session was spent in prayer and praise. In the afternoon President P. S. Campbell, B.A., occupied the chair. Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., B.Th., pastor of Century Baptist Church, gave a most interesting account of the revival in Wales. Many earnest prayers were poured out for a special manifestation of the Spirit's power, affecting not only our college life, but the life of our city and province.

Literary Society.—The meeting of the "Lit." on Friday night, March 3rd, was one of the most enjoyable of the term. C. S. Edwards, '06, read a clever paper, in which he detailed his varied experiences as a purser on a steamer last summer. The Misses Harton, '06, and Stone, '06, favored the audience with an instrumental duet. Ephraim St. James, '06, sang very effectively a couple of songs. Miss B. J. Thompson, '07, entertained all with a short discourse on "Woman's Rights." Last on the programme, but not the least enjoyable, were a couple of songs from a quartette composed of Messrs. Williamson, '07; McGregor, '05; Buchanan, '06, and St. James, '06.

BROTHER JOHN AT THE RINK.

(With apologies to nobody.)

Dear Brother John, with his skates strapped on,
Started one day when the red sun shone,
Down to the rink with a "Hip, hooray!"
To have some fun in a simple way.
Now the keen delight of the bracing weather
Made him feel like a cuckoo feather,
And he slipped and slid,
By jinks, he did,
Till we wondered how he could hold together.

Dear Brother John, with his skates half on,
Bit at the ice like a graceful swan;
Then to the right he kicked so high,
He smashed a girl in the pale blue eye.
Ah! the dying sounds of the earth grew stiller,
The ice grew hard and the air grew chiller;
And we crossed ourselves,
(They were number twelves),
For we knew Brother John was a lady killer.

B. J. T., '07.

THE SENIOR'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—For the third time in the four years they have been at McMaster class '05 has won the inter-year debating championship. The final debate this year was held on the evening of February 24th, on the subject, "Resolved, That the electoral franchise in Canada should be extended to women." The affirmative was upheld by J. H. Cranston and E. C. Jordan, of '05, and the negative by James Robertson and E. J. Bingham, of '07. The affirmative presented a strong case, which was not met by the negative, although the latter was slightly superior in style. The main points advanced in support of the resolution were, that to give women the franchise was in accordance with precedent, that it was desirable theoretically, that it was expedient since it was demanded by a large proportion of the community, since it would elevate woman legally, intellectually and socially, and since it would be in the interests of the state and good government; that it was practicable, and had worked successfully when tried, and that great statesmen and thinkers had favored it. The negative claimed, that to give woman the franchise would carry with it the right to run for office; woman would be taken out of her proper sphere, the home, and her refining and elevating influence would be lessened. Women were also unsuited by nature to be students of politics. Professor McKay gave an admirable summing up, and awarded the palm to the affirmative. A solo by A. E. White, '07, was much enjoyed.

During February we had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Wanless, one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement. Dr. Wanless has spent some fifteen years in India as a medical missionary, and spoke from a close personal knowledge of the work there. He addressed a meeting of the students in the chapel on Saturday morning, February 18th, on "Medical Work in India," and on Tuesday, the 21st, spoke to the Student Volunteer Band on the preparation for missionary work. Both addresses were very interesting and were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them.

Political Science Club.—The regular meeting of the Political Science Club was held on February 13th, the president, G. W. Gorman, '05, in the chair. The speaker of the evening was Mr. C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario. Mr. James, in a very interesting and clear-cut style, told the "Story of Ontario Agriculture." He spoke briefly of the relative importance of agriculture to its sister industries, noting among other things that the barometer of business life in this country rose and fell with agricultural conditions. He followed with a brief survey of the history of agriculture in our province, in which he divided the last 120 years into four 30-year periods, thus showing the gradual development from raw products to the specialized industry of to-day. At the conclusion of the address the Club extended a vote of thanks to the speaker, on motion of T. M. Dadson, '06, and A. E. White, '07.

On the evening of February 27th the meeting was presided over by the honorary president, Dr. A. L. McCrimmon. After a few suitable remarks, he introduced Hon. Geo. E. Foster, M.P., the speaker of the evening. The latter, in a very instructive and eloquent address, urged that all young men should take an active part in political affairs. "There seems to be an impression abroad that politics should be avoided, and it is for organizations such as yours to explode that idea. A professional politician is frowned upon by many of the people of to-day, yet Canada would be better if she had more of them. The strength of Great Britain has been due to her long, resplendent line of statesmen." The requisites of a statesman, he said, were three, viz., knowledge, adaptability and sterling integrity. In Canada the party system is a necessity, but patronage he denounced as the greatest curse in the political life of the country. On the conclusion of the address the Club tendered a very cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Foster, on motion of H. R. Nobles, '06, and A. S. Woodburne, '06.

THE FRESHMEN SLEIGH-RIDE.

The Freshmen, bold and gallant too,
Make class room four their rendezvous
When they discuss a thing or two
Of grave momentum.

They did not know just where to go;
Yet they determined even so,
They would their animation show,
And have a sleigh-ride.

Their minds were troubled when to go;
At last one said, who ought to know,
"The first of March, if there be snow;
If not, then—sooner."

'Twas a gloomy night around the hall;
Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, all
Responded sadly to the call
To show their sorrow.

"How shall we show our sorrow best?"
A Junior, sadder than the rest,
Inquired. Then, in merry jest,
"Let's steal their bedclothes."

So they returned at half past two,
The bold and gallant Freshmen crew,
Their language made the air turn blue—
'Twas very wicked.

"O, wad same pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

A. S. W., '06.

Debating Club.—The meeting of the Debating Club, on Saturday, February 4th, had an unusually large attendance of students. The subject of debate was, "Resolved, That Government ownership of railways in Canada would be preferable to the present system." J. B. McLaurin, '05, led the affirmative, and G. W. Gorman, '05, the negative. Dr. Cross occupied the double role of critic and judge admirably, awarding the decision to the negative.

On February 11th the meeting took the form of a debate between '07 and '08. The subject read, "Resolved, That Imperial Federation would be in the best interests of the British Empire." M. H. Long led for '08, who had the affirmative. R. W. Young opened for '07. Professor Campbell filled the critic's chair. Messrs. G. W. Gorman, '05; J. B. McLaurin, '05, and A. G. Vining, '05, acted as judges, giving the victory to '07.

On the following Saturday, February 18th, the debate was between '05 and '06. The question was worded, "Resolved, That an elective Arts course would serve the interests of McMaster University better than the system at present in operation." H. B. Moyle, '06, opened for the affirmative, while the negative was led by E. W. Clark, '05. Professor McKay made an excellent critic. The judges, Messrs. C. W. New, B.A., and W. J. Roberts, Th., decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Debating Club met at 11.15 on February 25th instead of at the usual hour of 1.15. The question was, "Resolved, That the separation of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges from McMaster would best serve the interests of the University." N. C. Mallan, '07, introduced the case for the affirmative, and E. A. McGibbon replied for the negative. Professor Clark performed the duties of critic in an efficient manner. Messrs. E. W. Clarke, '05, T. M. Dadson, '06, and C. E. Burke, '07, acting as judges, gave the decision to the negative.

On Saturday, March 4th, the final inter-year debate was held. "Resolved, That the clauses of the North-West Autonomy Bill providing for the institution of separate schools, are in the best interests of the new provinces," was the question in dispute. D. H. Williamson opened for '07, and '06 was led by C. L. Timpany. Professor McLay tendered some very apt criticisms. Messrs. E. W. Clark, '05, W. J. Grigg, '05, and C. W. New, B.A., acted as judges, and awarded the victory to '06.

The Y.W.C.A.—In spite of the attractions of the rink, the Y.W.C.A. meetings have been faithfully attended this year. The meetings have been conducted by the girls themselves, with a result of increased helpfulness. On January 23rd Misses Alway,'08, and Johnston, '07, had charge, their subject being "Character Study." The week following, Miss Waters, '07, spoke in her helpful way on "The Guidance of God." The February meetings were taken by Misses Senior, '05, Windsor, '05, Pugsley, '08, and McIntosh, '08. During this month we had another visit from Mrs. Parker, who again talked to us in her inimitable manner. The March meetings opened with one on the subject "Prayer," the leaders being Misses Edy, '08, and Harton, '06.

McMaster Ladies win Debating Championship.—Tuesday afternoon, February 28th, the members of the L.L.L. of McMaster went in a body to St. Hilda's to support their speakers in the final inter-college debate. McMaster had won from Victoria, St. Hilda's had won from Varsity, and the two victorious sides were now pitted for the championship. The visitors, including representatives from Varsity and Victoria, were cordially received, and

shortly after the hour the debate began. The subject was, "Resolved, That the education gained by traveling is more beneficial than that gained by a university course." The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Macgregor, '05, and Morris, '07, of St. Hilda's, and the negative by Misses Harton, '06, and Waters, '07, of McMaster. Miss Macgregor, in leading the affirmative, based her points on the destructive side of a university course, while her colleague took the constructive side of traveling. Miss Harton, in replying to the first speaker, proved that in every useful walk of life—scientific, business or professional—the university outranked travel as an educator. Miss Waters enlarged upon the more general and social benefits of the university course. The judges, Provost Macklem, of Trinity, and Dr. Cross, of McMaster, had evidently some difficulty in arriving at a decision, but finally Dr. Cross, as spokesman, announced the victory to McMaster on account of its weightier arguments. He complimented the affirmative on the easy style manifested. During the afternoon a fine programme of vocal and piano solos and readings was given by the entertaining students, and after the closing exercises the visitors were invited to a dainty tea. The desire for closer acquaintance among the women of the different colleges was expressed by all.

The Wycliffe - McMaster Debate. — On February 17th McMaster met Wycliffe College in the semi-finals of the inter-college debates. The debate was held in Wycliffe Convocation Hall. McMaster men, who turned out in strong force, occupied half the gallery, while the Wycliffeites occupied the other half. Both factions made an honest effort to make the few minutes before the programme commenced pass pleasantly. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That Government ownership of railways in Canada would be more beneficial than the present system." The affirmative was supported by H. R. Trumpour, M.A., and E. A. McIntyre, B.A., of Wycliffe College, while G. W. Gorman, '05, and J. B. McLaurin, '05, of McMaster, argued on the negative.

In giving their side, the affirmative enumerated the evils of the present railway system in Canada caused by competition, discrimination in rates, and the giving of great subsidies by the government for which the people received no return. They also pointed out the great power of such corporations and the danger of their influence being corrupt and unpatriotic. There was nothing to prevent American capitalists owning the Canadian railways, which in case of war might prove a calamity. Instead of the present system they outlined a system owned but not directly operated by the Government, which they supported by referring to similar systems in other countries, especially Australia. Such a system, they claimed, would do away with the unnecessary dupli-

cating of lines seen at present, and would systematize the railroads and give better transportation.

The negative upheld the present system because of its efficiency and its work in developing the country. As an example of the latter they pointed out the work done by the C.P.R. in the North-West in settling the highest class of immigrants, and in irrigation, etc. They also spoke of the power the Government has in our present system through the Railway Commission, which forbids discrimination of any kind and provides for uniform classification of goods in the rate schedules. They gave the Intercolonial Railway as Canada's best source of information about Government-owned railroads, and showed its many defects, such as its great cost in construction and maintenance, and its non-progressiveness. They also showed the many failures in the Australian and other Government-owned railway systems, and concluded with the argument that Great Britain has always had the greatest confidence in the powers of individual enterprise to develop the country.

The judges were E. Douglas Armour, K.C., Professor A. H. F. Lefroy, and J. S. Willison, Esq. Mr. Armour announced their decision in favor of Wycliffe. He said that McMaster was a little ahead in argument, but that Wycliffe was superior in style. During the evening the audience was treated to a vocal solo by Mr. E. C. Earp, and Miss Cornish gave a delightful reading from Van Dyke. This is the first time in many years that McMaster has not been in the finals. Wycliffe and Osgoode will decide the championship between them.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: W. J. GRIGG, '05.

THE Baccalaureate sermon at McMaster University will be preached this year by a distinguished graduate of '96, Rev. J. J. McNeill, of the First Church, Winnipeg. The date is May 2nd. Nought Five hopes to swell the list of graduates by thirty-four on the next evening, May 3rd.

WM. E. BOGGS, B.A., B.Th., '90, preached the conference sermon for 1904 at the annual conference of the American Baptist Telegu Mission, at Hanamakonda, Deccan.

H. E. PIERCY, Theol. (ordained last summer in Toronto), is meeting with good success in his work as pastor at Chemaius, British Columbia.

THE Biggar-Samuel Co., Limited, of Toronto and Montreal, have secured the services of Mr. E. J. Bengough, '03, as associate editor of their journals, the *Canadian Engineer*, *Pulp and Paper Magazine*, and the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics*.

ARTHUR W. VINING, B.A. '98, M.A. '99, is pursuing advanced studies in Paris. While warmly appreciating his opportunities in the realm of the arts and sciences, he finds himself, as a result of a close observation of French life, more of a Canadian than ever before. His address is 225 Rue St. Jacques, Paris.

THREE booklets of verse, for circulation among friends, have been published by B. W. N. Grigg, '94, of Montreal. They are "Gifts, and other Poems"; "The Lilies, and other Poems"; "The Arbutus, and other Poems." They contain, in all, about forty titles. A number of them have appeared in THE MONTHLY.

WE have the pleasure of recording in this issue both the ordination and the marriage of Mr. Walter Quarrington, '03. The first-mentioned ceremony took place in the Baptist church at Lakefield on Wednesday, February 15th. Storms had blocked the railroad and almost barricaded the turnpikes, but the parsons and deacons managed to reach Lakefield to put "Quarry" through. Rev. F. J. Scott, '99, B.Th. '04, officiated as clerk of the council. "On Wednesday, February 22nd, by Rev. S. S. Bates, D.D., at the residence of the bride's father, Toronto, Miss Ada C. Adams to Rev. Walter Quarrington, B.A., Lakefield."—*Canadian Baptist*, March 9th.

IN the absence of Rev. J. H. Cameron, '97, who is canvassing in the Eastern Association, on behalf of the Forward Movement in education, Mr. H. H. Bingham, '04, is supplying the Norwich and Hatchley churches.

MR. A. J. MADILL, '02, has left the high school at Paris for that at Orillia. His department is science.

REV. ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, '95, B.Th. '98, missionary to Bolivia, and for five years principal of the La Paz Baptist College, has resigned.

"DR. R. S. MCARTHUR has completed his 34th year as minister at Calvary Church, New York city. He has held no other charge. The church property is worth $1,000,000, and there is not a cent of debt."—*Canadian Baptist.* Dr. McArthur is a graduate of Woodstock College.

THE new work undertaken by the Convention in connection with Sunday schools has been successfully launched, with Rev. S. Sheldon, Theol. '88, as superintendent.

THE church at Cornwall having lost Mr. Sheldon as its pastor, Rev. G. V. Daniels, Theol. '99, late of Cannington, is to succeed to the position.

CHANGES in pastorates other than the above among our graduates have come to our notice recently, as follows :—

BEVERLEY St., Toronto, secures Rev. W. H. Wallace, Theol. '97, formerly of Stouffville.

REV. C. E. MCLEOD, Theol. '89, who recently resigned at Ormond, goes to the Port Burwell, Lakeshore Calvary and Calton churches.

To the list of those who have been beguiled by the land of the eagle we add Rev. Oren E. Kendall, Theol. '00, who has gone from the famous church in Osgoode to a charge in Plattsburg, New York.

REV. C. J. MCLEAN, '02, has settled down with the Beamsville church. According to our esteemed contemporary *The Baptist Year Book*, this is the oldest Baptist church in the Ontario and Quebec convention, having been organized in 1776.

A CALL to the church in Mount Forest was accepted by Rev. E. J. Stobo, jr., B.A., B.D., formerly of the field to which Mr. McLeod has gone.

REV. W. TINDAL LORYMER, Theol., goes from Sawyerville, Quebec, to the Carleton Place church.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR : C. S. EATON, '05.

MCMASTER 5, VICTORIA 0.—McMaster defeated Victoria College in an exhibition game of hockey at Victoria College rink on February 16th at the score of 5 to 0. "Vic." was represented by the celebrated team that won the Jennings Cup earlier in the season and was later disqualified. McMaster had out her complete team. This was the only contest of the winter in which our full team figured, and although our boys had not been playing together they had no difficulty in cleaning up Victoria. In the first half the play was mostly individual; there was little combination and McMaster men were careless. Peine, who played a good game throughout, scored twice. In the second half the game was faster and more combination was introduced. The puck found the Vic. net three times. The Vics. played almost entirely a defensive game and were seldom within the range of the McMaster goal. Among the spectators was a large number of Victoria students, who from the boards and the adjacent dormitory watched with toilsome efforts the enactment of the pitiful tragedy. The scoring was as follows :

First half—1, Peine, 14 mins.; 2, Peine, 19 mins. Second half—3, Peine, 2 mins.; 4, Young, 15 mins.; 5, McArthur, 15½ mins.

The line up : McMaster—Goal, Munro ; point, J. P. McArthur ; cover-point, Young ; forwards, Peine, M. S. McArthur, Ware, S. R. McEwen (captain.) Victoria—Goal, Salter ; point, Robertson (captain) ; cover-point, Stocktan ; forwards, Campbell, Davidson, Oldham, McFarlane.

THE third annual dinner of the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Union was held on Friday evening, Feb. 17th, at McConkey's. Queen's senior team and representatives from the other colleges in the Union were the guests of Varsity. T. H. Peine, the President of our Athletic Association, represented McMaster and replied to the toast to "Our Universities." On the following day the annual business meeting of the Union was held at the King Edward Hotel. Appropriations were made to purchase souvenirs for McGill, the senior champions, and for Varsity II., the intermediate champions. It was decided to vigorously enforce the rule which declares that no man shall play with more than one club during a season. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. president, George H. Chown ; president, M. P. Baker,

Queen's; vice-president, Frank McKenna, McGill; secretary-treasurer, J. C. Sherry, Toronto; executive committee, H. L. Sims, McGill; G. C. Richardson, Queen's; C. D. Jamieson, Toronto; Cadet Howels, R.M.C.; E. R. Fitch, McMaster.

Seniors Land Hockey Championships.—'05 carried off with ease the championship in inter-year hockey. The wise ones about the Hall had picked the mighty Sophmores as the likely winners, but they miscalculated the strength of the 'Pugga Wauguns.' The latter by strenuous exertion and good combination piled up, in the three games in which they played, a score of 23 to their opponents 3. The Sopmore got second place in the race and the Freshmen third place, while the Juniors captured the booby prize.

The series opened with a game between '05 and '06 on February 7th in which the final score was 6 to 0 in favor of '05.

The teame were: Seniors—Goal, J. B. McArthur; point, Munro (captain); cover-point, Fetch; forwards, M. S. McArtuhr, Parker, J. B. DcLaurin, Eaton. Juniors—Goal, Fox; point; Bension; cover-point, G. R. M. Wells; forwards, Miller, Murray (captain), Chave, McKinnon.

'07 and '08 played the second game. It was closely contested and resulted in a victory for the Sophs. with a score of 3 to 0. The teams lined up as follows: Sophomores—Goal, R. E. E. Harkness; point, Bingham; cover-point, Young (captain); forwards, S. R. McEwen, White, E. E. Wells, Craig. Freshmen—Goal, Harold McGregor; point, Vichert; cover-point, Jackson; forwards, Moyle, McKechnie, Ritchie (captain), Mabee.

In the next contest '05 defeated '08 in a one-sided game, by a score of 7 to 1. The teams were the same as in the previous games, except that Pleine replaced McLaurin on the Senior team, and L. E. Harkness replaced Mabee on the Freshmen team.

In the fourth contest '07 succeeded in defeating '06 by the score of 5 to 3. The teams lined up as in former games.

The game between '06 and '08 was very close, and aroused considerable interest. The Juniors were true to their record and lost to the Freshmen by the score of 2 to 3. Mabee and Ware played with the Freshmen, replacing Jackson and Harkness. The Juniors played the same team as in other games.

The final, on February 17th, between '05 and '07, was the best exhibition of the set. Each team had two victories to its credit, and a battle royal was fought out to decide the championship. The game was fast and clean at all stages, and elicited considerable applause from the spectators. The Sophomores made a desperate fight, but were not equal to the occasion. The Seniors won out with a lead of 10 goals to 2. There was no change in the line up from former games.

Woodstock College's Championship. — We extend our heartiest congratulations to the Woodstock College hockey team on their winning the city championship after a long drawn out and very exciting struggle. In the final game, which broke the tie and decided the championship, the College won by 6 to 3 from the Aberdeens. Apropos of the victory, the following from the *Sentinel-Review* is commended to the attention of the Board of Governors :—

"By the way, it has always been a mystery to the writer why the spirft of healthful amateur sport was never given the encouragement it merits at Woodstock College. Upper Canada has provincial championship scalps nailed to her historic walls ; Bishop Ridley College is always well represented afield ; at this season St. Andrew's was contending with Stratford for the junior championship of the O.H.A. ; Trinity School College at Port Hope, St. Michael's and numerous other colleges in Woodstock's class have won distinction in the stadium. The experience of years has given encouragement to the faculties of these colleges. Properly conducted, athletics do not detract from, but rather add to and encourage, the efforts of the faculties in furthering the spirit and objects of these institutions. 'Waterloo was won on the playground of Eton,' etc."

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor : Maretta Gordon.

On Friday evening, February 10th, the faculty entertained a number of friends at the college. The drawing-rooms were arranged in a very pretty way, and were brightened by bouquets of tulips and carnations. The chapel was converted into a pleasant reception room, where the orchestra played, and there was ample room for promenading. The dining-room made a very dainty refreshment room. The halls were prettily decorated with flags and bunting, and with several cozy-corners they were quite transformed from their usual austere appearance until they had an attractive air about them.

On Thursday, February 16th, Mr. W. E. Saunders, of London, who is one of the best authorities on Canadian birds, gave a very interesting lecture in the chapel. He told a great deal about the birds of Canada, their habits, songs and peculiarities. Mr. Saunders brought his specimens with him, and as he is able to

imitate the songs of each, the lecture proved to be very interesting indeed.

On February the 17th, the regular monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. The programme was of a miscellaneous character and was exceptionally entertaining.

On Friday, February 24th, Mrs. Wallace entertained the first, second and third years. Each year was invited to contribute a charade to the evening's enjoyment, and a prize was offered for the best one given. These were quite remarkable for the skill and thought displayed by each class. The evening was a great success. The second year succeeded in securing the prize.

On March the 3rd a recital was given in the chapel by the elocution, vocal and piano students of Moulton. This recital was the best that has been given this year, and a decided improvement was noticed in those who had taken part before. The desired self-control in the performers is obtained by these recitals, and though much dreaded by those who are required to take part, all admit the benefit received.

Though the spirit of the girls during recreation hours has always been very enthusiastic, the school has never had an athletic association. This year, as it was necessary to have basket-ball and tennis-balls, it was thought best to organize a society, so that there would always be sufficient funds for such purposes. A meeting of the girls was called on February 27th. It was decided to meet once a month. The following officers were appointed :— President, Miss McKay ; vice-president, Miss Cringan ; secretary-treasurer, Miss Stevenson ; manager, Miss Gordon.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor : W. J. Chalk.

The interest that usually attends our monthly Judson Missionary Society meetings, attended the meeting on Thursday afternoon, February 23rd, when Rev. T. T. Shields, of London, delivered an address on "Consecration." The vice-president of the Society, Mr. L. S. Haverstock, occupied the chair. Vice-principal McKechnie also assisted in the opening exercises. During the meeting the college quartette rendered a couple of selections, which were, as usual, well received.

Among the many interesting events that take place during the college year, none are looked forward to by the students with greater interest than "the annual entertainment" for the students and their friends. The first departure from the customary form of the annual entertainment was made a year ago, when the students, with the consent of the faculty, decided to arrange for an At Home. Encouraged by the success of last year's event, it was decided to be "at home" again this year on the evening of Friday, March 3rd. From eight until nine o'clock about seven hundred guests were received by the reception committee, headed by Principal and Mrs. McCrimmon, Mr. O. E. Rutledge representing the student body. The guests assembled first in the chapel, and from there they went to the dining-room and different rendezvous, where easy chairs and lounging corners were arranged. The beginning of the promenading was announced by M. Nesbit at 9.30, and from then until 12 o'clock the halls and corridors were gay with happy promenaders. The dining hall was a favorite promenade, Windsor's orchestra being stationed in the hall just outside of this room. During the evening a musical programme was given in the chapel, consisting of a pianauto recital by Mr. D.W. Karn, a piano solo by Miss Pascoe, vocal solos by Mr. Sykes and E. T. Newton, a violin solo by James Close, and a piano duet by Miss C. Davis and Mr. P. Pascoe.

The committee that had in charge the arranging of a museum in the library did their work well, as was evinced by the large numbers that spent much of their time examining the interesting curiosities. The drawings secured for the occasion were attractive both to the students and visitors. A number of the students' rooms were also opened for the evening.

The series of matches in the City Hockey League had a very satisfactory ending for the College. On Monday evening, March 6th, the final game of the series was won by our boys. This means a second championship in sports for the year. The final match was between the Aberdeens and the College. Throughout the series these two teams have kept in the lead, and the final match was to break a tie. The game was full of interest and enthusiasm from the beginning, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The Aberdeens scored the first goal, but found it impossible to increase their score during the first half. When half time was called the score was 3-1 in favor of the College ; at the close of the game the score was 6-3 in our favor.

The College line-up: Goal, F. Malone ; point, R. Kinnear ; cover-point, E. Warren ; center, H. Miller (captain) ; rover, H. Firstbrook ; right wing, B. Puddycombe ; left wing, H. McLauren.

The results of the games in the City League in which the College team took part are as follows :—

	College.	City Team.
College vs. Aberdeen . .	3, 2, 2, 6	0, 2, 3, 3
College vs. Limericks . .	0, 3	2, 2
College vs. Y.M.C.A. . .	4, 6	0, 0
College vs. Globes . . .	4, 1	1, 0

A DAY or two ago we had a very pleasant visit from Mr. G. B. Smart, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. Mr. Smart, as well as his brother the ex-deputy Minister of the Interior, is an old student of this College, and is full of enthusiasm for his Alma Mater.

Here and There.

EDITOR : J. B. MCLAURIN, '05.

THE NEW YEAR.

Beyond the wreaths of silver stars
  That crown the brows of Night,
Stand file on file the Legioned Years
  With olden garlands dight,
Wreathed round with sad and bitter shame
  Or glories' after-glow,
Mute-mouthed like shapes of carven stone
  They stand forever so ;
In them, no deed of ours has part
  To make for wrong or right,
Unmoved they stand beyond the stars
  That crown the brows of Night.

Behold ! another year has come
  Across the rim of dawn,
And we may freely shape its course
  By mind, and faith, and brawn,
That men in after days may see
  Across the spanless meer
The lights we kindled, and shall say
  That was a goodly year.
So we that wrought, with more of faith,
  When this clean year is gone,
May greet the next new year that comes
  Across the rim of Dawn.

K. SAWYER GOODMAN, *in Nassau Lit. Magazine.*

Individuality in College Journals.—As the exchange editor reads the magazines that month by month are piled on his table, he comes to recognize in each certain peculiar traits, certain persistent characteristics, giving to each an individuality all its own, and like that of no other of its fellow-exchanges.

Each has its own strong points and weaknesses apparent in each number ; its own way of thinking and looking at things ; so that each almost seems to represent a certain type of personality. This is stamped on its contents, and is even reflected in its mechanical make-up. Some are sober, steady, much inclined to heavy literary reviews or essays, with even the "locals" well in hand. Others are altogether concerned with the everyday affairs of their respective Alma Maters, and their heaviest thoughts are concerned with explaining away a defeat in football. Others, again, are filled with religious poetry and withering attacks on the Higher Criticism.

Of course, some of the more carefully edited journals exhibit this individuality more than others, which have no more claim to a distinctive personality than the proverbial college pudding of varied ingredients.

Of those magazines that take themselves seriously, the *University of Virginia Magazine* is a good type. It is the elder brother among the journals ; and the quality of its verse and prose, the natural ease of its editorial chat, and its patronizing and impartial criticism of its fellows, stamp it as a sort of chaperone ; it is in the world of college journalism, yet not altogether of it.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* also occupies a unique position among our exchanges. It comes to us in a very neat wrapper, with a chaste and simple cover design, most carefully selected contents—in fact, with "exclusiveness" written all over it. The bits of verse not adjudged worthy to take a place of distinction in its pages are carefully shepherded into a corner, and somewhat apologetically labeled, "Varsity Verse." Even the local news is well written up, evidently feeling its responsibility to behave when placed in this society.

We feel the "individuality" of the next paper before it comes around the corner. The *Ottawa Campus* generally makes its appearance in a cover of six colors, rushing in on the office like a whirlwind. Its Kansas characteristics do not stop with the cover. An over-enthusiastic and care-free originality is apparent on every page. This magazine made the only attempt at color illustrations ever seen in a college journal—and has not even itself dared to repeat the experiment. We notice that the *Campus* has established an exchange department, and with the enthusiasm and managing ability that are plainly behind this publication, this

should be an important factor in raising it to a high level in college journalism.

Prim, neat, and dainty, the *Vox Collegii* would be recognized at a glance as a lady visitor. Art, elocution and domestic science are the themes of which it discourses, rising now and then to a pretty appreciation of some favorite poet, or a write-up of some enjoyable function. Another visitor of the gentler sex is the *Monroe College Monthly*, in a plain but becoming dress of gray and gold. A little more sedate and mature though she is, the natural gaiety of this Southern belle breaks out in its local departments and such stories as "On the Train."

The *McGill Outlook*, which "blows in" every week, bright and breezy, with jokes and news of the McGill boys, is in contrast to the *Journal* from Queen's, which is heavy-thinking, sedate and conservative, with all levity strictly relegated to the three last pages. We cannot, however, criticise for over-seriousness in our neighbor, as we seem to have heard some such whispers in regard to our own monthly.

Among all these, and all the others, the *Bowdoin Quill* is distinctive. With a plain, attractive cover, printed on the best paper, and exhibiting a pleasing consistency in type, thought and purpose, from the quill on the cover to the "Gray Goose Tracks" and exchange column at the back, this journal has an individuality that is striking and pleasing. It is essentially a magazine of the sparkling winter woods of Maine, or the cheerful fire of an evening in a house "down East." The stories and verse are of good quality, and its pages are never invaded by anything foreign to its individuality—it is literary from cover to cover. It is distinctive. We tender our compliments.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

It is thy purity that makes us love thee;
The innocence of childhood in thy face;
As fair as any star that shines above thee
In envious emulation of thy grace.

Kind Heaven grant that when the years
have brought thee
To fullest wealth of womanhood divine,
That sad experience shall ne'er have taught thee
Aught that may drive our worship from
thy shrine.

E. Q. Otis, '07, *in Bowdoin Quill.*

Lady Customer—Have you any Sunday toys that I could give to my little grandson? Shopman—Yes. Here is our sixpenny box of soldiers. Lady Customer—But I couldn't think of letting the child play soldiers on Sunday! Shopman—Of course not, madam. But these are Salvation Army soldiers.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SCEPTIC.

The sceptic sneers away his very soul,
And binds in many folds a bandage tight
About his eyes, lest a beam of light
Might by some chance creep through ; and then the dole
Of fame and lucre which is his might roll
From his weak grasp. Alas ! when every night
And day, nay, every moment, is bedight
With God's own presence, that a fool should toll

The jangling bells of discord, and awake
In trusting minds a sad inquietude ;
Should wreck a simple faith, and ruthless break
A life of happiness. Base servitude
To earthly fame ! He would dethrone his God
To gain from fortune but a scornful nod.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04, *in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

IRISH PROVERBS.—The proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit of generations of its people ; and the true wit of the race is oftentimes in proportion to the truth and beauty of its proverbs. Few nations and few languages possess more beautiful sayings than the Irish. "The silent mouth is melodious," is an Irish aphorism pregnant with beauty and poetry. And another saying, inculcating a charity which is spiritually needed in this modern world of ours, is that which tells us "Our eyes should be blind in the abode of another." The beautiful faith and the magnificent optimism of the Irish race is well pictured in their proverb, "God never shuts one door but He opens two." "Autumn days come softly, quickly, like the running of a hound upon a moor," is poetic, vivid truth. And here is a sharp, satirical one that cuts several ways at the same time : "A poem ought to be well made at first, for there is many a one to spoil it afterwards."—*Leslie's Monthly Magazine.*

There was a lad down at O. U.
Who was fond of a girl named Sue.
He sent her a cat,
Wrapped up in a mat,
With a note, "I've a feline for you."—*Ex.*

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McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
APRIL, 1905.

CHRONICLE OF CLASS '04, ARTS.

With the advent of the new century came several important events to McMaster University: The graduating of its largest class in Arts, '00; the erecting of Castle Memorial Hall, which was dedicated the following fall; the opening of its halls to the first freshman class of the twentieth century, illustrious '04. The latter—so say its members—was the all-important event of that year. We were, indeed, a twentieth century class. "Hail, fellows, well met," and always ready for a meeting, whether in athletics, lecture room, or dining hall. As to size and brawn, we strutted the halls like lordly seniors; as to brain, we occasionally soared around even among the "stars."

It was during the warm, mellow October days of 1900 that the dreams of thirty young men and one maiden were beginning to be realized, but not until we had duly registered and attended our first lecture did we feel that the long-wished-for university life had commenced. We gathered as strangers from all directions. Some claimed to be "the wise men from the East," others sang, "Men of the North are we," some strolled in from the woolly West, while others sauntered up from Uncle Sam's domains. Strangers? Yes, but with one universal feeling that bound us together—we were freshmen. So emphatically were we reminded of this at times, that we were haunted into organization, not knowing how soon the dreaded "hazing" might come. Mr. L. A. Vail was elected president, and Miss Kate MacLaurin second officer. With officers elected, colors chosen—not by choice but by precedent; they were green—and our slogan yell composed, which emphatically declared that "'04 must have the floor," we entered fully into college life, feeling ready for friend or foe.

The hazing night arrived. We had read of "hustler" rows and accidents upon such occasions, but had never dreamed of them taking the form of oyster suppers, coupled with complimentary speeches. Such treatment was a revelation to us, and told us that we had yet to learn the spirit which pervaded McMaster University and its students.

It was on Field Day that the other years fully realized that we had star athletes among our number, for on that day '04 stood second place in the contest for the championship cup. We had football players on the senior team, and the hockeyists called upon us to aid them in winning the inter-collegiate championship. Our first rally was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, and acclaimed by all, even the representatives of other years, to be the best of the season.

One feature of our class-life worthy of mention was the weekly class prayer-meeting, which was continued with interest and blessing during the four years we were together. As a traveller, tired and weary with the journey over hot sands and plains, spies at mid-day the refreshing shade of an oasis where he delights to rest, so to us, after a day's wanderings over the plains of philosophic and scientific research, these intervals of prayer and spiritual fellowship were oases of rest, refreshing and sweet.

The fall of 1901 brought us all back again, with a few exceptions. These exceptions, however, we felt loathe to give up to become champion athletes and scholarship men of other years. We had the pleasure of welcoming new members, among them being three ladies. No longer could our vocalists sing "Just one girl," for we were now the proud possessors of "(naughty)-four," who proved themselves leaders among the fair sex of the University.

Mr. W. W. Lailey, assisted by Miss Elliott as vice-president, successfully marshalled the class through its sophomore year. Again we won distinction in sports. Mr. E. H. Mihell, the fleet-footed man of the year, broke the record in the half-mile race, and was also chosen to represent McMaster in the 'Varsity sports, where he brought credit to his year and Alma Mater. It was also left to '04 to carry off the inter-year hockey championship.

Not only in athletics, but also in oratory and debating were we in evidence, Mr. N. A. Harkness being highly complimented

by the judge in the oratorical contest. The class was admirably entertained this year at the home of our president's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lailey. Not until after this event did we begin to bend over our books, and worry over these unusually-dreaded exams. of the sophomore year.

At the roll call next October most of the class responded to their names, and registered ready for work as humble juniors. This year took the students into their "specials," and found us less often together as a class in the lecture room.

Mr. H. H. Bingham was chosen president, and Miss Jessie Shields vice-president during the junior year. As in other sessions, we took our place in every phase of college life. We fought hard with the seniors for the football championship, and not until after the second line-up did we forfeit the victory. Four of our members did gallant service on the Rugby team, which entered into the finals with Queen's II. The hockey laurels were again carried by year '04, as was also the team race of Sports' Day for the third time.

Always ready for social as well as physical recreation, the extravagant juniors held two rallies. The first was not behind any of previous years, for we were received by Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Smith. The second was held eight miles north of the city, at the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. The sleigh-ride and the hospitality of the host and hostess made the evening an ideal one in every respect.

The championship of the inter-college debating union came to McMaster for the third successive season, and Mr. J. M. Warner assisted in gaining the victory. Mr. R. A. F. McDonald also brought honor to his class by winning a scholarship in classics.

In October, 1903, Year '04 rallied around its standard for the fourth and last time. We had reached that height which seemed so lofty and distant three years ago ; we were seniors. With mingled feelings we chose our subjects and enrolled for the last time. A few new members joined our ranks and swore allegiance to '04, among them being Mr. J. R. Coutts, who became leader and organizer of the Evangelistic Band.

Our president this year was Mr. Charles G. Beck, with Miss Culver as worthy second officer. On the campus and athletic

field we won victories. Ed. Mihell broke his own record of two years previous in the half-mile run. The relay team led the way for the fourth time amid the cheers from all classes. Never before in the history of college sports had one team won this race throughout its course. Oh, how near we came to the hockey and football championships, but the fates were not favorable.

This year we gave to the Literary Society one of its most energetic presidents, Mr. J. M. Warner. Under his supervision the society was enabled to launch the scheme of its first annual banquet, which proved such a brilliant success as to become an annual function of this society. One of our members was chosen again to represent McMaster in the Inter-College Debating Union. A number were also favored with offices on THE MONTHLY board, Mr. W. C. Pearce taking up the pen and the shears of the "Here and There" editor.

There was one important event which must be chronicled before we speak of the worries and sleepless nights of "cram" time. It was the last class rally of '04. Invited again to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, we most joyfully accepted. Shall we ever forget it? The sleigh-ride, the games, the impromptu programme, everything seemed to assist in making it the climax of all that had gone before.

From then time flew on apace, and little remains to be told. Exams. differed very little from those of other years, except that we were on the home-stretch and pressing toward the goal. The nervous strain of cramming was soon over, and the last paper finished, signed, and handed in. Then followed that awful interim; those days of fear and trembling, when we thought of all we might have done, and of all we had left undone. The hour passed rapidly, however, and, with the results announced, we breathed more easily and felt much happier.

For three successive years we had witnessed commencement exercises, but now they had a new meaning to us. We were the class upon which these exercises were focused, and upon which the degree "*Baccalaureus in Artibus*" was to be conferred. As we bowed before our Chancellor, received the degree, and returned to our seats, a sense of sadness and regret, mingled with joy, came over us, for we were no longer students, but alumni of McMaster University. During these years we had learned much

that text-books failed to impart. We had studied under professors who gave us true ideals of life and manhood, and taught us of culture, character and Christ; who impressed upon us that education consisted not in the mere cramming of facts, but in the physical, mental and spiritual development of the human soul, preparing us to be the best it is possible for us to become. With these feelings we bade good-bye to our beloved Alma Mater, and entered the larger university of human activities, to—

> "welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
> the throe!"

HERBERT H. BINGHAM, '04.

CLASS '04, THEOLOGY.

Last spring, with the bursting of the buds and the opening of the flowers, a contingent of students left the halls of their Alma Mater to take their places in the great theological world. Class '04, Theology, was remarkable in its composition. Each member stood clothed in a personality peculiarly his own. This wide difference in birth, gifts, and experience gave the class a strength and balance that was unique. The quiet, reserved dignity of one was offset by the mirth-loving genius of another. If one formed a brilliant example of strong mental life, another revealed the power of the kindly hand and the large heart. Bulldog tenacity was curbed by calm judgment. Over against the cold, logical spirit of the scientist, there was the warm devotion of the mystic.

This mingling of talent so varied proved of great value. We were forced to see the problem at issue from many view-points, until it was "set in all lights by many minds to clothe the interests of all." It is true that at times there was friction—it could hardly have been otherwise. But the friction tended to wear off the rough edges and to electrify us with a more cosmopolitan

spirit. Nor had we been long together before we had at least a wholesome respect for even those who differed most widely from us, and as the months went by the ties of friendship were drawn closer.

We could not boast of a strong class spirit, yet in our loyalty to our Alma Mater we were not lacking. We entered freely into the life of the institution, helping to share the burdens and enjoying the privileges which that life affords. As athletes we could not claim distinction, but among those who in the Inter-College Debating Union have won victories we are pleased to number four of our class.

In our course we found some subjects light and some heavy; some, perhaps, a little dry, some exceedingly interesting. As students our records are now in the archives of the University. There, unmolested, we would let them lie. We enjoyed our work all the more because of the pleasures that were intertwined. Twice during our course Dr. and Mrs. Cross opened to us their home, as all through they had opened their hearts. We enjoyed to the full their kind hospitality and genial good cheer. As we look back, we are not so much interested in the facts gleaned as in the men who taught us. What they said is quickly vanishing, but what they were, the touch of their personalities, must ever remain. Because they have enlarged our view, raised our ideal, strengthened our faith in God and humanity, and brightened our hope for the future, we give them the sincere gratitude of our hearts.

Here we would pause to drop another flower of loving tribute on the grave of our beloved Dr. Welton. He began the course with us, but before we had finished God called him to His rest and reward. We loved him. His simple, childlike trust in God, his ardent love of the beautiful; his cheerful smile and ever-buoyant spirit; the faithfulness with which he performed his task, must ever speak to us, making all life fuller and sweeter.

Our closing days at McMaster were not without anxiety. The problem of "What next?" did not find easy solution, but we are glad to notice that the class '04 have found opportunity to pursue the calling for which they had trained. To-day they are scattered throughout the Dominion, filling positions of honor and trust. Bowyer is settled in the pastorate at Caledonia; Cornwall

at Victoria Ave., Hamilton ; Hilts has accepted a call to a church in New York State ; Huddleston is pastor of the Wentworth St. Church, Hamilton ; Jones, of the Baptist church at Preston. Matthews is studying at Chicago preparatory to a lectureship at Alma Mater. Piercy is doing pioneer work in the lumber camps of British Columbia ; Riddiford has the Barton St. Church, Hamilton ; Stokes is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work at Kingston ; Scott is pastor of Murray St. Church, Peterboro' ; Torrie, of the church at Midland ; while Vichert went back to his people at Victoria, B.C.

We met. For a little while we labored together. Now we have parted. We go forth into life's struggles and toils richer and stronger because of the associations which have clustered round the Class of '04. The quiet hour will bring back its different personalities. Each will have a distinct message, yet they will all unite in bidding us go forth as men among men, true to the light that has gleamed across our path, true to the friendships of the past, true to our Alma Mater, true to our better selves, and true to the Christ in Whom all things consist.

ARTHUR L. HUDDLESTON, '04.

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING.

A day's ramble on one of the south-eastern slopes of the Riding Mountains would probably lead one into a small clearing in the forest. In the centre of the clearing stands a small but well-built log cabin. Thirsty from your exertions in climbing the steep, high shale banks of an adjacent stream, you step to the cabin to ask a drink.

A surprise awaits you. The door swings idly on a creaking hinge ; surely the cabin is not deserted ! Peering in, you see—desertion. On the floor lies spread the black skin of a moose ; here in the corner stands an axe, its keen edge dimmed by rust ; a few tools and a few worn garments hang on the walls ; yonder lies a broken doll.

Why this desertion? Is the cabin not good? Yes, every

log is hewn with care, every joint is made with such skill as few axemen possess, every seam is closely chinked with mud. All is neatly whitewashed.

You step outside and look about you. The little clearing slopes eastward from where you stand, to the edge of the forest. The forest slopes away to join the distant prairie. Far beyond, where the green prairie has faded to dim blue, the sunlit waters of Lake Manitoba gleam like a silver thread. To the south, beyond the forest, the limitless prairie stretches away as far as eye can see. A deep valley lies to the north, and beyond it rise range after range of forest-clad hills. Surely man could ask no scene more beautiful.

About the cabin, all shows care. The ground has been terraced with much toil. Yonder, amid the weeds, a few tall, red and purple poppies, "unprofitably gay," and a wandering sweet-pea vine with its delicate blossoms, tell a story of love and care. There, too, a hedge of small spruce trees rises from the all-pervading hazel-shrub.

Why, indeed, is this desolation? The answer tells a story and a tragedy.

Pierre Brunetière, with his wife and infant daughter, lived on a small farm in Northern Maine. The best of the timber had been cleared off the farm, and there remained only barren rock, with here and there a small patch of fertile soil. Here Pierre planted his crops. Sometimes a meagre harvest rewarded his toil, but often the frosts fell before their time and the promise of the grain came to naught. Thus it was that Pierre, because he could not depend on his own heritage to yield him the necessaries of life, had to work for his more fortunate neighbors, and with care eked out a somewhat precarious living.

Finally he became tired of toiling hard for others and earning only the poorest living for himself. He had often heard of the great Canadian West, with its almost limitless possibilities and its inexhaustibly fertile soil. He had often wished to go there, and now his wishes settled into resolve. He would go.

In the month of July, 18—, he sold all his possessions, and thus got together enough money to support his wife and child for a few months in the East, to pay his way to the West, and to buy him a few necessaries in the new land. Early in August he said

farewell to his wife and child, his friends and his native hills, and started for the golden West.

His first act upon arriving in the great metropolis of the West was to seek employment. This he soon found—work in the harvest fields. And now he saw such sights as he had never even pictured. Great, rippling seas of golden grain stretched out on every hand as far as he could see. Soon the harvest began. Then on every side was heard the click of the reapers, from early morning, through the cloudless day, till darkness fell. Quickly following the harvest came the threshing. Here and there and everywhere on the prairie little puffs of steam and smoke could be seen. And wherever he saw them, there was a scene of the greatest industry; wagons, piled high with sheaves, hurried to the machine, or, emptied, hurried for another load; men, with faces grimy with dust and streaked with perspiration, worked like parts of the machine, while all the time the grain poured out in a golden stream, and grew into bushels, hundreds of bushels, thousands of bushels.

When his work was done, Pierre began to seek a homestead. At last he found one, forest-covered. Was he disappointed? Perhaps. At home he had pictured life on a prairie farm. But what mattered that? Here at least was timber worth the cutting, here a fertile soil, and he was strong, and hope was high.

But now came signs of fall and winter. Here and there a tree, feeling the touch of age before its brethren of the wood, stood clothed in faded garments. The timid gray rabbits began to don their winter coats of white. High in the air, uttering their discordant cries, the wild geese flew southward, looking in the V-shaped flight, with flocks above and flocks below, like long, white streamers gleaming in the sunshine.

Pierre began to make ready for winter. He must provide shelter for himself and for the team of oxen which he had bought with the money earned in the harvest fields. He first built a rude cabin for himself. It was very small—he could just stand straight in it. It had only one door and no windows. Along one side, up near the roof, he made a "bunk." He put on a roof of poles, covered this with fine branches, and on these he put a layer of sods. He filled the cracks with mud, and banked the earth well

up about the walls. For the oxen he built a structure which was very similar.

Very soon the hard frosts came, and the snow fell and made a soft, deep blanket for the ground. All winter Pierre worked hard. He had made plans for the cabin that he would build when spring came. So from morning till night the sharp strokes of his axe rang out as it struck deep into the frosty trees. Sometimes he would take a load of wood to town. That meant a two days' trip. It was useless to urge the slow-moving, stubborn oxen. Sometimes he took his rifle and hunted all day. He almost always returned from these expeditions with a deer or other game, for he was a skillful marksman. Sometimes he remained inside for a couple of days while the wind raged in the tree-tops, and the snow, quietly sifting down, half buried the little cabin. Sometimes he was wakened at midnight by the hungry howling of the wolves. But through it all he cut and hewed, and when spring came all the timbers were ready for the new cabin.

When the snow had gone, the building went ahead rapidly. As soon as it was near completion he sent for his wife and child. They soon came, and Pierre was happy. Throughout the summer he worked on his homestead. In the fall he would again seek the harvest-fields, but now he must clear enough land in which to grow a small crop next year. So the clearing steadily grew larger as the forest giants retreated before his sturdy strokes.

In the long, cool evenings of May and June he worked about the house. Now he dug up a little plot of ground for a flower-garden, while his wife planted with the greatest care the few flower-seeds which she had brought with her from the old Maine home. It was now that he planted the hedge of spruce trees, carried laboriously from a near-by swamp. Now, too, working with pick and shovel and plough, he slowly terraced the ground about the cabin.

Thus time passed. The balmy breezes of spring passed into the sultry summer heats. The sultry heats and glaring lights gave place to the cool air and mellow lights of Indian summer. Once more the trees were clothed in red and gold, and overhead was heard the cry of the southward-flying geese.

Pierre now arranged with his nearest neighbor, James

Martin, to have a day's hunt for deer. When the appointed day came they started early. Each carried a heavy rifle, and Martin wore a dun-colored smock. They had tramped some distance when they came upon the tracks of several elk. They followed till they were sure that they were close upon them. Then, because Pierre was the better shot, it was decided that he should conceal himself and lie in wait, while Martin got behind the deer and drove them toward him.

Pierre waited for some time. Suddenly he heard a crashing in the bush. His rifle quickly went to his shoulder. A moment later he saw a dun-colored patch through the trees. There was an elk! It could not be Martin. He would not make such a crashing; furthermore, he was in another direction. Pierre fired with his unerring aim, and then sprang forward. As he drew near the spot he heard a smothered groan; a little nearer, and he saw—not an elk, but Martin lying stretched upon the ground, while the blood slowly oozed from a wound in his side.

Half-crazed with fear, he stayed not a moment, but turned and ran madly through the bush to the nearest cabin. It was more than a mile away. There, with a face livid with fear, and in almost incoherent words, he poured out his story. Aid was quickly summoned, bandages and cordials supplied, and the rescuers hurried back. The spot was soon found, but it was too late. His blood had reddened all the ground about, and life was gone.

Forgetting Pierre's feelings in their sorrow, the men spoke words which would have been left unsaid in a time of less excitement. Some turned on him and fiercely denounced his thoughtlessness in not first stopping the wound. One thoughtless fellow darkly hinted murder. But not one was more bitter than Pierre in his self-accusation.

He returned to his cabin, and in a few days resumed his accustomed work in the bush. But he was no longer the light-hearted, cheery fellow of former days. When about the house he was morose and silent. In the woods, his axe ofttimes hung idle in his hands as he brooded, ever brooded, over his deed and the trouble he had wrought for the family of James Martin.

As time went on his face grew thin and haggard, while his body grew weaker and weaker. A day came when he did not

take his axe as usual, and go to his work in the woods. Then came a day when, grown weaker, he did not leave his bed. Thus he lay week after week, daily losing strength. Often his mind would wander in his weakness. Then he would fancy that someone accused him of murder.

One day, when the hot sun of the Manitoba spring was hurrying the snows away and causing the buds to swell, the end came. He started up from a quiet sleep and began a fierce tirade against his unknown accuser. Suddenly he faltered, his words ceased, and he fell back dead.

His wife and child, bereft of their only support, soon sold their meagre possessions and returned to their native Maine. And the cabin in the clearing stands silent and deserted.

N. St. Clair McKechnie, '08.

THREE VOICES.

I dreamed a dream of heaven the other night :—
Three radiant souls there were who walked beside
  The crystal river's music-murmuring tide ;
  They talked of earth and of the darksome light
In which man there must work, and of the Right
By Wrong oft vanquished, and they did confide
  Their aspirations when on earth—who tried
  To make this world's stained life more pure and white.

One, *Milton*, spake—" I sang that in the strife
With Evil, victory the Good attends ; "
  Said *Shakespeare* then—" I showed men their own life
  And how the Good and Evil work their ends."
The Christ did bless them both, but said—" I strove
To teach man Sonship, Fatherhood and Love."

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

"AS SHEEP HAVING NO SHEPHERD."

Allan stood on the hilltop and looked across the valley where the sheep were safely huddled together in the fold. It was a peaceful August night; a night when the world seems to be full of mystic voices—low, lulling murmurs that almost die away, become louder, and die away again. The moon came up, and changed the dew on the heather to glistening jewels. A cricket at his feet began to chirp, and then, as if loth to break the silence, stopped abruptly.

Allan had come to this lowland country as a shepherd boy, only two years before, but he had soon been promoted from that position to the one which he now held, head shepherd of the largest flock in the county. It was a responsible position, but he loved his sheep and did his work so well that his master trusted him fully. It had been a very successful year, and now all the sheep had been brought together for the summer shearing. Allan had complete control at this time, and it meant money for him—money which he carefully set aside towards the home which they were going to build sometime, he and Ruth.

Two of the most valuable sheep had been stolen, one on the preceding night, and he had no clue to the thief. The fold was always guarded carefully, and only two other shepherds knew how to unfasten the lock; still the sheep were gone and Allan was very much troubled. He fancied that during the day some of the under-shepherds had looked at him suspiciously, and that evening before he had come out his master had spoken to him rather sharply about the lock, asking if he was sure that it was in good condition. In good condition? Of course it was; he was sure of that.

So Allan stood on the hilltop, with his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his eyes shining with anger. From where he stood he could see the fold so distinctly that he could instantly spy out anyone who approached it. He had decided to watch all night for the thief, and, if possible, to clear himself of suspicion. He had brought with him his favorite shepherd-dog, who stood motionless by his side.

"The master cannot trust me," he muttered. "Aye, he doubts me ; he thinks I know who took the sheep. But I don't ; do I, Laddie ? You can trust me," he said, turning towards the dog. Then he added, with a bitter laugh, "But you are only a dog." And the dog, made wretched by the unkind voice, slunk down the hillside, leaving Allan alone with his thoughts.

How long the night was ! It was cool, too, and the weird chirping of the insects in the grass made him feel lonely. Once he saw a dark figure creeping towards the fold, and he thought that he had discovered the thief. Cautiously he whistled for Laddie, and the dark figure came bounding forward. It was only the dog.

It seemed as if the night would never be over. He longed for daylight, yet he dreaded it if it was to be another day of suspicion, for he was young, and this was the first time that anyone had doubted him ; he was sure that he could not bear another day of disgrace. At last the long, long night came to an end. One by one the stars grew dimmer, and from the distant farms faintly came the sounds of awakening life. It was dawn, and the thief had not appeared.

"Watch the sheep till I return, Laddie," he said, and, without looking back, he started across the field to the road. He would go to Ruth, and she would tell him what to do, for he couldn't stay where he was not trusted.

Yes, he would go home, though the journey would probably take three or four days, for his home was many miles away, over the hills. The sheep would have no shepherd until his absence was discovered, but he scarcely thought of that as he turned to go ; he only knew that he wanted to get away from these people who doubted him, as soon as possible.

The sun was rising above the hills, casting a rosy glow over the world, and everything was fresh and cool in the meadows. The sun rose higher and higher, and the shadows gradually became shorter, and everything along the highway was hot and dusty, for it was noon. Then the shadows grew longer again, the sun sank behind the heather-covered hills, and soft, gray twilight gently shadowed the meadows.

Allan, busy with his thoughts, scarcely paused during the day, nor, in fact, during the two hot days which followed.

On Sunday—he knew it was Sunday because he heard the church bells ringing in the village beyond the woods—he felt dizzy and his head seemed too heavy to hold up, so he stayed in the cool shade till afternoon. When he came out of the woods he found himself in the little churchyard. Everything was very, very quiet, and the old church porch looked so cool and peaceful that he cautiously stepped inside and pushed the door open.

No one was there, so he slowly walked about the church looking at the memorial tablets which he remembered so well. Then he went up the stairs and around to the back of the old gallery, and there he sank down to rest for a few minutes, just until he was cool and his head stopped throbbing so.

It was sunset when Allan awoke, and the church was flooded with soft, mellow light streaming in through the stained-glass windows. He lay there, too weary to move, watching the colors on the stone walls and oaken seats, and faintly, as in a dream, he heard the voice of the preacher reading slowly :

"All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

Then there was the soft rustling of pages being turned, and again the voice read :

"He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

Allan did not hear the sermon which followed, for the words kept repeating themselves over and over in his brain :

"As sheep having no shepherd. As sheep—having—no—shepherd."

He turned restlessly, but still the monotonous repetition continued—monotonous as a tune which is played over and over again in the street. At last he slept, but even in his sleep he dreamed that he was back with his flock, his "sheep having no shepherd." No one else knew them as he did. No one else knew the weaklings and the ones that needed special care. They would suffer without him.

He was awakened by the singing of the choir. Eagerly he raised himself on his elbow and looked at them, but he saw only

one person, a slender girl, dressed in white, and the light on her hair made golden gleams in the brown. It was Ruth. He listened to every word of the anthem, but he heard only one voice —that sweet, clear voice that seemed to sing "The Shepherd's Psalm" for him alone.

The light faded slowly, and evening shadows took its place. Allan lay there dazed, and out of his face had faded the light and joy of home-coming, but a look of resoiute courage had taken its place. The struggle in his heart had been bitter while it lasted, but he knew that he had to go back and face his trial bravely; Ruth would want him to. Surely all would turn out right in the end, but anyway he could do his duty.

He waited until the service was over and everyone had gone before he stole down the stair and out into the night. As he wearily went through the woods to the road, he felt that he had suddenly changed from a boy to a man, for he had met his first great temptation and had come off victorious.

M. Blanche Edy, '08.

ASPECTS OF THE SKY.

The sky, with its variable aspects, has always been an object of admiration and a source of wonder. No two dawns herald a like appearance of it; it is most unstable and capricious; yet the beauties and the tints which delighted the ancient shepherds as they tended their flocks beneath its canopy, are the beauties and the tints which so delight the eye of man to-day. It constantly displays to us the unexpected, and rushes precipitately from smiling to weeping, from blitheness to melancholy, and from tranquil peace to the frowning gloom of storm.

Let us consider it on a typical day of early spring. After the leaden hue has passed away, here and there upon a vast expanse of brilliant blue sport gay little shoals of fleecy vapor. These tiny clouds rush all about the sky, helter-skelter, to and fro, playing tag, hide and seek, running races, disappearing and again appearing, tossed about by every change of the fluctuating breeze. The sun smiles upon their sportive gambols, and lending

to each a share of his glorious light, decks their silver apparel with tinges of crimson and of gold.

But as the weeks slip on these unsettled appearances are superseded by aspects entirely different. Gradually the azure hue deepens until heaven is arrayed in that profound blue so restful to the eye and so soothing to the mind. The sky maintains a steadier mien, while the clouds cease their playfulness and act decorously as becomes their age.

A most pleasant prospect to behold is a dawn of early summer. First a faint glimmer of gray appears, and slowly spreads over the whole eastern sky. The stars begin to lose their brightness ; the sinking moon takes on a ghost-like look ; the shadowy clouds of darkness disappear under the spell of a power unobtrusive but irresistible. Then, suddenly, a great ray shoots up across the sky and crowns some distant hill of cloud with a glorious illumination. In quick succession other rays appear, and the filmy mists of morning shimmer in a sheen of delicate pink as the gorgeous sun slowly heaves his glowing orb above the horizon. The whole sky is alight with a radiance fresh and pure. Another day has begun.

But such auspicious beginnings too often prove deceitful. As day increases sombre clouds gather threateningly in the west. and portentous rumblings of far-away thunder sound like the trampling of an armed host or the distant roll of the ocean. More and more clouds accumulate and swell in mightier magnitude, until an army of vast proportions begins to advance its prodigious mass. And in the calm and deepening gloom the breeze starts up in fitful gusts, while nearer, ever nearer, moves with majestic sweep the grand array of Nature's forces. Angry lightnings vein the frowning sky, and cloud-packs, foam-crested, rush in tempestuous charges across the dark background. Wilder and wilder blows the wind, brighter and more often gleam the flashes, while the sudden crash of thunder shakes the air. The shattering of trumpets, the roll of drums, and the detonations of heaven's artillery resound victoriously through the firmament in peal after peal, and in the distance the echoes die away. Volume upon volume pours forth and swells in rolling billows of sound, subsiding in long-drawn cadences, like "vast marches of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies." A

mysterious, intangible something pervades the atmosphere, exciting a sensation of apprehension and of awe. Then the big drops of rain begin to fall, the fountains of the mighty deep are broken up, and with a rush the storm bursts on the world.

The storm has passed, and now from his blue western field the sun shines like a benediction on all things.

> "After a day of cloud and wind and rain,
> Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
> And touching all the darksome woods with light,
> Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing."

The plains and forests of the sky, the elysian hills and valleys, the dark ravines and passes above, and the cloud mountains of the gods smile out in gladsome song, while the sublime triumphal arch, most glorious of nature's wonders, adorns the east, and promises humanity a rest from storms.

A moment only does this vision burst upon the view ; then the sun, leaving behind him a golden meadow in the west, sinks down and out of sight. Golden fades to orange, and orange, crimsoning slowly, darkens to purple, and the mellow lights of dying rays play upon gently-cradled clouds, till twilight steals over, and all things go to rest.

Time passes in his ceaseless round, and brought to early autumn we watch outside as the world grows dim and the stars blossom in the heavens one by one. The pale, round moon slowly wheels her disc up into night's sad sky ; and as we gaze upon the clouds drifting over moon and stars, the calm and sadness of the sky reminds us of the bare, brown fields below. We remember the life and activity of those meadows but a short time before. Many past experiences are borne to our minds, a meditative mood steals over us, and sadness fills the heart

> "In thinking of the days that are no more."

Again the quickly-passing months have brought on winter. Now all day long the sky, one dismal leaden mass, glooms on the world, and at night even the stars seem to shine with a distant brilliancy. But on occasions, during the long evenings, the northern heavens kindle with a warmer glow. Broad streams of

lustrous light dart up across the sky, glimmering upon slowly-moving clouds in tints of palest amber. The mass of quivering and shifting color alternates from amber to violet, and from violet to silver, green and azure, now leaping in streaks of crimson, now surging in floods of living fire, shimmering and paling in delicate and imperceptible shades of color. These beauties wax and wane, and die away, till again the sky resumes its frigid stare.

And at midnight, when the bleak heavens are coldly gleaming and clouds are flying in the frosty light, the old year, chill and gray, comes to his end, the glad new year is born, and once more begins the ceaseless round of smiling and weeping, of blitheness and melancholy, of tranquility and gloom, of peace and of storm.

W. F. L. Edwards, '08.

TRAGEDY IN CHILLIWACK VALLEY.

A heavy sigh broke from my lips, and I pushed my chair farther back into the corner, out of the range of the light. The day had been an especially trying one on my nerves, and I was weary and wretched.

"Truly something is wrong," I inwardly admitted. "I feel as if something dreadful were going to happen!"

The gate clicked, and presently the door-bell rang. An impatient exclamation escaped my lips as I rose to answer the summons, but I felt somewhat ashamed of myself when I saw dear old Mrs. Rayner, with a shawl over her head and her knitting in her hand.

"I have come to sit an hour with you," she explained, almost before I could bid her welcome.

"Take this chair. It is real comfortable," I said as I drew her into it. Picking up a piece of fancy work, I took a seat beside her.

"What do you think of our new neighbors across the way?" she asked.

"Really," I replied, "I know very little about them. I have just seen them once. They seem very quiet."

"Yes, that's what John says. Do you know how many there are in the family?" she asked.

"My husband met the two young men about a week ago. I believe their mother is with them."

"Yes; John said he thought there were three of them. I wonder what they do for a living?" she questioned.

"I have no idea," I answered.

The truth was, I had thought for some days there was something strange about the people who had come into our close neighborhood two weeks before, but I did not feel justified in casting any reflections on their reputation. After several vain attempts to change the subject, I proposed a visit to our well-stocked barn. There was a fine pile of apples gathered in for the winter. Coming to some red beauties, Mrs. Rayner picked up one.

"What do you call these?" she asked.

"The King," I replied.

"King!" Yes, that's their name," she said. "I could not remember it. John says there is something uncanny about them. He sees them going away early every morning and coming back very late. The night he went over to help the doctor, when neighbor Jones broke his leg, he was coming home about twelve o'clock, when he saw the two men just going in at their gate. But, there! it must be almost tea-time. I'll go and get John's supper ready." And she went out the garden gate to the side-street on which she lived.

I turned into the garden to gather a few of the lingering blossoms growing more scarce in the shortening days of autumn, but the old lady's words, "There is something uncanny about them," haunted me. Usually I found my old neighbor charitable towards everyone, but to-day she seemed to me almost garrulous, and I was glad when she went.

Before returning to the house I went to feed the chickens. As I stood tossing the grain among them, I wondered if it might not be wise to lock the hen-house door at nights. "For," I soliloquized, "they are such beauties! If—" I tried to dismiss my suspicions. Why should I suspect my neighbors, whose only peculiarity, so far as I knew, was minding their own affairs and letting other people do the same. When supper was over I

donned my evening dress and sat down for a few moments' rest before the arrival of some expected guests. They came in by twos and threes, and soon games and music were in full swing. I had tried to comply with the oft-repeated request to take part in some of the games, lest I spoil their pleasure by pleading weariness, but about ten o'clock I slipped out to the barn. I had decided it was better to lock the door before a theft than after.

The time dragged slowly by, but finally the guests departed. It was after twelve o'clock. I wound the clock, locked the house doors, fastened the windows, and went to bed ; but sleep refused to come. Once I thought I heard footsteps on the garden walk. One o'clock struck, and I fell into an uneasy slumber, but woke in a perspiration after a desperate struggle to wrest a pair of my beautiful white Dorkings from the hands of a robber. I still retained vividly the image of the face I had seen in my dream. It was Bart King, the thick-set man from across the way. Just then I heard distinctly the rumbling of wheels. It was followed by the furious bark of a dog ; then a gruff voice growled, " Down, Tiger, down ! "

I crept to the window. My husband was sleeping soundly, so I decided not to wake him. Heavy clouds obscured the moon, and the night was intensely dark. I could just make out a pair of grey horses attached to a heavy wagon in front of the opposite gate. Presently I heard a murmur of voices coming from the house. A light flashed from a small lantern, and I distinguished three human forms. Their half-suppressed words reached me as I crouched before the window :

" Doyle, come on this side of the wagon."

" Here, help me with the head. Sharpe, you take the feet."

A cold sweat broke over me. This, then, explained those awful apprehensions.

" Steady, now ! The feet first."

" Take care—you'll smash his head on the wheel."

A feeling of horror swept over me. I tried to leave the window. My limbs refused to move. I was rooted to the spot. I wanted to cry out and alarm my husband, but my tongue seemed too thick for utterance. The struggling moon had at last broken through the clouds, making the forms appear shadowy and more weird. I could see the three men trying to get their burden

through the gate. An oath broke from the lips of the first speaker :

"What the d——l are you doing?"

I saw that the one stepping backward had stumbled and almost dropped his end of the load, but I did not catch the low-spoken retort. They moved slowly across the lawn, and disappeared in a summer house. I did not wait for further developments. The tension with certainty was somewhat relieved, and I crept, shivering, back to bed. A low moan escaped my lips as I lay down, and my husband, slightly wakened, asked,

"What's the matter?"

I did not answer, and he was soon sleeping soundly. But I could not sleep. Every time I closed my eyes the terrifying scene I had just witnessed appeared before me. I wondered if I ought to wake my husband and alarm the neighborhood. But I was too terrified to stir, and just as grey dawn was breaking I slept.

Presently I heard my daughter scream. My husband sprang from the bed and rushed into her room. I followed as fast as my almost palsied limbs would allow. The room was in confusion—the trunk open, the bureau drawers on the floor—and there lay our beautiful daughter, white as death, with dishevelled hair, and blood streaming from a gash in her face. The strain was too much, I fell unconscious beside her. How long I lay I could not tell, but I felt myself struggling to regain consciousness—and in the confusion of the mental struggle I heard my husband's voice :

"Wake up ; you've had the nightmare."

I sat up suddenly, and, looking wildly around, gasped :

"Is Elsie hurt? Is she dead? Oh, no! it was a man they murdered—I know they did—I saw them carrying the body in! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" and I burst into a passion of tears.

My husband tried to soothe me.

"Why, what's the matter? Are you not well?" And amid my sobs and tears I related the night's awful experience. My husband looked grave, but tried to pooh-pooh my fears.

"There, now, you had better lie down again, and try to have a little more sleep."

I heard his steps echoing and dying away towards the barn, and I rose hurriedly and dressed. I must end this suspense—I felt as if I would go mad. I reached the kitchen door just as my

husband was opening it from the outside. A cheery voice called across the street—

"Good morning, Mr. Hyde. Bring your wife over, and see what we have found!"

"Come with me," my husband said, in a low voice, pushing open the door. I trembled so with nervous dread that I felt I dared not go, yet surely my fears must have been groundless! Could I possibly have dreamed it all? The one thought impelled me—the mystery was to be solved. I followed my husband across the street.

"My wife, Mr. King," my husband said.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning," I answered, and clutched my husband's arm as I recognized the voice.

Bart King led the way to the summer-house.

As we stood in the door-way I saw a human form, covered over with a mantle, resting on a bench. I wanted to turn away, but my husband held my hand. The man drew the mantle aside.

"Isn't this a valuable find?" he asked eagerly. "The government will give me five hundred dollars for it."

Lying before me was a stone image. The revulsion of feelings was almost too much for me. Tears and hysterical laughter strove for the mastery. Either, however, would have necessitated an explanation, and I made a brave effort to steady my voice.

"Yes, indeed, it is quite a find," and I looked into my neighbor's face. His eyes were full of suppressed excitement.

"Why! its worth a heap of money," he continued. "We found this in the Sumas prairie, near Cultus Lake. There is another, the Indians say, at the upper end of the valley, and we will not stop until we have it, too."

JEAN TEMPLER.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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VOL. XIV. APRIL, 1905. No. 7

Editorial Notes.

PUBLIC announcement has been made of the resignation of Dr. Calvin Goodspeed, who for so many years has been professor of Systematic Theology, Christian Evidences, and Church Polity. Inasmuch as, at the present time of writing, the matter has not yet been considered by the Board of Governors, it is obviously premature for THE MONTHLY to make any comment. For the same reason it is not yet possible to give our readers any information concerning the measures of reconstruction and advancement that have been forwarded by the Senate to the Board of Governors. It may be said, however, that should these be adopted and carried to a successful completion, our University will have taken a sure step forward.

WE are glad to be able to announce a Third Prize Story Competition, with better prizes than we have hitherto offered. Three prizes, of $10, $5, and $3, respectively, will be given for the best stories by undergraduates; and two, of $10 and $5, respectively, for the best ones submitted by graduates. Hitherto the competition among the graduates has not been so keen as among the undergraduates, but we are hoping that the larger prizes may induce more graduates to send in contributions. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words, and must be in the hands of the editor by November 15th.

Book Reviews.

A Tale of the Kloster.*

This is a well written and interesting story and will repay a careful reading. It is a record of incidents and experiences from the life of a community of the German Pietistic school, men of profound religious convictions and intense loyalty to the Great Master. Their observations from time to time on men and things are wonderfully suggestive and helpful. Unhappily, their creed is disfigured by narrow and distorted interpretations of Scripture, and hence, along with good old-fashioned ideas of the simple life, there is needless austerity, privation, slander, darkening the lives of men and women otherwise excellent and deeply conscientious Christians. They are, however, men of flesh and blood *comme nous autres*, and so neither convent cells nor vows of celibacy can hinder heart finding its way to heart. Bernice and Genoveva are true German girls, richly endowed with maidenly virtues, who discover and disturb their ideals in spite of austere demeanor and the chilling monk's garb. Out of this grow beautiful and intensely pathetic incidents in the lives of these Solitaries. The dark mystery that veils the parentage of Sonnlein and the startling apparitions of the witch are skilfully handled and keep the reader in suspense until the end. A number of full page illustrations by Frank M. Kernan, and handsome initial letters and a cover design made from penwork executed by the Ephrata Sisterhood, add to the value of the book.

M. S. C.

*A Tale of the Kloster. A romance of the German (Protestant) Mystics of the Cocalico (in Pennsylvania). By Brother Jabez. Philadelphia; Griffith and Rowland Press, 1904.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—exams.

CLASS '07 now holds the record for a protracted class-meeting, beating '05's time of two hours five minutes by fifteen minutes. When the Sophs. wake up they do it with a vengeance.

THE Student Body has handed over the weekly prayer-meeting to the Fyfe Missionary Society, subject to two conditions—first, that the president of the Fyfe shall be a student, and second, that the Student Body may take it back at any time if it so desires.

THE Street Railway Company is not quite so popular with McMasterites now that they have ceased stopping in front of the Hall. Old students will be interested to learn that we now have to walk to Avenue or Bedford Roads in order to get a car.

TWO proverbs suggested by recent events:—"Blessed is the man who sitteth not in the council of the 'knockers.'" "It is a wise man that knows his own 'knocker.'"

SOPHOMORE (reading aloud invitation from Class '06, Moulton Ladies' College): "R.S.V.P., eh?" Freshman—"What does that mean?" Sophomore—"Respondez, s'il vous plait." Freshman—"Is that their class motto?"

IT IS just possible that Cowper, when he wrote "The Task," was looking forward through the years to some of our class-meetings, *e.g.*:

> "Great contest follows, and much learned dust
> Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
> And truth disclaiming both."

JOKER—"Why does that Freshman's hair remind you of the 'Deserted Village'?" Victim—"I dunno. Give it up. Why?" Joker—"It's auburn."

HERE'S wishing all the undergraduates success in their exams.

THE May number of THE MONTHLY will be edited by a joint committee of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. It will partake somewhat of the nature of a year book, and will be illustrated.

MISS GRACE L. STONE, '06, was elected president of the Ladies' Literary League for the year of '05-06. Under Miss Stone the society should continue its prosperous career. The other officers will be elected in the fall.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB ELECTIONS.—The Political Science Club met on March 20th, and elected the following able staff of officers for the ensuing year:—Hon. president, A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., LL.D.; president, George R. M. Wells, '06; vice-president, C. L. Timpany, '06; secretary-treasurer, A. E. White, '07; councillors, N. McNaughton, '07; N. S. McKechnie, '08.

THE MONTHLY'S NEW OFFICERS.—The career of this great scholastic journal will be in the hands of an exceptionally able staff of editors, business managers and reporters next year, as witness the following appointments made by the Literary Society: Editor-in-chief, Professor W. S. W. McLay, M.A.; assistant editor, W. J. Grigg, '05; business manager, W. L. McKinnon, '06; advertising manager, George Irons, '07; subscription manager, W. B. Waters, '08. Editors of departments: Around the Hall, H. R. Nobles, '06; Athletics, A. S. Woodburne, '06; Here and There, G. R. M. Wells, '06; Our Graduates, T. M. Dadson, '06. Reportorial staff: H. B. Moyle, '06; J. D. Craig, '07; E. E. Wells, '07; M. H. Long, '08; D. A. McGibbon, '08; Miss Bertha J. Thomson, '07; Miss Blanche Edy, '08; C. W. New, B.A., Theology.

STUDENT BODY ELECTIONS.—Those whom the electors of the student body politic have chosen to preside over their activities for '05-'06 are: High kakiak, T. M. Dadson, '06; 1st vice-kakiak, E. Viens, '05; 2nd vice-kakiak, G. E. Tomkinson, '05; secretary-treasurer, E. A. Miller, '06; representatives, H. R. Nobles, '06; J. M. Telford, '07.

Rev. C. C. McLaurin, superintendent of Northwest missions, was a visitor at our prayer-meeting on March 28th. Rev. W. B. Merrill, B.A., B.Th., spoke in the chapel on March 31st.

The Literary Society.—The annual elections of the Literary Society took place on the evening of March 24th, and a spirited contest ensued for some of the offices. The outcome was as follows: Hon. president, Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace; president, J. B. Pengelly, '06; 1st vice-president, C. E. Burke, '07; 2nd vice-president, Miss O. Harton, '06; secretary, R. C. Bensen, '06; treasurer, W. D. Whan, '06; secretary of committees, E. A. Miller, '06; corresponding secretary, N. S. McKechnie, '08; curator, R. E. E. Harkness, '07. Retiring business manager, Huson Wright, '05, presented the report from The Monthly, showing a balance on hand of $290.49. The retiring treasurer of the society, Mr. G. S. Johnson, read a report showing a balance of $4.01. The one cent was voted to him in return for his services. The year representatives so far appointed are: Miss A. M. Waters, '07; Lloyd Jackson, '08; D. W. Campbell, '06.

Dr. Goodspeed's Resignation.—The news of the resignation of Dr. Goodspeed as professor of Systematic Theology, announced on April 4th, was heard with regret by the students. The doctor's twenty years at McMaster have endeared him to the hundreds of students who have passed through his hands.

Debating Society.—The followers of Demosthenes will assemble next fall under the guardianship of the following officers, elected on March 25th: President, G. G. Vichert, '08; vice-president, D. A. McGibbon, '08; secretary, R. D. Moyle, '08: councillors, A. W. Ross, '08; W. A. Cameron, '06, and N. McNaughton, '07.

Y.W.C.A.—The Y.W.C.A. meetings have been brought to a close. During the month of March we have had four meetings, and in April one. At most of these the girls themselves took charge, the meetings assuming an informal character, several members taking part. We have had another of Mrs. Parker's delightful visits, and this time her talk was about work in Japan. On April 3rd, our last meeting, Chancellor Wallace was with us, and gave us, not an address, but a quiet, helpful talk. The Chancellor's practical ideas were such as could be carried out by every girl, and proved a fitting close to a most successful year's work. Mrs. Winnifred McKinnon, '06, has been elected president for next year.

The University of Toronto sermon, on March 26th, was preached in Wycliffe Convocation Hall by Rev. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A. It was a masterly effort, and was much enjoyed by those fortunate enough to hear it.

Consolidated Schools.—Saturday, March 11th, the Debating Society was so fortunate as to persuade J. W. Hotson, M.A., a McMaster graduate of '01, principal of the McDonald Consolidated Rural Schools, at Guelph, to come to Toronto and give us a lecture on his work. Mr. Hotson explained the ideals that are influencing this "silent protest," and gave also some practical examples of his methods. The object sought is to afford to children living in rural districts more efficient instruction, by consolidating all the schools in some three-mile radius into one large central school. Large vans are sent out to bring the children to school, and these take them home again at the close of the day's work. In this way country children are afforded all the advantages of a graded school. Beside our present system of schools, which leads directly to the university and the professions, the scheme involves the establishment of a parallel system, which points to the Agricultural College and is suited to the needs of the farmer. Mr. Hotson recently made a tour of investigation through the United States and Europe, and is well qualified to carry out this venture. We wish "Doc" every success.

Comedy and Tragedy.—On March 18th a mock trial took the place of the usual debate. The case was a breach of promise suit brought by Miss Lydia Pinkham against Dr. Munyon. With difficulty it was discovered that the well-known personage of C. D. Jones, '06, was concealed beneath the skirts of the supposed Miss Pinkham, and on investigation Dr. Munyon proved to be Roy Saunders, '08, plus a frock coat and several other articles of disguise. His Honor, T. M. Dadson, '06, presided over the court, E. A. St. James, as court crier, opened the proceedings; E. J. Chave, '06, filled the office of clerk, while E. C. Jordan, '05, made a stern and imposing constable. Messrs. H. R. Nobles, '06, and C. E. Burke, '07, conducted the case for the plaintiff. W. A. Cameron, '06, and J. B. Pengelly, '06, were the counsels for the defence. Among the witnesses called to the box were—Weary Waggles (W. D. Whan, '06), Sherlock Holmes Pinkham (E. A. Helie, '05), Ready Relief Radway (W. Holman, '08), and Mr. Hezekiah Pinkham (G. W. Gorman, '05). Judge Dadson, after a humorous summing up, awarded the plaintiff's claims, and sentenced the defendant to life imprisonment. This penalty Dr. Munyon took quite cheerfully, but upon the commutation of the sentence to a forced marriage with Miss Pinkham, the doctor's

smile vanished, his hand stole to his hip pocket and drew therefrom a pistol. Pointing this at his head he pulled the trigger and fell to the floor. With this dramatic scene the court closed. The meeting was largely attended, and may be characterized as a marked success. More productions of the same originality are in order.

Evangelistic Work.—The work of the Band for the month of March was confined to Toronto. On the evening of March 5th in the Memorial Church, an effective service was held, the results of which were more far-reaching than then known. The Carlton St. Methodist Church invited the Band for March 19th. An immense audience greeted the workers, and an exceptional service was held. The evening meeting of Parliament St. church's anniversary, on March 26th, was conducted by the Band. The plans for a summer campaign similar to that of last year are being developed. Many invitations have been received, and the proposed course will be definitely decided on later. The band for the Province of Ontario will be under the leadership of Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, with D. H. Williamson, '07, as director of the music. Another band of ten men, under the leadership of Mr. J. R. Coutts, B.A., is to begin work at Winnipeg, working west along the main line of the C.P.R., probably going as far as Vancouver. The future plans may include work for a year or more in the west. The earnest prayers of the students will follow this very important work, and we hope for even larger success to attend these efforts.

"Twelfth Night, or What You Will."—When it was announced that our lady students were going to put on this play of Shakespeare's at their open meeting on March 10th, we all expected something good. Our hopes were more than realized when the evening came, and the universal verdict was that, as an entertainment, it was the best provided in McMaster for many years. Castle Memorial Hall was early filled to the doors with an appreciative audience, who were kept in good spirits by the boys in the gallery. Considering the fact that the young ladies did not have the aid of costumes or scenery, the effects produced were remarkable. All wore white dresses with college gowns, and showed considerable histrionic ability. The leading part of Viola was taken very cleverly by Miss Eva Wilkins, '07, her rich and powerful voice being heard with ease in all parts of the auditorium. Miss Helen Burke, '07, was a pretty and charming Countess Olivia, and Miss Anita M. Walters, '07, made a very stately, courteous and lover-like Duke Orsino. Malvolio was extremely well taken by Miss Edith Hartley, '05, who made a hit with the audience as she portrayed the bumptious lackey who had

"greatness thrust upon him." Miss Blanche Shields, '07, as Maria, was always vivacious and witty. Miss Emma Kennedy, '08, as Feste, the jester, sang a couple of old English songs very sweetly. The other parts, which were also very well acted, were —Antonio, a sea captain, Miss Olive Harton, '06; Valentine, Miss Annie Windsor, '05; Sebastian, Miss Elora Alway, '08; a Sea Captain, Miss Anna McIntosh, '08; and Officer, Miss Lottie Burke, '06. The credit for the success of the presentation is largely due to the kind assistance of Mrs. Fenton-Arnton, who trained the ladies in their parts. The musical part of the programme was provided by Mrs. Evangeline Richards Dill, who played two beautiful violin solos, and Miss Lulu Bryce, whose sweet soprano voice earned her a well-deserved encore. Miss Blanche Edy, '08, provided music on the flute during the play. The president of the Ladies' Literary League, Miss Lillie M. Senior, '05, was in the chair, and made a neat little speech of welcome at the commencement. The ushers were—The Misses Murray, '08; Hitchon, '07; Moule, '07; Vansickle, '08; Pugsley, '08; Scott, '08, and Firstbrook, '08. We extend our congratulations on the success of the evening, and look forward with hope to similar treats in the future.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The last regular meeting of the society for the year was held on March 16th. The first session opened at 2 p.m., with vice-president D. A. McGregor, '05, in the chair. After a half-hour spent in prayer and praise, the committee appointed to revise the constitution made their report. Though some of the clauses called for considerable discussion, the report was unanimously adopted. It is confidently believed that, under the new constitution, which provides for three regular meetings in the year, besides one public meeting in each term, the work of the society will be made more effectual in deepening the spiritual life of the University.

The address of the afternoon was delivered by Rev. H. R. Stillwell, returned missionary. He was listened to with much interest as he recounted some of his personal experiences during nine years of life among the Telegus. Knowledge of the language, accurate use of terms, and a spirit of loving patience, were, he said, three things absolutely necessary to gain the respect and confidence of the Hindoo.

The annual Fyfe sermon was preached in the evening by Rev. H. C. Speller, of Sarnia, to a very appreciative audience. The text was John 14, 1-3, and the leading points of the sermon were—the preparation, the obstacles, and the home-coming of the Christian workers. The earnestness of the preacher and the elo-

quent presentation of his message, made a deep impression upon his hearers. The day was one of great blessing to all who were privileged to attend the sessions of the society.

THE LAST "LIT." PROGRAMME.—The crowning result of the efforts of the programme committee of the Lit. was a lecture by Dr. R. Wilson Smith, on Post-Darwinian Evolution. Professor Smith described some of the extended and painstaking experiments that have led to the propounding of the law that acquired characteristics are not inherited. The body of the lecture was an explanation of the theories of Mendell and DeVries, which were put in the simplest of language by our popular professor. The lecture was much enjoyed, and was very profitable, for many hazy points were cleared up.

THE WAR SONG OF THE KNOCKERS.*

(Tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," etc.)

There's a club within this school
Who've established well the rule,
As "the club that raises Cain"—
For we work with might and main,
And we're always on the go,
What our name is would you know?
Why—"The Knockers!"

Chorus.—Knock, knock, knock—we're always knocking,
Hear us as we raise our kick!
Oh! we're always on the spot,
And we make things pretty hot,
In the Student Body, Lit, and the Athletic!

Oh! the clubs who've gone before,
Many are the names they bore,
But of all the clubs the best
With an aim to "knock" the rest,
Is our blessed club of knockers,
With our hammers and our sockers,
Hurray for "Knockers"!

Ho! if our club they try to break,
We'll show them soon their sad mistake;
We'll teach them—don't you ever doubt!—
We'll knock them down—we'll knock them out—
Then raise in memory to their dust—
And as a warning, too—a bust,
"Knocked by knockers." J. D. C., '07.

*For the benefit of the uninitiated, a "knocker" is one who seems to take a delight in upsetting the plans of others.

A SENIOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By midnight train, sans luggage, I
Arrived on earth some years gone by,
Untutored, raw, both blind and dumb,
A Freshman to Life's College come;
Whereof, before, naught had I heard;
And forthwith I was registered.
At first I was a lonesome wight,
And cried like fury every night.
But soon my strangeness wore away,
My heart got set on my *M.A.*
A language course at first I took,
And *Early English* learned from *Cook.*
But I confess, by day and night,
A crib was my supreme delight;
Without one I could barely creep,
My progress often made me weep.
And when my Freshman year was o'er,
My standing was extremely poor.
This so displeased my dearest friends,
I took some steps to make amends.
I set my teeth, made up my mind,
And henceforth I resolved to grind.
The issue of this change was clear,
I took no "sups." my second year.
And soon I felt a Junior's pride,
A high chair now I occupied,
And with contempt quite undisguised,
My Freshman brother I despised.
The Freshy's yell aroused my wrath,
I helped to put him in the bath.
It took near all the strength I had;
I got a warming, too, by dad!
But when the fourth year I began,
I was a more developed man.
My Alma Mater never had
As hard a Kicker undergrad.;
Hence she resolved when I was four,
That I should wear a gown no more,
And so next May, if you desire,
You'll see me get my *B*-oy's *A*-ttire.

C. S. EDWARDS, '06.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Noughty-seven had a class-meeting. This was on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock. There had been one the previous afternoon, as a piece of urgent business was on hand. The president was absent, so the secretary called the meeting, and the business was done. The girls were not invited. Friday morning another meeting was called—this time by the president. There was a faction working—indeed, there had been since the meeting called Thursday afternoon. Was the business done at that first meeting legal, or was it illegal? They should see. They tried for an hour, but could not, so adjourned to the afternoon. After English they commenced again. The president took his place.

"Now," he began, "we want to understand just where we are. The class is all agreed that we are entitled to a representative on the Athletic Association, is it not?" "Yes, yes!" was the unanimous answer. "And you are all agreed that the man nominated at the illegal meeting yesterday is the one you want, are you?" "Yes," A shouted. B jumped up. "The meeting was *not* illegal." C ground his heel into the floor. "If you say the meeting was illegal, you say you do not want the man nominated." "We do *not*," D said decisively. "I can't see anything else." "Nor can I," said B and C. "Why don't you say the meeting was irregular?" D asked. "Illegal won't send you to jail," A said disgustedly.

D rose to his full length, and he was very long. "If you say the meeting was illegal you censure the secretary," he said. "I move," declared A decidedly, "that we declare the meeting called yesterday illegal." "I second the motion," E added quickly. "All in favor?" The president put the question. "Before we go further," D asked, "I should like to know just *why* this meeting yesterday was illegal?"

The president read, from a forbidding-looking volume, that "the secretary of a body could call a meeting only through the president or vice-president." "Is that our constitution?" E asked. "No," replied the president, "it is the parliamentary; we have none." "Then," said C conclusively, "if we haven't any rules, how can we break them?" "We must have some," F chimed in. "In the absence of a constitution of our own the natural thing is to follow that adopted by parliament."

"Question!" A said crossly. "One minute—" D began. "Question! question!" A, E and F slapped their desks smartly. "All in favor?" repeated the president. "Of what?" B snapped out. E snorted. "The motion which was made five minutes ago," he vouchsafed. "Ballot! by ballot!" A, B and C shouted together.

"Very well," said the president. "G and H will act as scrutineers." G and H passed the slips around. "What do we put on them?" F asked. "'Yes' and 'No,' you—" B stopped abruptly. "Well, what are they for?" "'Yes' is illegal, 'No' is legal." "'YES' MEANS ILLEGAL," the president wrote, in large letters, on the blackboard. The ballots were collected. "Yes" outnumbered "No" three to one.

"I move," said D, rising again slowly, "that we pass our approval on the meeting held yesterday, and that we do not censure the secretary." "Who is censuring the secretary?" A and E fired up. "I don't feel that way at all," the secretary said magnanimously. "I merely made a mistake if the meeting were illegal, and am glad to know it." "I think—" C began. "Order! order! D has the floor." "Sit down! sit down!" B and C growled. "Mr. President—" "Hold him down! hold him down!" came in a hoarse stage whisper. "I second D's motion," J sandwiched in the hubbub. "Rule it out!" shouted E.

Someone said something in the back of the room. "Did you say that to me?" J doubled his fist. "Naw, he was talking to me," K drawled soothingly. D had the floor again. "Now I come after him!" "S-s-s-s-s! Make him sit down!" "His motion is right against the one we just balloted on." "It's not according to the constitution." "We—" "S-s-s-s-s-s! Rule him out!" Pandemonium reigned.

D began. He was very dignified. "My motion—" "What was your motion?" "Put it on the board." The president picked up the chalk. "I move," D repeated, "that we approve of the action of the secretary in calling the meeting yesterday, and that we do not censure him."

"That is exactly opposite to the other motion." "I do not see it!" J interjected. "Then you mean," the president asked, "that the meeting yesterday was legal?" "Not necessarily," D answered. "He doesn't know what he means!" A snapped. "This agitation," D continued, "was started from personal motives, and the one who started it—" "*I* started it," A snapped again, jumping up, "and I would just like D to explain what he means by anything personal. I was not aware of any spite in the matter." "Aw, wait until you get outside to explain! This is no place for your settlement!"

"Put them out!" A chorus of "Sit downs!" arose. "What do you mean by your motion?" "I know," D continued, "my motion is not according to the constitution—we haven't any—but it's purely a matter of sentiment. I do not think we ought to censure the secretary." "Sentiment! s-s-sentiment!" A hissed, biting off his consonants with a snip, "I don't see any s-s-s-sentiment on the board—I see cold, plain words."

H thought it would be hard to get any sentiment on the

blackboard. K made a motion. E made a motion. They were ruled out—a motion was already before the house.

E made an amendment. He would strike out all but "that we do not censure the secretary." That meant that "we would not scold him." It carried. "Well," the president announced, "the main point of our meeting has not yet been touched upon. We are here to elect the representative to the Athletic Association. I think we all want the one elected yesterday."

"If we elect him, that shows that the meeting yesterday was legal," B announced triumphantly. C thought so too. "If we don't elect him, that censures the secretary," D said. "It doesn't!" "It does!"

A moved an adjournment. It was seconded, and defeated by one. The room grew quieter. It was about twenty-five minutes to five. L rose, with the look of do-or-die shining through his glasses. "If," he said, "we elect the man nominated yesterday, what does it matter if the meeting were illegal. We simply do the business to-day—" "You confirm the business done yesterday," C interpolated. "Therefore I move," went on L, ignoring C's interruption, "that Scottie McEwen be elected the representative from Noughty-seven to the Athletic Association."

The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and the class tramped out. So the girls saw the fun after all.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. S. EATON, '05.

THE Athletic Association has just closed what, with the exception of the hockey season, has been a very successful and satisfactory year. It is doubtful if ever before in the University there has been seen such a keen interest in athletics among all the students and such enthusiasm among the men when working for places on the teams. In Rugby we won the district championship and the first game in the finals, but lost the championship by a small margin in the last game. Field day was an unqualified success. Association football did not receive as much attention perhaps as it has in former years, but our team made, nevertheless, a creditable showing.

The Association is in splendid condition financially; no levies have been made on the students, no calls have been made on anybody outside of the University, all bills have been paid and a small balance is left in the treasury.

The thanks of the association are due to all the members of the retiring executive, and particularly to the secretary, Mr. H. R. Nobles. Mr. Nobles has had the lion's share of work, but he has been most generous in the time and ability which he gave to it.

The prospects for next year are the very brighest. The athletic field will receive special attention during the summer, and will be in excellent condition for work by the opening of next term. There is material already in sight for strong teams in Rugby and Association football and hockey. It is to be hoped that the captains of the various teams will be on hand promptly at the opening of College, and it is urged that they get out early all the promising men from incoming classes, and that they insist on doing a good deal of hard work in preparation for all the contests.

The Athletic Association held its annual meeting on Monday and Wednesday, March 27th and 29th. The yearly report, presented by secretary-treasurer H. R. Nobles, was a very gratifying statement, showing the total receipts of the year to be $523.27, and the total expenditure $510.75, leaving the balance of $12.52. The election of officers for 1905-06 also took place, with the following result—Hon.-President, Professor A. C. McKay, B.A., LL.D. ; President, E. R. Fitch, '05 ; Vice-President, E. C. Fox, '06 ; Secretary-Treasurer, D. Buchanan, '06 ; Councillors, S. R. McEwan, '07, Harold McGregor, '08.

The Athletic Association has many friends among the graduates of the University, who from time to time send greetings of their good-will. Recently Mr. R. V. Bellamy, McMaster's representative at Oxford, sent the Association a postal note for one pound, along with an expression of his best wishes for the success of athletics. McMaster is proud of such men. Mr. Bellamy is not forgetting his athletic work in old Oxford. He is interested in rowing, and had the good fortune to row in a team which captured a very worthy prize. Mr. Bellamy also joins in "socker," or, as Canadians know it, association football. All success to him !

The constitution of the Athletic Association, which has been in rather poor condition, has been thoroughly overhauled, and now presents a most creditable appearance. Messrs. Fitch and Nobles composed the committee in charge of this work. Three typewritten copies are now in the hands of the secretary-treasurer. The thanks of the Association are due Mr. M. B. Waters, '08, for the excellent way in which the copies are put together. Mr. Waters had the work done gratis for the Association. Those who have seen the constitutions in their present form have expressed their satisfaction that the Association's health is thus improved.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: W. J. GRIGG, '05.

MISS CHARLOTTE ANNIE SANDERS, '01, is teaching in the department of Science at the Paris High School.

FELLOWSHIP IN CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.—"Rev. R. H. Mode, B.A., B.D., of McMaster University, has been awarded a fellowship in Semitics in the University of Chicago. Mr. Mode is a graduate of the University of Toronto in Arts, and of McMaster University in Theology, at the latter of which he began the study of Hebrew under the late Dr. Welton. During the present year he has acted acceptably as lecturer in Hebrew in McMaster University, and has also pursued post-graduate studies under Dr. McCurdy and Dr. Morison in the University of Toronto. For some time after graduation Mr. Mode served as assistant pastor to Rev. Dr. Thomas in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and later became the first pastor of the Chester Baptist Church."—*Toronto Globe, April 4th, 1905.*

Mr. Mode secured the fellowship mentioned above in competition, among those seeking it being men who had taken courses in Germany. THE MONTHLY hopes that his deeper draughts from the fountains of learning will be as sweet and invigorating as those he has already taken.

LAST year we printed in this department of THE MONTHLY a list of those graduates who had contributed one dollar to the funds of the Alumni Association. From that list two names were inadvertently omitted, Rev. B. W. Merrill, Theol. '96, and Mr. D. C. Macintosh, Arts '03. Since then Rev. E. J. Haines, Theol. '86, and Rev. J. D. Freeman, Theol. '90, have informed the treasurer that they contributed to the funds of the Alumni Association of the Toronto Baptist College, and their names should therefore be also added. During the past twelve months thirty members of the Association have found it convenient to make the contribution expected (but not demanded) of all graduates. We print herewith the list of these, adding thereto the four names above mentioned:

ARTS.

Class of '95—W. S. McAlpine. '96—J. J. McNeill. '97—I. G. Matthews. '99—L. H. Thomas, F. J. Scott. '00—Miss J. E. Dryden. '01—A. H. Fairchild, J. A. McDonald, R. D. Echlin. '02—Miss H. A. Iler, W. E. Bowyer, A. L. Huddleston, T. E. Meldrum. '03—E. J. Zavitz, D. C. Macintosh. '04—R. A. F. McDonald, F. C. Mabee, A. D. Werden, C. J. Beck (*ob.*), W. V. Poapst, J. M. Warner. *Ad Eundem*, F. Sanderson, J. S. Copland, J. H. Farmer.

According to classes the number of contributors among the graduates in Arts is now as follows: '94—9; '95—10; '96—10; '97—12; '98—9; '99—8; '00—12; '01—8; '02—14; '03—10; '04—6. *Ad Eundem*—21. Total—129. Of these, nineteen are also graduates in Theology.

THEOLOGY.

Class of '86—E. J. Haines. '89—D. G. MacDonald. '90—J. D. Freeman. '91—W. E. Norton, J. Roberts. '94—G. Cross. '96—B. W. Merrill. '94—W. C. Riddiford, J. A. Hilts. *Ad Eundem*—E. T. Fox. Total—10. This number added to the number of those whose names appeared last year makes a total in Theology of 39.

Grand total in Arts and Theology—168.

In connection with the publication of the above lists, it may be well to repeat what was stated last year, that this contribution is *not* an annual one, and further, that failure to make it in no way interferes with the exercise of the rights and privileges of membership in the Association. For example, the right to vote at the annual election of alumni representatives on the Senate of the University is not at all contingent upon contributing to the funds of the Association. At the same time it may be said that some funds are necessary to carry on the regular business of the Association, and that therefore all graduates who have not yet done so are invited to send their dollar to the secretary-treasurer at their earliest convenience.

ALUMNI LIBRARY FUND.—The treasurer of the fund reports that the following have paid one or more of the three annual installments subscribed by them. It is hoped that subscribers whose names do not appear will remit promptly to S. R. Tarr, Treasurer, 81 Collier St., Toronto. Where not otherwise designated, the list shows that one installment of $1.00 has been paid. An asterisk indicates that $3.00 has been paid in full for three installments. Where a larger subscription than the usual has been given, the figures are bracketed after the name:—

Augustine, W. H.* ; Arkell, H. S. ; Baker, A. H. ; Bellamy, R. V.* ; Baker, Perren ; Brock, G. W.* ; Blackader, E. G. ; Bowyer, Wm. E. ; Brown, Dougald ; Brownlee, E. ; Brown, J. G. ; Bunt, W. T. ; Burnette, Miss Mary ; Cameron, C. J. ; Cross, Geo. ($2.00 yearly) ; Campbell, G. H. ; Campbell, P. S. ; Cline, W. H. ; Cohoe, W. P. ; Cornwall, J. M. ; Clarke, G. H. ; Daniel, Walter ; Dryden, Miss Jessie ; Fox, E. T.* ; Farmer, Jones F. ; Gregory, J. W.* ; Grant, G. H.* ; Gilmour, J. L. ; Grant, Chas. A. ; Grigg, S. E. ; Grimshaw, J. B. ; Harkness, D. B. ; Haydon, A. E. ; Harris, Elmore ($5.00 yearly) ; Iler, Miss A. G.* ; Johnston, G. W. ($2.00 pd.) ; King, C. W. ; MacLeod, C. E. ; McDermid, Miss E. ; McEwen, Jas. ; McDonald, A. P.*; McKay, A. C.; McLachlan, J. D.; Macintosh, D.C.* ; MacKechnie, H. ; MacFaul, G. R. ; McLay, W. S. W.; Mabee, F.; Madill, A. J. ; Massé, G. N. ; Matthews, R. C. ; Merrill, B. W.; Munro, Miss I. ; Murdoch, A. ; Norton, W. E. ; Park, A. R. ; Porter, W. H.* ; Poapst, W. V. ; Priest, H. C. ; Reekie, A. B.*; Reddick, D. ; Robertson, W. E. ; Schutt, C. H. ($2.00 pd.) ; Sanderson, F. ; Sheldon, S. ; Scott, F. J. ($5.00 paid in full) ; Simmons, G. N.; Smith, Miss M. ; Stark, Mrs. H. S. ; Sowerby, J. H.; Stewart, J. W. A. ; Stobo, E. J., Jr.; Turnbull, A.* ; Tapscott, W. T. ; Tarr, E. J. ; Tarr, S. R. ; TenBroeke, J. ; Therrien, A. L.; Therrien, L. A. ; Thomson, A. J.; Vichert, J. F.; Wallace, O.C.S. ($2.00 yearly); Warner, J. M.; Wallace, W.H.; Willmott, A. B. ; Welch, G. R. ; Wells, Miss E. P.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR : MARETTA GORDON.

WE were glad to have with us in two of our prayer meetings this month, Mr. Lawson, who has recently returned from China, and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, of Vuyyuru, India. Mr. Lawson showed many interesting curios and described the advantage of missionary work in China. From Mrs. Stillwell's address we learned of the triumphs of Christianity over customs which particularly affect the life of the Hindoo women.

ONE by one the events that mark the senior year, are slipping by. One of the most important of these was a party given by class '06, to the graduating year, on March the 17th. The entire entertainment and all the decorations reminded one constantly

that "St. Patrick's day in the morning" had turned into a most pleasant evening.

A GREAT deal of interest was shown by the students when it was announced that a lecture was to be given in the chapel on March 31st by Dr. Helen McMurchy, on Patent Medicines. Dr. McMurchy has looked far into the schemes of patent medicine manufacturers, and is able to show the false methods which they use to secure the testimonials displayed in the newspapers of the day. She also gave an analysis of some of the best known patent medicines, and her analysis was not flattering to the patent medicines.

THE regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held on the first Wednesday of the month. It was decided that the association should be known as the Moulton Athletic Association. Money was voted for the purchase of a new basket ball, tennis balls, croquet set and everything else necessary for the association. Captains were appointed for the tennis, and, although, we cannot play just yet, everything is in order for after the holidays.

IN former years, there has been a prize offered for English in the fourth year, but this year it was feared we were not to have one. Mrs. Davies has, however, kindly offered a prize of ten dollars for the best essay written before the 1st of June.

EACH month the Literary Society makes a study of one great character. The one chosen for the March meeting was from France, Marie Antoinette, several papers were read on the lives of different French women. Mrs. Wallace gave an interesting talk on the home in which Marie Antoinette lived. The Glee Club sang, "La Marseillaise."

To those who are filled with a desire to begin basket ball, it seems to take the grass a very long time to don her new spring dress. We are fortunate in having a little longer holiday at Easter than some of the other schools, and we hope the grass will make great progress during our absence.

Here and There.

EDITOR : J. B. MCLAURIN, '05.

A SOUTHERN MAIDEN.

Fair, with a regal loveliness which shames
  The blended beauty of a bursting rose,
And the soft color which at evening flames
  O'er mountains capped with Winter's lingering snows;

And faithful, as old ocean's tide which boom
  And at the base of beetling summits beat—
Thy love is like a star, 'midst midnight gloom,
  Which gleams to guide the wanderer's weary feet.

A. L. H., *in The Georgian.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY did not create very much of a stir among our exchanges: only two, *The Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Ottawa University Review* taking notice of the occasion. These two, however, evidently contain many loyal Irish hearts, and celebrated the day by song and story, each in its own way—the *Scholastic* scholarly and refined, the *Review* a little more boisterous and demonstrative, with its pictures and editorials.

TO THE EMIGRANT.

Your chair's near the hearthstone, O child of my heart
  And love-glowing faces await your return ;
Wher'er you may wander from Erin apart,
  Through fresh-smelling fields, or by clear running burn,
Forget not your cot on the cool Irish lawn,
The home of your childhood, my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*

When your soul is aweary of fair foreign lands
  And you sigh for the song of your own native streams,
For the laugh of the children at play on the sands;
  When your heart is inwove with a web of bright dreams,
Come home to these woods, like the wild-hunted fawn,
And dream in the twilight, my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06, *in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

A MODERN REQUEST.

'Tis little that I ask of fate—
  A life exempt from harm
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
  And a little radium farm.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN IMITATION OF CHAUCER.—The following *jeu d' esprit* by W. W. S. (Walter W. Skeat) was published along with tributes by other English, American and German scholars to Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the veteran Chaucerian and Shakesperean scholar. Thinking that most of our readers will appreciate the cleverness of the imitation of Chaucer, we venture to re-print it in this department of the MONTHLY:

(From MS. Harl. 7334, fol. 999, back.)

A Clerk ther was of Cauntebrigge also,
That unto rowing haddè longe y-go.
Of thinnè shidès [1] wolde he shippès makè,
And he was nat right fat, I undertakè.
And whan his ship he wrought had attè fullè,
Right gladly up the river wolde he pullè,
And eek returne as blythly as he wentè.
Him rekkèd nevere that the sonne him brentè [2],
Ne stinted he his cours for reyn ne snowè;
It was a joyè for him to seen him rowè!
Yit was him lever, in his shelves newè,
Six oldè textès [3], clad in greenish hewè,
Of Chaucer and his oldè poesyè
Than ale, or wyn of Lepe [4], or Malvoisyè.
And therwithal he wex a philosofre;
And peyned him to gadren gold in cofre
Of sundry folk; and al that he mighte hentè [5]
On textès and emprinting he it spentè;
And busily gan bokès to purveyè
For hem that yeve him wherwith to scoleyè [6].
Of glossaryès took he hede and curè [7];
And when he spyèd had, by aventurè,
A word that semèd him or strange or rarè,
To henten [8] it anon he noldè sparè [9],
But wolde it on a shrede [10] of paper wrytè,
And in a cheste he dide his shredès whytè,
And preyed every man to doon the samè;
Swich maner study was to him but gamè.
And on this wysè many a yeer he wroughtè,
Ay storing every shreed that men him broughtè,
Til, attè lastè, from the soble pressè
Of Clarendoun, at Oxenforde, I gessè,
Cam stalking forth the Gretè Dictionàrie
That no man wel may pinche at [11] ne contràrie.
But for to tellen alle his queintè gerès [12],
They wolden occupye wel seven yerès;
Therfore I passe as lightly as I may;
Ne speke I of his hatte or his array,
Ne how his berd by every wind was shakè
When as, for hete, his hat he wolde of takè.
Souning in [13] Erly English was his speché,
'And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly techè.'

1 thin boards. 2 burnt. 3 see the 'six-text' edition of Chaucer. 4 a town in Spain. 5 acquire. 6 for those that give him the means to study with. 7 care. 8 seize upon, 9 would not hesitate. 10 all quotations illustrating special uses of English words were written on pieces of paper of a particular size. 11 find fault with. 12 curious ways. 13 in accordance with.

THE *Ottawa University Review* appeared in a most artistic green cover—simple, effective and pleasing. A feature is a good series of articles on prominent Irish Canadians. In short, it is the best number that Ottawa has published for a long time, and the editors are to be congratulated on their effort. Taking the Irish names for what they are worth as music, the following clipping is seen to have both "rhyme and reason."

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

This is the mystic language heard of old,
In ancient Erin, when the enchanted Sidhe
Danced to weird music over glen and lea;
When Oisin's horn awakened hill and wold.
This is the tongue whose slogan thundered bold
At famed Clontarf beside the ensanguined sea
And scattered fear by Beal-an-atba-buidhe
Where the fierce tide of Uladh's battle rolled!

Soft as the summer's breath o'er clover-fields
Yet trenchant as the fabled "Sword of Light;"
The dread Cleev Solish that swift Oscar wields
In Tir-na-n-og:—the high reward of might.
Clear as the rays that flashed from Finian shields;
Wild-sweet as Fairy-music thro' the night.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, *in University of Ottawa Review.*

THE *O. A. C. Review*, from the Ontario Agricultural College, is a type of publication entirely different from any other exchange we receive. Treatises on the grading of wheat, or the denunciation of those apple shippers who refuse to use the regulation shipping box for apples take the place of poems and literary essays. Needless to say, all this makes it very interesting to the large proportion of our students who are happy to claim the farm as their home. The pages of this periodical are enriched with a great number of photo-engravings, which seem to be about evenly divided between illustrations of agricultural experiments and portraits of the young ladies of the McDonald Institute trimming hats, washing clothes, and generally learning to be efficient farmers' wives. Here is a sample of agricultural humor:—

Little Willie had a mirror
  And he licked the back all off
Thinking in his childish error
  It would cure his whooping cough.

At the funeral, Willie's mother
  Sadly said to Mrs. Brown
'Twas a chilly day for Willie
  When the mercury went down.

O. A. C. Review.

We wish to commend *The Philomathean* on the spirit that is evident in its pages. This paper is evidently enthusiastically supported by the students of Bridgewater College, and though a lack of poetry is noticeable, of the making of essays, in that section of Virginia there is, apparently, no end. They might be improved if the authors would not make them so short, and, perhaps, write on subjects not quite so commonplace as "The Preparation of Moses," "Macbeth's Guilt," or "True Greatness." This magazine also contains good stories.

CRY OF THE EXILE.

Oh, God! for one hour on an Irish hill,
'Neath the blue of an Irish sky,
With a heart as light as the glancing rill
That babbles and splashes and rushes by
To its home on the Shannon's breast;
Where the tall green corn in the sunlight waves,
Like an emerald sea through the valley sweet,
Rippling and flowing until it laves
With its shimmering wavelets the brown hills' feet
In my dream-haunted Isle of the West.

Oh! to stand in the cot where we danced of yore,
When Shaun of the Hill and Roseen Dhu,
With Dermot and Maurya "took the floor,"
With a grace that only the wild fawns knew,
To the twirl of the piper's tune,
Bright laughing eyes, gold hair and brown,
White teeth that gleam when the red lip parts,
Feet twinkling 'neath cotton or russet gown.
God's grace on their warm young Irish hearts,
Fresh as the buds in June.

Oh, Erin! black was the dreary day
When the gray mist rose twixt my eyes and thee,
And I saw thy green shore far, far away—
Like a gleam of light on a sullen sea—
Fade out of my yearning gaze.
The stranger's heart may be warm and true,
And the stranger's land may be fair and bright,
But I sigh for the heather wet with dew,
And the Shannon's gleam in the morning light,
And one hour of the bygone days.

CAHAL O'BYRNE, *in the Messenger.*

The *Acadia Athenæum* is, as usual, freighted with much that is good, and some that we will not classify. The *The Athenæum* publishes good verse, our only regret is it is too long to reprint. In literary criticisms and essays our Easter exchanges are at their best, and the *Athenæum* is well up to the standard set by its neighbors in this regard.

"WHAT is love?" asked the sweet girl, who was looking for a chance to leap. "Love," replied the old bachelor, "is a kind of insanity that makes a man call a 200 lb. female his little turtle-dove."—*Ex.*

The mule is sometimes good and kind:
  And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast foods;
  And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress,
  And all outlandish foolishess;
The mule is accused of mulishness,
  And so is man.

E., *in Munroe College Monthly.*

SONG.

My dreams are all of thee, love
By night when dreams are fleet;
By day where dangers be, love,
My dreams are all of thee, love,—
My dreams that are so sweet.

Then shall my dreams come true, love—
My dreams so wondrous fair!
The summer days are few, love;
Then shall my dreams come true, love,
Or fade into a prayer?

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER, *in Nassau Literary.*

WHAT IS EDUCATION?—Education is the science of judging for one's self, of judging by values. It is not all learned in the schools and colleges—most of it is not; but the foundation is best laid there, and on this foundation rests the framework of life. . . . . The man who once grasps the precision of mathematics, the sense of plan that pervades science, the grandeur of philosophy, the nobility of literature, or the beauty of art, or a single truth from these—is never quite the same again. By so much significance as the truth he has grasped possesses, by so much is he a higher man. He may fall, but he has established a loftier standard to measure even his fall. He has breathed mountain air and can never again be quite content with the fogs from malarial swamps. He has learned to measure his possessions *ad valorem.* —W. E. AIKEN, *in Education.*

MIKE—What is a good opening for a young man? Pat—His mouth when he keeps it shut.

SPRING SONG.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
  Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
  In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
  Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the adder-tongue swinging its golden bells
  As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
  Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes
  On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
  Of the vivid Maryland yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
  From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
  Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
  Through the early light.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, *in "Labor and The Angel."*

JUST IN THE SPELLING.

Their was a made and she was awed,
  She new a thing or to.
She new a sucker from a cod,
  Could tell the reign from due.

She had a very handsome face,
  Her eyes were clear and blew,
Her mouth was like a pretty rows,
  Her hare a golden hew.

She often went to sea a play,
  And thought the drama grate,
And for the happy ending she
  Impatiently wood weight.

She tolled a man who wished two wed
  His sister she wooed bee,
She learned to need and bake good bred.
  A deer old made is she.

Chicago Chronicle.

CRIBBED.

"There is a crib for children,
There is a crib for kine,
The crib occurs in cribbage,
It's the frame-work of a mine,
In lumbering it's also found,
It's used in building dams—
But the place where it is seen the most
Is in college at exams."

Columbia Jester.

WORLD STATISTICS.—At a rough calculation the population of the world is more than one billion souls. These speak some 3,064 lahguages, and are worshippers of more than 1,100 religions. The average length of life is 33⅓ years. One-fourth of mankind die before the seventh and one-half before the seventeenth year. Only one-sixth live beyond the age of sixty. Thirty-three million die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute. While one-fourth are capable of bearing arms, only one in a thousand is naturally inclined to the profession.—*Ex.*

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THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
MAY, 1905.

HISTORY OF CLASS '05 (ARTS).

IN the fall of 1901, just when the vine-leaves about the Hall were in their full richness of glorious crimson, the group of Freshmen came to McMaster who were to begin the career of "dear old Naughty-Five." It is customary to apply to Freshman classes the adjectives, meek, wide-eyed, timid, verdant. These do not apply here, for there was about this group from the beginning that vigor and class spirit that was to characterize all her proceedings for the next four years.

Great demonstrations of welcome greeted '05. Her incoming was hailed with delight by one and all. The professors immediately augmented their ranks, providing a new professor of history, and a new lecturer in moderns. The student body gave them a dinner, and here, interesting to note, Freshman Matthews, the future president of the Literary Society, made a speech. How all great things point back to small beginnings! The Board of Governors, realizing that McMaster Hall was scarcely spacious enough, had ordered a magnificent chapel and library, which, unfortunately, was not quite completed on the arrival of '05, but was ready in about two months' time. Nor was the King of England forgetful. He sent his son to extend a welcome. He came—the Duke of Cornwall and York, with his beautiful wife. Then the city was all decorated, everybody was happy, and thus the Class of '05, whose record was to make so bright a page in the larger record of Alma Mater, began her history amid ostentation and general rejoicing.

Surely, with such a beginning, should anything but a brilliant history ensue, it would be disappointing indeed. And so, at the

outset, '05 determined that she must do great things. Do not misunderstand. It was never the fault of this class to be over-grasping; far from it. She simply wanted to fulfil the expectations of those who were watching her—the King and the rest. And so she fixed her eyes significantly on the Matthews cup, then glanced at the debating platform, reminded herself of the chances at hockey, and meanwhile made plans.

The actual history of the class ought, perhaps, to begin with October 17th, for on that day the members organized as a class and elected their first officers. Each member met with a mind fraught with the feeling of responsibility, for it was a momentous proceeding, this choosing of the first president. Who among this select company, gathered from all parts of the Dominion, could fitly bear the weight of office? The combined honor and responsibility finally fell on one whose future dignity has already been mentioned—W. E. Matthews. Dr. Wilson Smith became the first honorary president. There was a long list of offices to be filled. Honorary president, president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, historian, musician, bard and orator. Some of these offices, surely, must have been sinecures, but they made altogether a fine-looking list. Captains were chosen for the rugby, association, hockey, and basket-ball teams; then representatives for the executives of the Student Body, Literary Society, and Athletic Association. Now the class was ready for anything.

But one more important item must not be overlooked. It was about this time that the famous '05 yell appeared, that blood-curdling slogan, that Indian war-whoop, that strange battle-cry—for it has been called all these—which has roused the hearts, yes and rasped the throats, of each '05 man for four years:

> Paugawaugau, Paugawaugau, meda, meda, naw.
> Naughty-five, Naughty-five, yaw! yaw!! yaw!!!

In following years other yells were composed, and class songs were written, but nothing could take the place of this old yell. Paugawaugau! The sound hailed the boys as they passed one another in the corridors. Paugawaugau! It spurred on the team on the campus. Paugawaugau! It gave fresh spirit to the players on the ice. And in the summer vacations, when far away

from the Hall, classmate met classmate in a distant city, each stretched out an eager hand and cried, Paugawaugau ! for the sake of McMaster and old Naughty-five.

And now college life had fairly begun—the ordinary routine of class-room, study and campus—until October 25th came, that being the annual field day. This was an important date, for it stands out as the first day on which the class rallied and appeared all together in the public eye. They marched in a body into the field, led by the president with a green banner. They proceeded very majestically, wondering meanwhile where were the seats reserved for them. Would they be in the centre of the grand stand ? Perhaps they would be near Moulton College, or just this side of the Seniors ? Then who can adequately describe their feelings when the field usher led them on, past the tiers of seats marked off for Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Moulton, and, pointing to a plot of grass out under the open sky, said, " There you may stand." It was not because they were not able that '05 didn't hoist the whole lot out of their reserved seats, and take full possession. No, it was with the greatness of humility that they smothered their indignation, sent across jibes to the Sophomores, and sang out " Paugawaugau." In the events which followed two of the Freshmen scored success, Vining and J. B. McArthur. The year distinguished itself by coming in last in the team race, a feat which it has faithfully repeated each year since. The first photograph was taken, and Field Day was over for that year.

Now for the course of several months, life flowed on in the regular channels, and the new students came under the sway of the various influences of McMaster life. Christmas came and passed (half-yearly exams. had not yet been introduced). The Fyfe Society, the campus and the " Lit." all did their work. Social functions also had their place, and chief among these was the Freshman Rally, held at the home of Dr. Farmer one evening in January. This was the first and only rally of Class '05 ; indeed her coming must have ended the rallies, for there were no more.

But if '05 ended the rallies she brought something else—rugby. (Someone suggests also Field Day scraps.) There had hitherto been no rugby team, nor any regular playing. Now, owing to the efforts of J. B. McArthur (captain not only of the class but also of the University team, and future president of the

Athletic Association) rugby became one of the prominent features of McMaster athletics, and it is here that most numerous successes have been scored, both in the class for the Matthews cup, and in the University against outside teams.

In the "Lit." the distinctions won were in debating. The first of a series of inter-year debates was won by the Freshmen, and though the class have won many a victory since then, never has their delight been greater than over this victory, won by "Billy" Grigg and Frank Beddow. Later, Vining and Gorman won in the second trial, and Grigg and Matthews in the finals. Thus it came about that to the Freshmen fell the championship in inter-year debating.

January 30th is a date to be remembered, as one of dearer association almost than any other, for on that day the class held its first prayer-meeting. It was the Day of Prayer, and after the general exercises in the chapel, the different classes met as usual by themselves. It was a wonderful hour for '05. As voice after voice led in prayers of supplication, of thanksgiving and of praise, the classmates knew and loved one another better. As the old hymns, familiar to all, were now sung for the first time by the class in chorus, new aspirations for '05 began to rise. She was to have been great in athletics ; she was to have won laurels in debating ; she was to have stood as a great example of class loyalty. One by one these ideals faded before a new, a grander and stronger ideal. That the class of 1905 might grow stronger in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and go forth unitedly to do His work, became now the great aspiration that swayed and permeated all the lesser ones. The class never got away from the influence of this prayer-meeting. It was the desire of the members that it should not be the last, so others were held during the year, and these gatherings, quiet but animated, solemn but joyful, will ever remain as the most sacred memory of college days.

Spring drew on apace—and exams. The students girded themselves for their first conflict. Most of them issued from the fight victorious, some wearing about their brows the halo of prizes and scholarships, others a crown of stars. On the first of May the class met together for the last time as Freshmen. They talked a good deal, thanked their executive in a real mannerly way, presented the president whose reign was about to expire with

the green class banner (thus settling the question as to what in future would be done with these ornamental but unwieldy articles), sang Auld Lang Syne, and disbanded, while Paugawaugau echoed to the top corridor.

When a class of students enter college halls as Sophomores, it is with a peculiarly pleasurable sensation that characterizes no other year. In the first year they enter with the brand of Freshmen upon them. By the time they reach the third year, they have grown used to this return, and it is invested with a certain commonplaceness. The third and last return brings the inevitable mingling of regret and satisfaction because of a dignity attained—Seniorship. But none are like the second year. The class have just emerged from their Freshmen stage. Oh, the triumph of it! Now for the first time the privilege is theirs to look patronizingly on the new-comers. No one dare molest nor twit them now. Indeed, there is a sort of idea prevails that this whole University, including all in it, is theirs. Such is the Sophomore, and Naughty-five were now Sophomores.

The class reassembled, the same and yet changed. Already the members had to regret the loss of some of their number, for the following did not appear at the reunion :—Messrs. Beddow, Duncan, McCurdy, A. R. Tilley, C. P. Tilley, and Miss MacGregor. But before the class had time to bewail their supposed depletion in numbers, they learned with much satisfaction that, as an interesting coincidence, where six had gone out another six had come in—Misses Windsor and Hartley, and Messrs. Janes, M. S. McArthur, Weir, and McGregor.

The class did not delay long in choosing officers. Professor Cohoe became honorary president and W. J. Grigg president. Soon the students were fairly pursuing the curriculum marked out for their second year. This year is interesting in that it is now time to choose and begin the special courses. There was certainly a strong philosophical element in the class, for among the aspiring specialists the largest number was found in the class of Special Psychology. Some half-dozen turned to History, and the same number to English. Four or five were mathematically inclined. Three tackled Science, while Moderns and Classics attracted only one each.

Field Day came again '05 turned out in the full glory of

yellow chrysanthemums. Gorgeous as was the total effect, it failed to impress the Freshmen. Their taunting, long-drawn-out cries of "Sun-flow-ers" stirred up the ire of the wearers of the yellow, and a scrap ensued. There was not much method in the madness which followed, but plenty of strenuousness. But no damage resulted except to the appearance of each side. In the events several members of the class helped to accumulate a score of 21 points in all. So much started towards the Matthews cup.

Time flew on. Athletics demanded a good deal of attention, inter-year debates, too—and class-meetings. Oh, the '05 class-meetings! Great centre of contention, of weighty argument, of tumultuous controversy! As years followed one another the class-meetings grew in significance, likewise in frequency and length. Their importance was realized by the other years, and when unusual sounds issued from a room, noises of loud declaiming, the puzzled Freshman was informed with awe, "A '05 class-meeting."

On St. Valentine's eve, Professor and Mrs. Cohoe entertained the class in their home, this being one of the most enjoyable features of the class history.

The Matthews cup was won. Added to the points gained on Field Day were the championships both in rugby and association. The captains of the successful teams were: Rugby, J. B. McArthur. Association, J. A. Weir.

The month of May came again, and a second time the class went out from the Hall, the members dispersing to their various homes and summer occupations.

When Naughty-five entered her third year, two duties lay before her—to retain the Matthews cup and to give a dinner to the Seniors. She did both.

Again several faces were missed. The loss of George Stephens was keenly felt, on account of his ability in the athletic field. Harry Smedley went to Africa, and shortly after was seized with a severe illness. Then few felt deeper sympathy than his recent class-mates. S. Casgrain and F. E. Lumley also dropped from the year. The new members were—E. R. Fitch, C. H. Fountain, E. A. Helie, D. L. McLaurin, and G. E. Tomkinson.

"With a little merriment and such sagacity as becometh Juniors," the class met to organize for the coming year. Her spirit had not abated, for at this very first meeting of the term,

such demonstrations of applause accompanied the election of each officer that a check had to be put upon the enthusiasm because of a theology class in the next room. Professor McLay was elected honorary president by acclamation, Cyrus Eaton became president, and the rest of the offices were duly filled. Everybody had returned hale and hearty, and ready for a splendid year's work.

Almost immediately preparations began for Field Day. '05's needs had increased. The old songs, "Hoe the corn" and "Boozer Brown" were deemed insufficient, so a hymn book was issued for use on this occasion. Much time and thought was expended in the construction of an elaborate blue banner, and when the day came the class marched to the field singing:

> "In the good old autumn time, in the good old autumn time,
> On the track and on the field watch us Juniors shine;
> We hold the Matthews cup just now, and that's a very good sign
> The Juniors are the people, in the good old autumn time."

The music of this day deserves special mention. Conductor Cranston, armed with a gay cudgel as baton, produced admirable effects. The singing of the class was perfect in sympathy, incisive in attack, gorgeous in coloring, but alas! as touching tone production let us maintain eternal silence.

A goodly number of points was scored toward the cup, and here, if we may anticipate, let it be added that in the matches which followed once again Captain J. B. McArthur and his players won the rugby championship, thereby winning the prize.

In inter-year debating '06 was first met and conquered, then '04. As '07 had already been defeated, this last victory brought the championship for this year.

Having now defeated the Seniors both in debate and football, '05 felt very gracious toward them, and decided to send them off with a splendid dinner. Always famous for the making (and breaking) of precedents, '05 made now an important departure from the old method. The dinner tendered to '04 took the form of a banquet in Castle Memorial Hall. Furthermore, it was to be no longer a students' affair only, but a university function. At this banquet, on the evening of May 4th, not only all the students, the faculty and their wives, but also upwards of forty graduates, took their places. This event was a decided success. As it had

been the occasion of endless discussion in the class and of much anxiety to the committee in charge, it was with great relief and satisfaction that all saw its successful issue.

With the Junior dinner and the graduating exercises of Class '04 the term closed.

We have now come to the Senior year, and being the last perhaps we may dwell longer upon it. How that word "last" associates itself with everything now. The class-rooms and corridors, chapel and library, all seemed to say softly, "Your last year." As the class met to appoint officers there was a tacit but general feeling of "the last time." As the days passed, bringing in succession the annual events, one student reminded another, quite unnecessarily, "Our last Field Day," "last Founder's Night," "last Day of Prayer," and finally, "last registration for exams."

Chancellor Wallace became honorary president of this fourth year, and shortly afterwards stood in its midst on the front steps for a group photo—also the last, and a splendid work of art.

Two members did not return to take their final year, Miss Barber and A. B. Farmer, while one joined even at the eleventh hour. This was H. B. Parker, whom the class at once welcomed by installing him in the office of secretary-treasurer. The affairs of the fourth year were entrusted to the guidance of Ephrem Viens, and he was kept busy.

When a class attains its senior year, its history assumes a new character. Hitherto all the energies of its various members have been devoted especially to the class. It being the custom to appoint as presidents of the societies of the University members from the graduating year, '05 now found many of its members called to perform the duties of office not for the class but for the University. And so one member became president of the Lit., another of the Athletic Association, one of the Student Body, another of the L.L.L., another of the Y.W.C.A. Several became editors of departments of The McMaster Monthly, while others again were chosen as inter-college debaters. On the surface it might appear that the old class spirit had abated somewhat. Not at all. '05 never lost her class spirit, but her opportunity had now come to do more than shout "'05 forever!" Her time had come to serve not '05 but McMaster.

Our fourth Field Day! The red banner headed the procession of the Seniors. Expectation preceded them, admiration followed.

> " There's a Matthews cup in sight,
> 'Twill be ours before to-night,"

they sang, and it was.

Now in the term which followed much was to be done. As Freshmen '05 won the debating championship, as Sophomores they took the cup for a change. As Juniors they combined these two, and won both. Now as Seniors it remained to do all this and add one thing more—hockey. The cup was secured with the rugby games. Messrs. Fitch, Hartley, Jordan and Cranston brought the debating championship where it would be in good keeping, and as for the hockey team, in the hands of M. S. McArthur it was safe. In three games '05 beat '06, '07 and '08, one after the other.

If '05 had only had a few more championships to win perhaps there would not have been so much time left now for disputing. Having won everything that she had set out to win, she turned her attention to internal affairs. The class-meetings which follow fall into three divisions, revolving respectively around the Matthews cup affair, which of two city firms should they patronize for the graduating photograph, and finally a '05 number of the McMaster Monthly. The '05 class-meeting now reached its zenith.

The Matthews cup affair made things interesting on and about Founder's Night. Two parties wanted it—both proud of it and justly so. The Seniors having held it for three years, would have it as a central attraction to their decorated room on the second floor. The Athletic Executive would rather see it on exhibition among other trophies on the ground floor. Moreover, the cup was locked up and the key was in the hands of the Executive, so the case seemed theirs. And while they were still in dispute, *mirabile dictu!* the cup disappeared. When next it came to light it was shining on the table of '05's decorated room. How did it come there? There lay the mystery. The key was most certainly in the hands of the careful " custodians of the cup." Suspicion was laid at the door of the McMaster ghost, but he is a

slippery old fellow, and never allowed himself to get caught. Since this old culprit kept himself in the dark the affair had to be fought out between the two innocent parties that had wanted the cup. Hence the class-meetings.

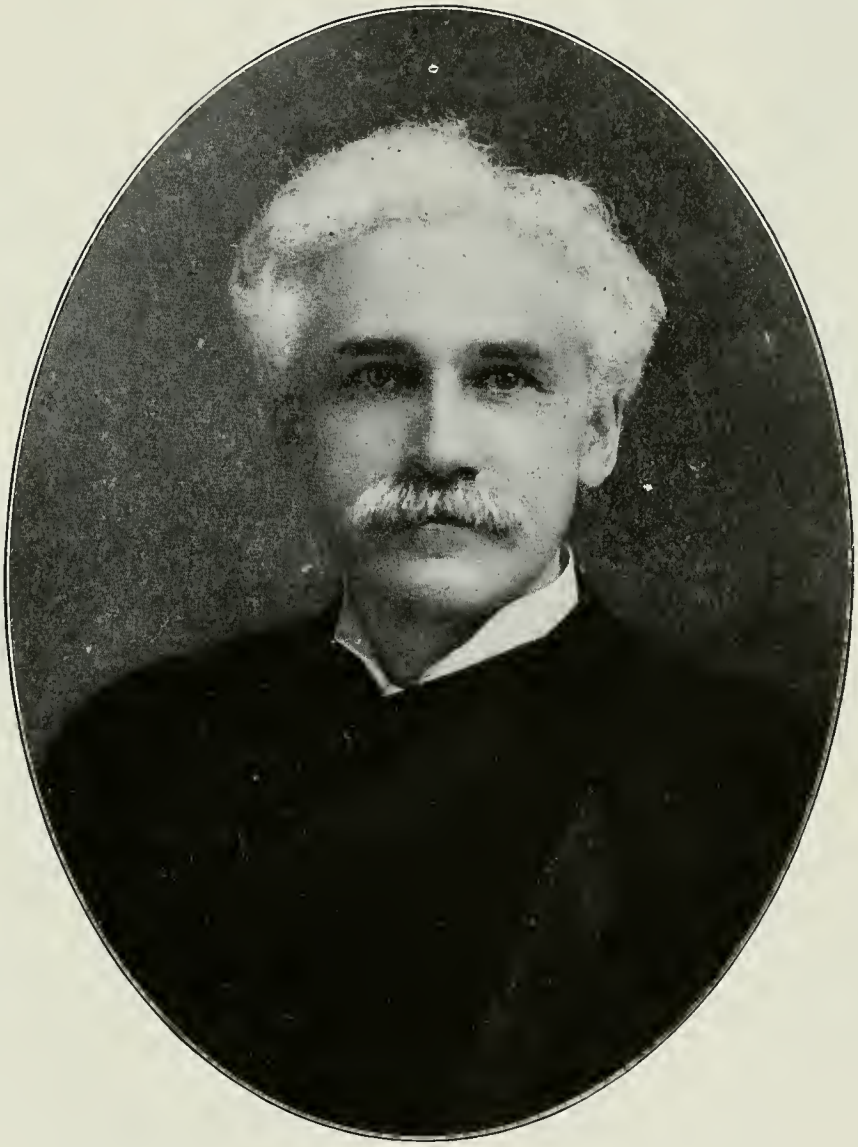
The other troubles were settled in due time. The photograph problem was solved, and already the members began to submit to the ordeal of sitting before the camera. The May number of THE MONTHLY was spoken for, and up to the present date there has been no further commotion, save the piteous grievance of some that their faces shall look out from an oval cut rather than a square.

And now '05 is about to graduate. With deep regret we hear that several of our professors cannot remain without us. Dr. Goodspeed has resigned. Chancellor Wallace, looking wistfully after, says, "I, too, must go." Professor Mode has already gone. That our going should so grievously impoverish this beloved University is a sorrow to us indeed.

Graduation—what does it mean?

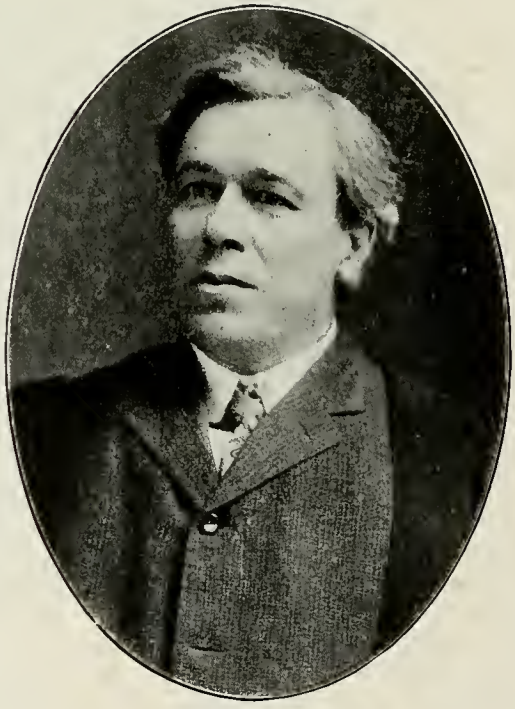
Not completion of education, for we are about to graduate from McMaster into a greater school. We call it Commencement. Ah, "commencement" indeed, for we just now commence the careers for which we have been preparing. Naughty-five's history does not end here. As we go out over the country, may each man and woman remember the ideal we chose for '05 at our prayer-meeting and prove true to that ideal. May never one of us bring ought but added lustre to Alma Mater's name. May the world have reason to say, "Thank God for McMaster and Naughty-five."

LILLIE M. SENIOR,
Class Historian.



REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
CHANCELLOR OF MCMASTER UNIVERSITY.

J. H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.
DEAN IN THEOLOGY
Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.



A. C. McKAY, B.A., LL.D.
DEAN IN ARTS
Professor of Mathematics and Physics.

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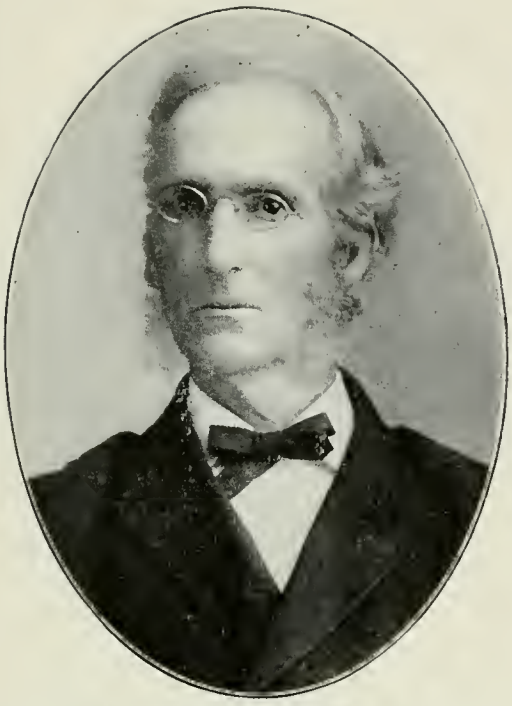
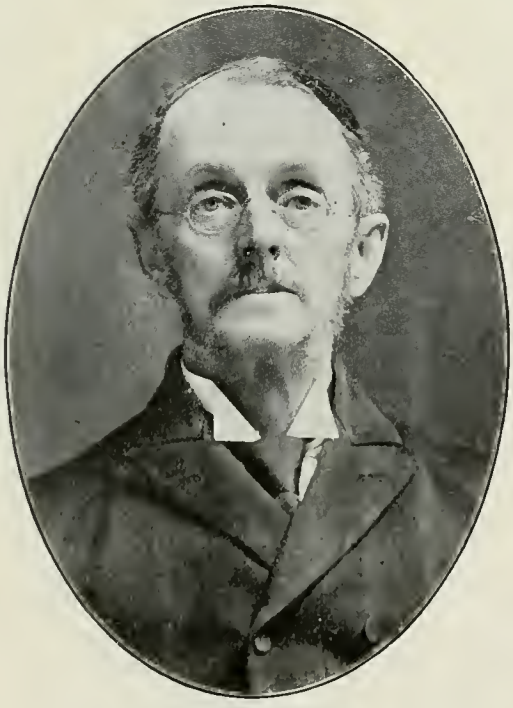


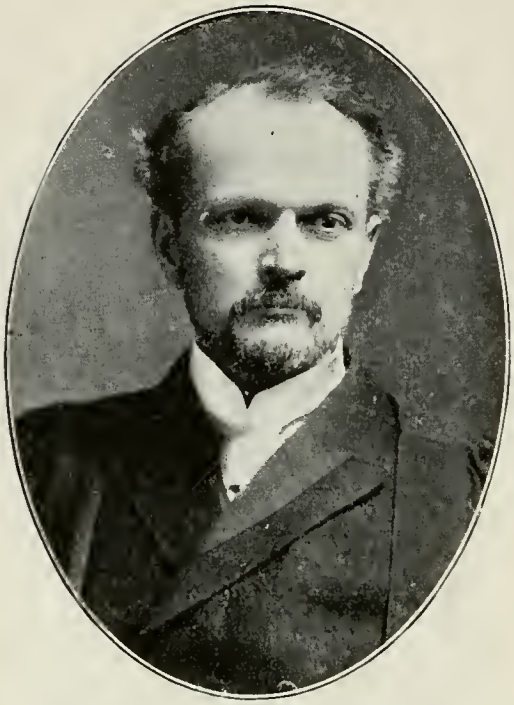
DANIEL MORSE WELTON, M.A., PH.D., D.D.
(Ob. 1904)
Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages.

PETER S. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Latin and Greek Languages.



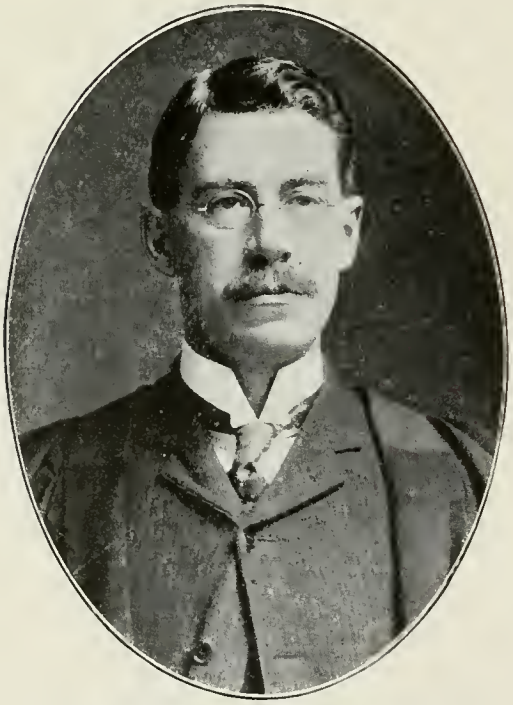
CALVIN GOODSPEED, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology, Christian Evidences, and Church Polity.

MALCOLM S. CLARK, M.A.
Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures.

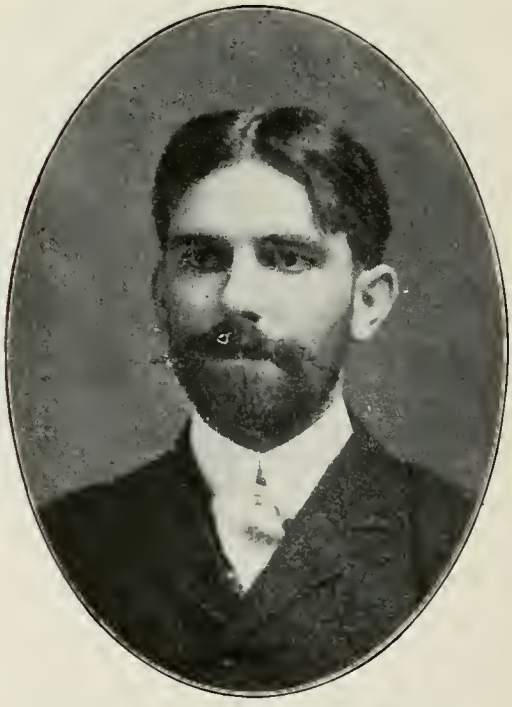


J. TENBROEKE, M.A.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

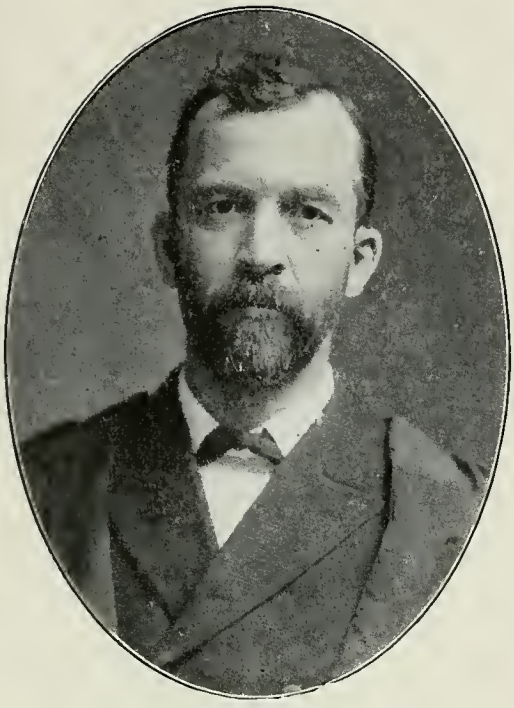
WALTER S. W. McLAY, M.A.
Professor of English Language and Literature.



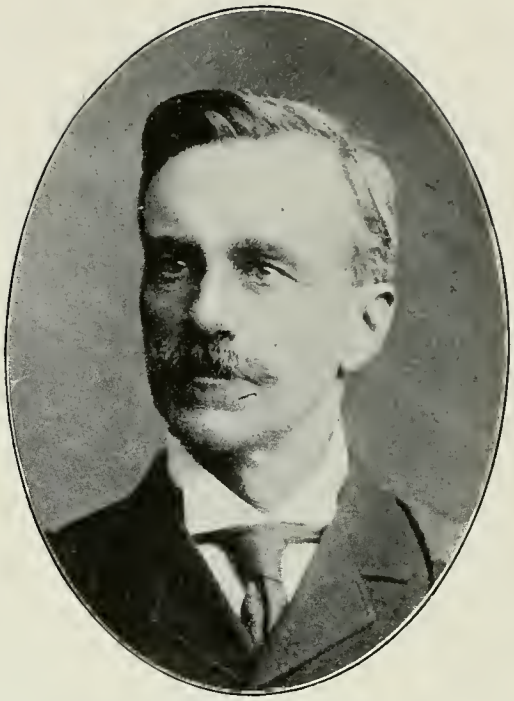
R. WILSON SMITH, B.A., PH.D.
Professor of Biology and Experimental Physics.



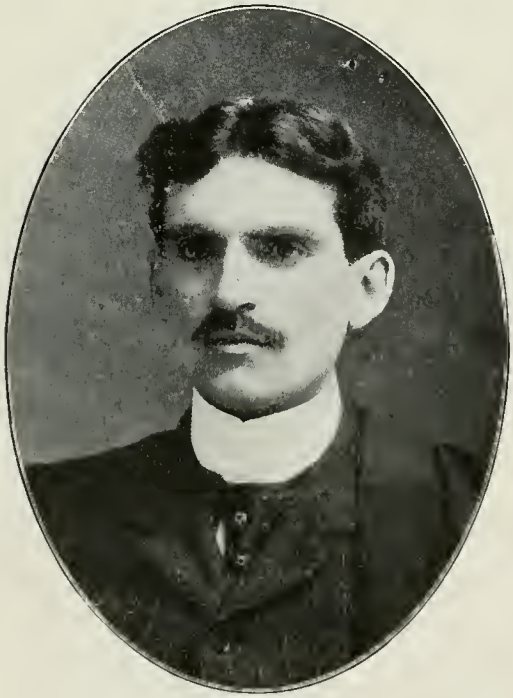
WALLACE P. COHOE, M.A.
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.



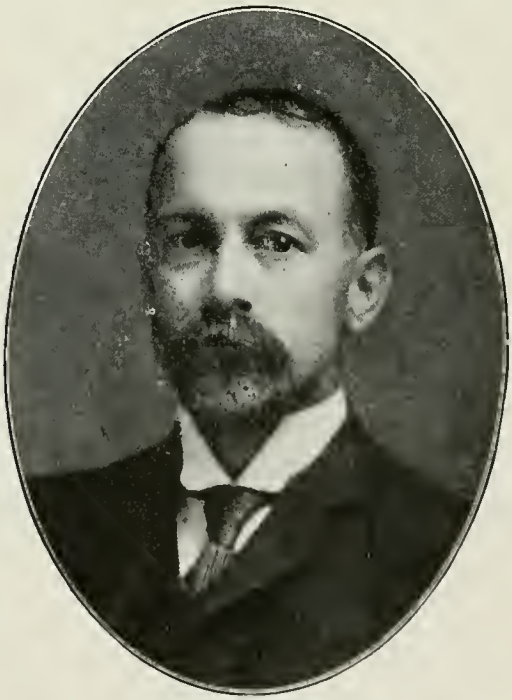
GEORGE CROSS, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of History.



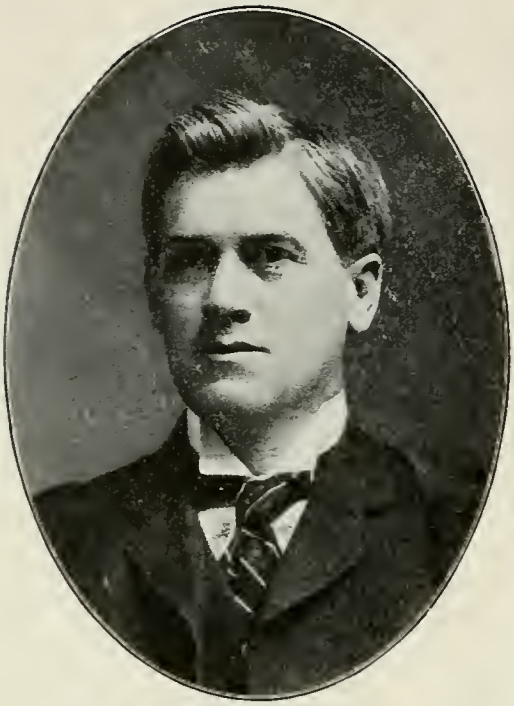
WILLIAM DALE, M.A.
Special Lecturer in History and Classical Literature.



GLEN H. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Lecturer in Languages.



FREDERICK TRACY, B.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in Education.



A. LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.
Lecturer in Political Economy.

DOUGLAS C. MACINTOSH, B.A.
Fellow in Philosophy, Psychology, and Logic.

R. H. MODE, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament.

ABRAM COOK NEWCOMBE, B.A.
Registrar.

AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

WE watch at the dawn of a cycle of years,
The chimes of the future ring full in our ears,
And the dim-growing past leaves us asking, with fears,
Of what the days coming shall bring us.

Shall we rise in the new time to know higher things,
Will the past be forgot in the fulness it brings,
Or the heights of to-day, like the ivy which clings
To a mansion's strong wall, overshadow?

To earth-born ne'er opened a vista more grand,
The tools for the toiler lie dense at his hand;
The weapons for battle, the force to command,
Are his who would mould out the future.

Some main may we sweep ere at anchor we ride,
Some work let us build that for aye shall abide,
Some mount shall be scaled as we cross the divide,
In the dawning time of the future.

W. J. G., '05.

Henri Brouillet.

"Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

Henri has the satisfaction of knowing that his second name has given the faculty and students more trouble in pronouncing than that of any other man of his day and generation. He has been called "Brill-yay," "Bree-let," "Broo-lay," and everything except "Brew-yay," which he informs us is the proper way to say it. He arrived in this world on May 9th, 1877, at Grande Ligne, Quebec, and obtained his first knowledge in the public schools of Marieville and South Ely. Matriculating from Grande Ligne Mission, where he was a prominent student-worker, he joined '05 as a Freshman. He has, in his four years here, acquired a good command of the English language, and is a general favorite. His rich tenor voice has been of service in evangelistic and other work. Henri has pursued a course in Special French, and on graduating will continue his work for Grande Ligne.

William Grant Carpenter.

"He bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

"Bill" has two claims on immortal fame. As class bard in his Freshman year he invented the famous '05 slogan, "Pauguawaugau," and he has been one of the best "High Kakiaks" in history. His name is on the registrar's books as having been born in North Augusta, Ontario, on April 19th, 1877. The public school of Elizabethtown and the Brockville high school gave him his early education. Having become convinced of a "call" to the teaching profession, the future kakiak spent a year at Hamilton Normal College, and has followed his bent during vacations. He is a Baptist, has specialized in Science, and will teach next year. No member of the class has been more universally esteemed than Carpenter. His dignified bearing, his well-poised mind, and calm, clear judgment have always ensured him a respectful hearing. We prophesy a high place for him in the ranks of the pedagogues.

Earl Winton Clarke.

"But al that he might of his frendès hente
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente."

Earl is not as old as he looks. Though time has made terrible ravages in his hirsute adornment, we have his declaration on oath that he was born in Woodstock, Ontario, on July 8th, 1879. He would have preferred staying in this province, but was transplanted to British Columbia at the age of six months. When he had imbibed all there was to know in the schools of Victoria, B.C., and had taught for a year and a half near Westminster, he came back to Ontario and entered McMaster as a Freshman. His deep thirst for knowledge has resulted in his specializing in English, History, Political Science, and Education. Of the Debating Club he has been vice-president and secretary. Clarke has been a contributor to The Monthly and has been on its staff. Earl shows proficiency in the making of plaster casts. He is undecided as to his future occupation.

James Herbert Cranston.

"How shall the Press the people's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain?"

We can tell—admit Brer Cranston to an editor's chair. Send him birthday presents on any anniversary of July 26th, 1880. In graduating from Woodstock College he carried away the Governor-General's medal for highest standing. Hungry for more, he entered McMaster in 1901, and swooped down upon the general proficiency scholarship and French prize. He has had considerable experience as a newspaper man, and has cheerfully given McMaster the benefit. All through his course he has been on The Monthly board, in his last two years editing "Athletics" and "Around the Hall." He has been prominent on the executives of his year, the Debating Club and the Political Science Club, being a pioneer in the latter. Twice he has debated for his class (in '05's final contest being leader of the winning team), and has been throughout on its Rugby team. He has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Toronto *Star*.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Cyrus Stephen Eaton.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Wise men come from the east—some of them. "Cy" Eaton has this claim to wisdom: he was born in the east, in Pugwash Junction, Nova Scotia. He lived there for awhile, but for the past five years has been doing missionary work in the Orient—in Woodstock College and McMaster. A member of '05 from the first, he has shone steadily on as one of its prominent lights. "Versatile" is a term that fits him well. He has been president of his year, recording secretary of the Fyfe, editor of "Athletics," a player on his class rugby and hockey teams, and a prominent member of the evangelistic band. The speculations and fancies of philosophy and literature attracted him into giving them his greatest attention. He will tour with the "western" band this summer, giving it the full benefit of his many talents and good qualities.

Ernest Robert Foster Fitch.

"He had a face like a benediction."

On August 8th, 1878, the little village of Kingsville was greatly excited. The reason was the first appearance of a boy who, judging from the solemnity of his countenance, was destined to help turn the world upside down. A sturdy chap, he was given three names, and has managed thus far to bear up under them. Graduating from Woodstock College, Ernie came to McMaster with class '04. After two years he, like others, decided to wait for '05. He has specialized in Philosophy, but has found time for other things. He has been especially prominent in athletics, playing scrimmage on the rugby team and being vice-president of the Athletic Association. Next year he will be its president. He has made a good record as a student, winning the Crawford Scholarship in his final year. Ernie is upright and sincere, and can always be found among the peacemakers when trouble is brewing. He will be back next year for theology.

Charles Hillman Fountain.

"In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

"Charlie" Fountain awoke to enter his protest against the management of the universe in New York city. A typical New Yorker, addicted to the Manhattan drawl, Fountain has been a unique addition to our college life. In 1887 he removed to Plainfield, New Jersey, where almost all that was left of him was eaten up by mosquitoes. Graduating in 1900 from the high school, he entered Columbia University, New York, where he studied for two years. From thence he proceeded to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, and remained for one year. Here he narrowly escaped lynching because of his drawl, and hastened northward to obtain protection under the Union Jack. Naughty-five has taken him to its bosom, and his high dissertations in fourth year Theism have been mutually beneficial to professor and student. Fountain "tinks he will preach de gospel."

George Gorman.

"He is simply the rarest man in the world."

In the pretty little hamlet of Petrolia "Climber" Gorman first began. It soon became evident that he was a big toad in the little puddle. His argumentative abilities were strong from the start. After analyzing such courses of instruction as his native town provided, "Climber" came down to McMaster in the fall of 1901, and has been with the class ever since. He has pursued the Special Philosophy course, taking a high standing throughout. In University debating affairs he has been one of the prominent figures. Besides being president of the Debating Society, he has been among those who brought to '05 the college debating championship, and was selected to debate for the University. "Climber" will go into law.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Owen C. Gray.

" This priest he merry is, and blithe
Three-quarters of a year."

"Dolly" had the fortune, good or ill, to arrive at McMaster as a Freshman when the song "Dolly Gray" was in vogue, and consequently he was immediately christened with the nickname he wears. Lobo township, Ontario, was the place of his birth. Matriculating from the London Collegiate, he came to McMaster with class '05, and has been a useful member of the student body. He has pursued the Philosophy course, and intends fitting himself for a Baptist preacher. "Dolly" is an athlete, playing a good left half-back on the senior rugby team and on class teams. Enthusiastic, always ready for a lark and its consequences, Gray has made himself a general favorite. He intends coming back for Theology next year.

William J. Grigg.

" O 'e's little, but 'e's wise,
'E's a terror for 'is size."

"Bill," alias "Devon," alias "Tacks," made his appearance on this mundane sphere in breezy March 1—. A Woodstock College graduate, he entered McMaster with class '05. Among the offices he has held are: class president, press representative, and editor of "Our Graduates" column of The Monthly. "Bill" has been a prize winner in The Monthly story competitions, and a contributor to the magazine's literary department. Next year he will be assistant editor. Twice he debated successfully for his year as a Freshman. Philosophy and English are his special courses, but just for fun he captured the Greek prize in his first year. He is a royal soul, a fair but hard fighter, somewhat hilarious at times, and can write fair doggerel at times. In the event of his being kicked out of the Baptist ministry, "Dev." will go back to the printing case from whence he was dug. He will be back next year for Theology.

Edith Dennington Hartley.

"So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so refined."

Edith Dennington Hartley was born in Augusta, Wisconsin. She began to climb the heights of learning in the Philadelphia schools—an ambitious maiden of seven. We next find her at Guelph, and following that in Alma College, St. Thomas. Here Miss Hartley inscribed her name on the scroll of fame by carrying off the Governor-General's medal. Fresh from winning this distinction she came to McMaster and joined the class '05, in its second year. It was soon learned that she could recite, which fact was welcomed by the Lit., and Miss Hartley's readings won deserved popularity. In her fourth year her ability was recognized in that two of the honors of the Senior year fell upon her—the presidency of the Y.W.C.A., and vice-presidency of the Literary Society. Edith has pursued the regular Arts course, specializing in English. Her present home is Yonkers, N.Y.

Ralph George Hartley.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Quite a number of years ago there arrived in the little town of Hudson, Wisconsin, a bright-eyed baby of the male persuasion. Before he was old enough to walk, like Demosthenes of old, he put pebbles in his mouth, and from his lips flowed such "words of learned length and thundering sound as amazed the gazing rustics ranged around." The youthful orator learned his ABC's in Bucknell Academy, afterwards going to Woodstock College to finish up. At the latter place his eloquence won him the medal for oratory. Coming to McMaster with class '05, he has been one of its foremost members. A student in the Special English course, he has contributed frequently to The Monthly, and in 1903-4 won the prize in the story competition. He represented his class in the oratorical contest in his Freshman year, and in his final year was one of the winning debaters. He will enter the Baptist ministry.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Euclid A. Helie.

"Gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

This Naughty-fiver — affectionately known as "Punk"—is of French and Scotch descent. In his veins runs the blood of the Huguenots. He was born in the land of the Stars and Stripes, Manchester, New Hampshire, being the favored spot. At the age of nine he decided on a change of flags, and wisely trotted off to the land of the Maple. His education was continued in French and English district schools in Quebec (he is a bi-linguist), and in Grande Ligne. Both at Grande Ligne and at McMaster he has been prominent in athletics as a runner. Two years only has he spent with '05, but he has been on its executive, and was also curator of the Literary Society. His special work has been in Philosophy and Classics. Kind, studious and cheerful, he is a friend to all. He leaves McMaster to engage in Grande Ligne mission work.

Joseph Janes.

"But he whose inborn worth his acts commend;
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."

As an urchin, "Joey Janes" made things lively for his parents and the neighbors over in "London South," where he was born and partially brought up. The operation was finished in the State of Michigan, but entering on manhood he hied back to Canada. With a desire for knowledge, he went to Woodstock College, and got lots of it. He graduated as winner of the Hiram Calvin scholarship, and came on to McMaster. One year was spent with '04, the rest in '05. Special Classics has been his course, and in this work the Campbell and Shenstone scholarships have come to him. He has been on the executive of his year, and was vice-president of the Fyfe. He is all that the two lines quoted above say of him, and more. There is no one who knows him who has any doubt that in choosing the ministry he has entered the work that he ought to do.

George Stephen Johnson.

"Mount, wondrous creature, where science guides thee!"

Our enthusiastic and capable scientist, George Johnson, comes from Truro, Nova Scotia. After spending his youthful years in public school education and research into the chemical composition of Nova Scotia mud-pies, George came west to Toronto, and a year later entered Woodstock College. George worried through without attracting much attention from anybody but the science-master and the town girls. Entering in the first year, he has been a loyal student of McMaster and member of '05 all through. In spite of his native reticence and devotion to practical chemistry, his thoroughness and ability were recognized by the Literary Society when, in 1904-5, he was elected treasurer of that society. In his final year George has been secretary-treasurer of the Chemical Colloquium.

Harold Hector Johnston.

"Lo, the poor Indian!"

It is hard to understand how the subject of this sketch ever gained the sobriquet of "Little Indian." There is nothing about him suggestive of the red man of the forest, since he is not given to yelling anything more sanguinary than "Paugawaugau," and never saw a tomahawk outside of a museum. He arrived in this world on the 20th November, 18—, at Strathroy. His public and high school education was obtained in that town. Taking a model school course, he taught for a while in S.S. No. 12, Sarnia township. He came to McMaster as a '05 Freshman, entering in the general course. As a Baptist, and with a view to the ministry, Harold has devoted considerable time to preaching during his four years here. Last summer was spent on a field at Teeterville, where his efforts were rewarded with success. He will be back for Theology next year.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Ernest Cecil Jordan.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great."

Lemonville fresh air and porridge gave "Cec" his first lift on the road to greatness. As for the rest, what cannot be accounted for by a course at the Markham Collegiate, three years' application of the "birch" in North York, "special rugby" and the steward's consternation at McMaster, is to be attributed to Special Mathematics and Professor McKay. On the rugby field Cecil played right wing, and sacrificed his "top hair" in centre scrimmage; on Field Day a record-breaker with the hammer, yet he never "knocked." On the debating platform "Ajax" helped to carry '05 to victory against '07; and on the executive of the Literary Society an honest man, for he carried the bag nor stole the money in 1903-04. This year he has been first vice-president of the Student Body. He looks forward to a useful life in the noble teaching profession.

J. B. McArthur.

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

In Winnipeg, in May, 1883, "J. B." arrived upon this planet. He spent his early days in Minneapolis and Toronto, later going to Woodstock College. He entered McMaster with '05, and has taken special courses in History and Political Economy. Mr. McArthur has always taken a prominent place in the school life. He held the office of president of the Athletic Association for 1904-05, and was for three years the McMaster representative to the C. I. R. F. U. But "J. B." has especially distinguished himself as an athlete and sportsman, having played throughout his course on the University rugby, association and hockey teams, and being captain of the rugby team for three years. He is undoubtedly one of the best half-backs in Toronto, but he has always given his energy and ability to his Alma Mater. He will probably enter the legal profession.

Malcolm Stanley McArthur.

"Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?"

A little blue-eyed baby boy looked out upon this sinful world for the first time on April 10th, 1881, in the city of Toronto. This was "Stan." He absorbed his first bits of wisdom in the model school of his native town, and finding the love of learning strong within him, emigrated to Woodstock College. He joined class '05 in McMaster in their second year, and has ever since been a leading light. He has done his share of upholding the honor of his class by playing throughout his course on the year rugby, association and hockey teams. "Stan" is one of McMaster's best hockey players; he has played on the University team each year, and was captain in 1904. Other offices he has held are—vice-president of Athletic Association, 1902, and representative to the C. I. H. U.

Daniel Arthur McGregor.

"A Scotchman, from pride and prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he."

"Mac" was born in the Dominion capital—hence the soul-thrilling beauty of Rockliffe Park and the charming curves of Lovers' Walk have been meat and drink to him from infancy up. No doubt the sublimity of Ottawa had something to do with the selection of his course. At any rate he has cared most for the philosophers and poets. He entered '05 as a Sophomore—has brought it glory and caused it trouble. A champion inter-year debater, secretary of the Debating Club, vice-president of the Fyfe (its highest student honor), a player on the class and University rugby teams, prominent in the Eastern Band—these he has been. What shall we more say? A sincere, earnest soul, who obliterates himself for the task he undertakes. He has been asked about his intentions, but shies away. Heaven smiles on the calling that shall be his!

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Donald Leslie MacLaurin.

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."

Like many others of the same ilk who are helping to make McMaster famous, "Don" hails from Vankleek Hill, Ontario. He was born on June 1st, 1881, and learned the multiplication table in the public school of the Hill, and was introduced to Euclid's vagaries in the high school there. He entered McMaster with the class 1903, staying with them two years. Then, hearing of the coming of '05, he waited for them, and joined his fortunes to theirs in the Junior year. He has specialized in Mathematics, and in his third year won the Frank Sanderson scholarship in that subject. The different college societies have, at different times, benefited by his services, his most important office being that of secretary-treasurer of the Student Body in his Senior year. "Don's" many sterling qualities have greatly endeared him to the hearts of professors and students.

J. B. McLaurin.

"They'll talk of him for years to come."

"John," chiefly known because he is the son of his father, strolled into life with his hands in his pockets via Samulcotta, India. His nurse, sitting by the Ganges, thinking no good would come of the young Sahib, cast him in. To her bewilderment the crocodiles refused the new health food, and in great awe she fished him forth, convinced that Allah had reserved him for great purposes. The sequel proves her right. Graduating from Woodstock, where he won the D. W. Karn scholarship, John entered McMaster. During his course he has taken part in inter-year and college debates, decorated the rugby field, sat on The Monthly board, kept the Lit. records. He has a discerning taste in literary matters, and is always sure to "hove" in sight with a philosophic solution salted down by a joke. John proposes to edit the Calcutta *Punch*.

William E. Matthews.

"It's not, What do you *know*?
But, What can you *do*?"

When "Bert" Matthews pulled out of Woodstock College, besides taking away the Hiram Calvin scholarship, a Demosthenic outburst got him the gold medal in oratory. Among the corruscating sentences that hurled against the heads of the judges was the one we have quoted above. At McMaster he has continued to shine. Naughty-five made him its first president, and in the same year induced him to use his oratorical ability in an inter-year debate. He has continued to do things for his year, but the work for which he will be most remembered was done in the Lit., of which he was vice-president and president. Never has the Lit. had a better year than the one when he was "head push." A born leader and diplomat, big of head and of heart, and—well, just imagine the rest. He will "prove his doctrines orthodox" in Baptist pulpits.

Duncan Garfield Munro.

"High nature amorous of the good."

Whoever thinks of Class '05, thinks first, instinctively, of some certain names. One of these is that of Garfield Munro. Born and brought up in Elgin County, "Gar.," on the farm and in the little red Iona schoolhouse, acquired the strong muscles and clear head that were later to make him so prominent in McMaster athletics and special mathematics. "Gar." entered with the year. He has figured in every class team, and was also on the McMaster rugby and hockey teams for two years. "Gar.," however, is more than a mere sport. He has held office in the Lit., and done good work in the heavy special mathematical course. Mr. Munro is one of those to whose originality this special number of The Monthly is due. He will teach.

Farmer Bros. Photos.

H. B. Parker.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

"Harry" is of good old U.E. Loyalist stock, and was reared in the Eastern Townships of Quebec—the country of many hills, the land of sparkling streams. He received his elementary training at the Barnston Academy, and matriculated later from Grande Ligne. Three years of his course at McMaster were spent with class '03, when he varied the proceedings by serving efficiently on the faculty of Grande Ligne College for two years. He has been vice-kakiak, secretary of '05, and a member of the Fyfe executive. Mathematics has been his "special," and he will follow the teaching profession, in which we predict for him a successful career. Unassuming goodness is his outstanding characteristic. He will follow the advice of Horace Greely: "Go west, young man; go west."

Theodore Henry Peine.

"Ein braver Kerl. Er hat das Herz auf dem rechten Flecke."

"Teddy," the football hero, who has made more touchdowns for McMaster than any other undergraduate, bears his honors modestly. The town of New Hamburg was honored, in 1884, by the arrival of the stork with "Ted." He got his early education in New Hamburg and Woodstock College, and came to McMaster with '05. He has pursued the general course, and is undecided as to his future. Though not great in stature, "Teddy" is fleet of foot, and has already made an enviable athletic record. At Woodstock he was junior champion athlete, and since coming here has played full-back on the senior rugby team two years, one year on the senior association team, and three years on the senior hockey team. He was elected president of the Athletic Association this year, and has been an efficient officer.

Lillie Maude Senior.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on."

The sylvan shades of Centralia claim the honor of having been the birthplace of "Lillie." Her education was begun in the famous Jessie Ketchum school in Toronto. Moulton College next received her into its halls, and awarded her a prize for general proficiency, and one in French. But the fates had destined her for greater things. She entered McMaster with the class of '05, and as a Freshette carried off prizes in French and Latin. She has specialized in English and Moderns. Miss Senior has the distinction of being the only member of the class to secure "all firsts" throughout the course. Twice was she successful in intercollegiate debates, and in her fourth year was president of the Ladies' Literary League. Her sweet soprano voice has often charmed McMaster audiences. Her faithful and successful work has won for her the admiration of professors and students alike.

George Tomkinson.

"A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday task
As much as God or man can rightly ask."

Years ago, if one had happened to stand one calm evening on the level country near Markham, one might have heard a strenuous wail swelling on the windless air. This was the beginning of the first chapter in the life of "George." The strenuosity has been kept up, and the lung-power, trained and cultivated, is destined to be used with good effect in the Baptist ministry. Since entering '05 George has always been prominent. He has left his tracks on the rugby and association fields, has carried off a medal in track athletics, and, this year, the McNaught cup and Chancellor's medal, the prizes of the champion athlete of the school. At the same time "Rev." Mr. Tomkinson has served faithfully and well his church at Weston Road.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Ephrem Viens.

"I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Year '05 is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and so it is not surprising to find that its president in '04-05, E. Viens, is a native of L'Ange Gardien, Quebec. "Eph" is a man of large experience, for his early education included, besides primary education, courses in the Vermont rolling-mills, iron foundries, cotton factories, and stock yards, and Canadian farms. He took his collegiate training in Grande Ligne, and has ever since been closely associated with that work, giving up not only his summers to it, but much time during the school term. "Eph" is known as a man who never wastes a moment, and his record is one to be proud of. Entering the University with '05 in the first year, he has by his sterling worth and consistency risen to a position of respect in the school and honor in the year.

Albert George Vining.

"Hail, fellow! well met!"

This good-looking young man caused quite a commotion when he first opened his eyes in the little village of Thorndale, Ontario. The date was June 1st, 1880. He did his share of exasperating teachers in a little red schoolhouse, and in the St. Marys and Windsor collegiates. He came to McMaster with the class of '05, and has helped to bring honor to '05 in athletics and on the debating platform. His clear head and ability have been recognized in the Debating Society, in which he has held almost every office. He has also been subscription manager of The Monthly. Philosophy has been his special course. As an athlete Vining has done well, playing two years as middle wing on the rugby team. His single appearance as a hockey player will never be forgotten. We predict a successful career for "Bert" in the legal profession.

James A. Weir.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Class '05 can boast a large element of the canny Scot, and one of the steadiest and most cautious of all our Scotchmen is "Jimmie" Weir. He is, however, a thorough Canadian, having been born, bred, and educated near Woodstock. Mr. Weir graduated from Woodstock College, and, after teaching there some time, entered '05 in its second year, electing to spend all his spare time in that mystic underground life which the special scientists lead, in our laboratories. His muscular frame has given good account of itself on the athletic field, he having been captain of our University association team. There is one respect in which Mr. Weir is unique in '05 : he is married, and thus moves an ideal and model among his classmates. Mr. Weir intends entering the industrial world as a practical chemist.

Annie Windsor.

"Her modesty's a candle to her merit."

Annie Windsor received her preparatory education in the high schools of Markham and Brockville, where she won the medal for general proficiency. She then came to McMaster and cast in her lot with '05, who were then Sophomores. Rarely absent from the class-room, committee-meeting or social function, Miss Windsor entered heart and soul into McMaster life. She has twice been vice-president of the year and once musician, and thus has always held a position on the year executive. She has also been one of the reporters of The Monthly staff. Hers is a head for figures, and she has always stood high in her Special Mathematics course. She has now in view the teaching profession. "Annie" unites a most attractive and bright personality with talent and goodness of heart, which has endeared her to all who knew her.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

Huson W. Wright.

"Titles of honor add not to his worth."

The *Aylmer Express* announced Huson Wright's advent into the town of which it records the important events. Passing safely the rocks and shoals of public school and high school in his native town, he went into business life for a time, and then entered with '05 in their first year. He has pursued the policy of doing much and saying little, to the perfect satisfaction of all about him. He has worn the University black and green to victory more than once on the association football field as captain, and has also been prominent in class teams. But in the records of The Monthly Huson Wright's name is written large, and written indelibly. As business manager for two years, he has placed The Monthly on a financial basis represented by an annual surplus of nearly $300. Mr. Wright, after he passes his final exams., will preach.

George Willard Young.

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain."

In these words we have a good pen-picture of George W. Young, a man who is known to more of McMaster's graduates and undergraduates than any other member of class '05, one who has the universal respect and esteem of all. Born in the county of Elgin, George attended high school in Aylmer. He afterwards taught for a number of years. Entering McMaster in 1892, he took one year in Arts, and then branched off for two years in Theology. He then left McMaster to preach. Returning in 1901, he took some more Arts and Theology, and in the fall of 1904-5 joined '05. He has specialized in Philosophy, and will enter again on his chosen work of preaching the gospel on graduating.

THEOLOGY GRADUATING CLASS, '05.

BECAUSE the graduating class in Theology numbers only four it must not be supposed that it is without a history and a record. The very fact that the number has been small has tended in no small degree to weld together and cement in a bond of friendship the four men who for two years have faced, in the arena of the class-room, shoulder to shoulder, the difficult problems that confront the enquiring mind. The test has been made, and the results show that the drill under our able staff of professors has not been in vain.

Four professors and four students. Let no one be inclined to smile. Such has been the case before—even one professor and one student, and that one student went forth to put his impress upon the world's history. Are we too egotistical in affirming that we have imbibed, in a measure at least, the spirit of those who set before us ideals of life, the vision splendid of a character moulded and patterned after the Divine? We think not. Yea, further, we state: such ideals have become a ruling passion in our lives, not that we may outstrip our brethren who have gone before us into the "strenuous life," but that we, like them, may be faithful stewards of the talents entrusted to us. We recognize that,

> "The glory of our life below
> Comes not from what we do or what we know,
> But dwells forevermore in what we are."

And hence our desire is that we may be men, worthy sons of the institution which has thrown upon us the mantle of a truth-loving spirit and a noble purpose.

And now, as we say farewell to the halls that have become so familiar to us, it is not with a touch of sorrow, as some might suppose, but with a feeling of profound thankfulness to our Heavenly Father, who guided our steps hither some years ago.

We face the world with confidence that we have been in a measure prepared for its conflicts, and whether it is ours to be in the thick of the fight, or to occupy some less pretentious place in the service of the King, we shall feel that all has been done for us that a University with high ideals could do, and if we fail we shall also understand that the fault is ours. We go forth to our respective fields of labor with assurance that He who has promised will be with us. Deep is our love for our Alma Mater. We shall always cherish pleasant reminiscences of our training in McMaster University. May God bless abundantly those who have the guiding of this great institution of learning, and may the future have a larger fruition than the past. Adieu, adieu!

Archibald C. Campbell.

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway."

A. C. Campbell, a staunch, sterling Scotchman, hails from far-famed Bruce. His early years were spent on a farm, where, doubtless, was laid the foundation of his strong, manly physique. Graduating from the Port Elgin high school, he entered the teaching profession for four years. Then he went to Woodstock College. There, as a student, Mr. Campbell did good work, but distinguished himself chiefly on the campus as a halfback. During his course at McMaster he has been an able defendant of athletic honors in the Theological department. In every way Mr. Campbell loyally supported McMaster ideals. In the class-room he did excellent work, and his strong, self-reliant, buoyant disposition has made him a favorite. He is the only one of the Theolog. grads. of '05 who has the honor to belong to the order of "Benedicts."

Walter John Meade.

"Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin'."

Walter J. Meade lived his early life in Brockville. He entered on a business career at the age of eleven. Having decided to enter the ministry, he attended Woodstock College and graduated in 1899. After having the pastoral care of the Winchester Baptist Church for over two years, he entered McMaster University for a four years' course in Theology, which he has completed creditably. Mr. Meade's early conversion enabled him to spend a number of years in active Christian service, both in church and Y.M.C.A. work. Together with this training, his natural gifts and persuasive manner should be strong factors in his future work. At Woodstock Meade's proclivity for Latin gained him the sobriquet of "Labienus," which is often shortened to "Labby" by his hosts of friends.

George Robertson.

"But Cristes lore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folowed it hymselfe."

George Robertson, a native of Brant County, received his early education there, and entered commercial life. After a number of successful years he decided to fit himself for Christian work, and enrolled as a student of the Toronto Bible Training School. He has the honor of being one of the first graduates of that institution. A year of teaching in Jamaica gave him much valuable experience. In the fall of 1902 he entered McMaster, and has just completed the three years' Theological course. Mr. Robertson's earnestness of spirit and genial good nature has steadily won for him a place of esteem in the hearts of the students who know him. A willing worker, a diligent student, and a man of excellent character, he ought to be most successful in the work to which he is called.

Duncan James Welsh, B.A.

"There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!"

Duncan J. Welsh, B.A., although associated in most minds with the Province of British Columbia, is a native of Bruce. At an early age, however, he with his parents removed to the great West, and later settled in British Columbia, where the home still is. After a course of study in the high school, New Westminster, Mr. Welsh engaged in teaching for a short time. Entering McMaster in 1899, he obtained the degree of B.A. in 1903, and this year graduated in Theology with the degree of B.Th. Having left behind the "naughty" ways of his Arts class he is the first of Naughty-three to complete the full course. Mr. Welsh has always been active in the spiritual work of the University, and has been president of the Theological Society for the present year. He has shown himself to be a strong student, and a logical, forcible speaker. His genial disposition, manly, devotional spirit and careful scholarship make him an able advocate for the truth.

Farmer Bros.' Photos.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES.

ANOTHER year has rolled around, and a new output of graduates is sent forth into the world. For the past four years the mills of learning have been busy refining and polishing the raw material, and it was only fitting that the finished product should be put on exhibition to show the world what McMaster can do with the young ladies and gentlemen who come to her halls in all their innocency as Freshmen. Hence the reasons for the graduating exercises. The graduates must be shown that their coming has been appreciated, that they have made friendships which will be lasting, and that their Alma Mater is expecting them to become leaders in the different circles in which they will move.

The examinations closed on Saturday, April 29th, and the first three days of the week were taken up with the exercises described below.

The Junior Collation.

There is no feature of the graduating season more enjoyable than the Junior Collation. The affair, which is an outgrowth of the old Junior dinner, was this year as last, a great success, and the hosts of the occasion have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their entertainment. The collation was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Monday, May 1st. The hall was very tastefully decorated with bunting, flags, poems and flowers, and delightful music was provided by an orchestra. About one hundred and fifty sat down to the meal, including some fifty alumni and professors. An unusually large number of ladies were present. The speeches throughout were of a very high order, in fact the best ever made by undergraduates at a university function within the recollection of the writer.

President Frank S. Beddow, of Class '06, Arts, was toastmaster, and a very good one he made. One of his *bon mots* was quite good : " We have *supped* together to-night," said he in his opening speech ; " some of us will *sup* together again in September." In eloquent language he proposed the health of King Edward VII.

" The Graduates in Arts " was the toast proposed by T. M. Dadson, '06 He rejoiced with the graduates in having reached

the goal towards which they had striven, and confessed that the Juniors, in spite of appearances, had a sort of sneaking regard for the Senior year. The career of '05 had been meteoric. They had won many glorious victories, and what few defeats they had had they had taken like men. Their distinguishing characteristic was their individuality. He was confident they would cover themselves and their Alma Mater with glory. The world would soon recognize their greatness. The doors of opportunity would open wide to them if they only held to the McMaster spirit and "knocked, knocked, knocked." J. B. McArthur, in replying for the graduates, thanked the Juniors for their kindness and the speaker for his gracious words. He said that '05 had striven to give back something to Alma Mater, working for her interests along athletic, literary, social, and spiritual lines. He quoted the lines from Rabbi Ben Ezra,

> "What I aspired to be
> And was not, comfort me,"

as embodying the feeling of the class. He thanked professors and students for their help and friendship, and charged the undergraduates to live true to and stand by the ideals of McMaster. Mr. McArthur's speech was a worthy effort.

A. C. Watson, B.A., who was sponsor for the toast to "The Graduates in Theology," referred to the McMaster ghost, which was responsible for the high moral and spiritual tone of the University. He congratulated the four graduates on their choice of a life-work strenuous enough to satisfy the most fastidious. Believing in the kingliness of the calling, the fitness of McMaster to impart the neeessary training for it, and the sterling worth of the graduates, he felt it a privilege to propose the toast. D. J. Welsh, B.A., in reply, said that the smallness of the class was not the fault of the University. They appreciated very much the kind interest taken in them by both professors and students. He concluded with a tribute to the noble men directing the teaching of the University.

A. S. Woodburne, '06, in proposing the health of the alumni, referred to recent successes of McMaster graduates, such as R. H. Mode, John McLauchlan, and R. E. Sayles. McMaster men had brought great credit to her wherever they had gone. The records of the alumni were their own best evidence of their worth. S. R. Tarr, M.A., in a happy vein, responded, referring to a prayer which had once been offered up in his behalf by a member of the present graduating class, when he first went to Woodstock. It was: "Grant wisdom and knowledge to the one who has recently come among us to instruct us, for Thou knowest he has need of them." He testified as to the worth of a university education to a man in business life.

E. C. Jordan, '05, first vice-president, installed T. M. Dadson, '06, as high kakiak. Professor W. P. Cohoe, in presenting the Matthews cup to Class '05, Arts, said that it was a good thing that '05 was leaving, as the other years would now have an opportunity to win it. The graduates had won it for the last three years. He urged them not to forget Alma Mater in the days to come, as, in the words of the great poet, Mr. Dooley, "we need the money." Chancellor Wallace presented the W. K. McNaught cup and the Chancellor's medal to George E. Tomkinson, '05, our champion athlete, while Professors McLay and Smith gave the 1st and 2nd Association medals to H. H. Murray, '06, and E. A. Helie, '05, respectively.

Then came an event of more than usual interest. W. T. Roberts, Th., on behalf of the students in Theology and Arts, presented Dr. Goodspeed with a handsome clock. He assured the Doctor that he retired from his active life at McMaster with the love and respect of all his students. The Doctor was loudly cheered as he rose to reply in words made husky by his emotion. He had planned to slip away quietly, but their kindness had made that impossible. He spoke of the love he had for all his students. He had wanted to help them get a grip of the truth, and the truth to get a grip of them. "If in the time I have been here," said he, "my work has in any way impressed for good the lives of the students that have been in my classes, if in any way they have been helped to higher ideals, if in any way the great motive powers have laid hold more strongly of their souls, if in any way there has been kindled within them a higher and truer ambition, how happy I shall be. . . . Great things I wish you—that you may be honest, above all littleness of feelings; that you may be ever able to look up into the face of God, and feel that He looks down into souls that are sincere; and that your lives may be thrown with energy into the greatest of all works, that of saving human souls, lifting them up into the life of glory."

G. R. M. Wells, in eloquent and well-chosen language, proposed the toast of "Alma Mater." In reply Chancellor Wallace paid a tribute to the professors, especially to the retiring one who had just been honored. His place would be a hard one to fill. He then spoke of the love of Alma Mater for her sons and daughters, and of the filial duties they owed her. He gave some encouraging figures as to the financial standing of the University, saying that we would shortly be drawing about $15,000 more a year from the McMaster estate investments and from the denomination, so that the future of the University financially was assured. He spoke of the proposed new science building, of new professors and lecturers to be added to the staff, and concluded by asking God's blessing on all the children of Alma Mater.

"The Ladies" were never more brilliantly toasted than they were by the silver-tongued H. R. Nobles, and never was a more winsome response than that of Miss Annie Windsor, '05.

During the evening there were some splendid musical numbers. Miss Helen Carter's lullaby song was deservedly encored, and Miss Mabel Manley can come back to McMaster again at any time, and we shall be glad to hear her. Her singing greatly charmed the audience. Miss Denovan contributed a faultless piano solo to the evening's enjoyment.

The singing of "Thy praises, McMaster," and the yelling of "'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" brought to a close one of the most successful functions of the year. The only regrettable feature was the small attendance of Sophomores and Freshmen, who seem to have no consciousness of the responsibility they have as members of the McMaster Student Body. Their lack of college spirit caused the affair to be a failure financially, and the burden has fallen pretty heavily upon the Juniors. We hope for better support for the Juniors of next year.

The Election of Officers.

Class '05 held their final meeting in class-room 5 on the morning of May 2nd, immediately after the exam. results were given out. The following officers were elected until the class reunion in 1910:—President, Huson W. Wright, B.A; vice-president, Miss Annie Windsor, B.A.; secretary-treasurer, J. Herbert Cranston, B.A.

It was decided to publish a class letter a year hence, similar to that just issued by Class '04. With the yelllng of "Paugawaugau" the meeting was brought to an end.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

Castle Memorial Hall was taxed to its fullest capacity on Tuesday evening, May 2nd, to hear the baccalaureate sermon. After the singing of two hymns, "Oh God, our help in ages past," and "Jesus, wondrous Saviour," and prayers by Rev. Dr. Thomas and Rev. P. A. McEwen, Chancellor Wallace introduced the preacher of the evening, Rev. J. J. McNeil, B.A., of Winnipeg, one of our own graduates, who is bringing fame to his Alma Mater in the prairie city. Rev. Mr. McNeil more than fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine, and McMaster is justly proud of him. His control of the intricacies of the language, and his marvellous oratorical power, as well as depth of thought, make him a speaker of exceptional ability. He took his text from John xi., 9-10: "Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because

he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth because there is no light in him." In these words we may find the Christian interpretation of life and the inspiration that supports that interpretation. There have been other interpretations but the Christian interpretation is unique. According to it, life is a supreme task, not a selfish luxury. God's work in the world must be done by God's willing servants, in God's own time, and under God's own care. In this interpretation there is poise, unity, catholicity. Christ saves us from the falsehood of extremes. He shows us how to combine personality and principle. In service great men have attained to their highest greatness. To take the form of servants is to get the insight of prophets.

The chief inspiration supporting this interpretation consists in the fact that light is granted for each step: God gives illumination enough for the intelligent and efficient discharge of duty. The source of this light is in the written Word and the living, Incarnate Spirit; with them there is no need that any man should walk in the dark. Moreover, there is direct relationship between illumination of soul and obedience to duty, between light and service. Barrenness and blindness go hand in hand. The abuse of life's faculties is due to disobedience to divine will. Do His will, for through doing breaks the dawn. Another source of inspiration arises from the certainty that there will be fullness of light. There will be twelve hours in the day. We live in deeds, not in hours; in words, not in breaths. Christian lives are not prematurely ended. Finally, life is invulnerable when consecrated to service. To believe this is not fatalism, but the potency of living faith in a loving Father Who girds His children with the panoply of His power. With such an interpretation supported by such an inspiration, the graduates of McMaster and all Christians can look into the future with a holy optimism and calm courage and confidence. Only let them follow the gleam, and walk in the light: let their prayer be Newman's "Lead, kindly light."

The preacher had the undivided attention of his audience throughout, and the opinion was widely expressed that it was one of the very best baccalaureate sermons ever preached to a class of McMaster graduates. The singing of "From all that dwell below the skies," and the benediction, brought the meeting to a close.

The Commencement.

Long before the appointed hour, on Wednesday evening, May 3rd, Castle Memorial Hall was filled with a large and expectant audience. There was a little delay in starting, owing to the late arrival of some of the speakers, but at length the procession

started, and, after the various dignitaries had reached the platform, the graduates came in sight. The students in the gallery yelled " Paugauwaugau ! " a courtesy much appreciated by the graduates in Arts.

On the platform with the Chancellor were, among others, Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario ; Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, Rev. Canon Cody, Rev. J. J. McNeil, Hon. John Dryden.

After a prayer by Rev. O. C. Horsman, B.A., B.D., the new pastor of Walmer Road church, Rev. Dr. S. S. Bates, presented the name of Rev. Professor Calvin Goodspeed for the degree of D.D. (*honoris causa*). He spoke of his eminent scholarship, his long years of service in McMaster, and of the great esteem in which he was held by those among whom he had lived and worked. The degree was conferred *in absentia*, the Doctor being unavoidably unable to be present.

Rev. J. L. Gilmour presented the graduates in Arts for degrees, saying that they had the rather melancholy distinction of being the last class to receive degrees from Chancellor Wallace. The graduates who received the B.A. degree were :—William Grant Carpenter, Earl Winton Clarke, James Herbert Cranston, Cyrus Stephen Eaton, Ernest Robert Foster Fitch, Charles Hillman Fountain, George Wallace Gorman, Owen C. Gray, William John Grigg, Edith Dennington Hartley, Euclid Augustus Helie, Joseph Janes, George Stephen Johnson, Ernest Cecil Jordan, Joseph Benjamin McArthur, Malcelm Stanley McArthur, Daniel Arthur McGregor, Donald Leslie MacLaurin, John Bates McLaurin, William Egbert Matthews, Duncan Garfield Munro, Harry Benton Parker, Theodore Henry Peine, Lillie Maude Senior, George Everett Tomkinson, Ephrem Viens, Albert George Vining, James A. Weir, Annie Windsor, Huson Winchester Wright, George Willard Young.

Prof. Dr. Cross was sponsor for Clarence Lester Brown and Fred Carleton Mabee, who received degrees of Master of Arts. Rev. B. W. Merrill presented Archibald C. Campbell and Duncan James Welsh for the degree of Bachelor of Theology ; and George Robertson and Walter John Meade were given diplomas in the three and four years courses in Theology, their proposers being Rev. C. H. Schutt and Rev. W. H. Cline respectively.

Chancellor Wallace called upon Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, who spoke briefly, congratulating McMaster on the work she was doing, and hoping that some day she would see fit to federate. There was a bit of humorous by-play between Chancellor Wallace and Premier Whitney when the latter was speaking that brought down the house. Hon. Mr. Whitney, referring to a remark of the Chancellor's, was sorry he too could not pride him-

self on a long line of Conservative ancestors. "I didn't say I was proud of them," interjected the Chancellor, and there was pandemonium for a minute. Quickly recovering from this unexpected thrust, Mr. Whitney said he was proud of his ancestors whatever they were. He went on to pay a tribute to the Chancellor, saying that not only McMaster but Canada was losing a great and good Christian, always courteous and refined, and an eminent scholar. His would be a hard place to fill. He expressed the hope that he would be asked to come again, and urged upon the graduates the importance of being first Christians, then gentlemen, and then scholars.

Professor TenBroeke's address to the graduating classes will be long remembered by them. He congratulated them, as it meant much to successfully carry out a good purpose requiring years for its fulfillment. What had been accomplished? The knowledge gained was at best but a repetition of a little of what the human mind already possessed. What they had become was more important than what they knew. The one fact which contradicted the proverb that there was nothing new under the sun, was each man's life, which was intensely new and real. That which made the course of study worth while was the student's own significance as compared with what he otherwise would have been. This increased significance consisted in ability to direct life according to some carefully considered purpose. If this had not been learned it mattered little else what had been gained. The teacher's joy was to fashion another's mind to some extent into conformity to his own conceptions of the meaning of life. Herein lay the teacher's and the institution's great responsibility Their more severe tests were yet to be, and they would constantly be measured by standards which would determine their place and work. He advised them to take kindly to this measuring process, since they could not escape it. Principles could not be broken, the man violating them was broken, destroyed. Be faithful to the principles governing life, if a safe conduct through its dangers is desired. Only ignorance and error threatened to remove the ancient landmarks of the soul's life, but knowledge shed a brighter light upon them, causing them to be seen and followed more surely. The principles of character were only strengthened in their hold upon life by knowledge, which enabled the spirit to rush farther forward than it otherwise would. His final word was, that they each had a mission to fulfil. As they had cultivated the reasoning powers, they should be reasonable, above the passion of the crowd, wise in judgment, and of clear vision. Such men were the salvation of a nation. Every valuable acquisition meant a proportionate increase of obligation to serve. Whatever their possession it had its ideal and its duty,

and the degree of their vision of that ideal, and their devotion to its realization, determined their fitness for the place. Possessing the strength of a trained mind and a firm will, he urged them not to forget to be kind, gentle, lovable, Christian.

Professor A. C. McKay, LL.D., Dean of Arts, made the announcement of scholarships and prizes.

The Oration.

Chancellor Wallace introduced Rev. Canon Cody as one of the foremost preachers of the city of Toronto, the favorite among the students of all denominations. As Canon Cody is no stranger to McMaster he received a warm welcome, and his effort takes a deservedly high place amongst the various convocation orations which have been delivered in McMaster. He took as his subject, "Present Day Phases of Theological Thought," and spoke nearly an hour.

In the present and the recent past there have been two enlargements ; an enlargement of liberty in investigation, and an enlargement of knowledge. As a result, there is an intense craving for reality, a passion for fact. One form this craving has taken is a materialistic indifference to spiritual truth, to everything that physical science is unable to verify. Another form is a severe critical examination of all that claims to be spiritual truth. Nothing is taken for granted ; the sources and grounds of belief, custom, opinion, are minutely tested. The results of this have been in the main helpful. The past has been revivified, and independence has been compelled.

Certain tendencies stand out with sufficient prominence to be easily noted. Perhaps most important of all has been emphasis placed on the idea of Divine Immanence, as supplementary to, not contradictory of, the idea of Divine Transcendence. There has been the revival of the old Greek theological idea of God as present in all things and manifesting himself in all. God is thought of as not only formally omnipresent, but also as actually living in the midst of His creatures, as the source and spring of their life and activity. We see God *in* the process of nature, history and thought, while yet He infinitely transcends them.

From this emphasis important results have followed. There has been a modification of an artificial Christology. It is felt that the two natures in Christ are not radically diverse ; there is now a better perception of the essential kinship of the divine and the human, and thereby a basis is afforded for a sound theology of the Incarnation. The old emphasis on the *distinction* between general and special providence is lessened : it is now more fully seen that all providence is both special and general, special as regards the individual, general as in accord with a universal

system of government. In respect of miracles, the question is not so much, Did they happen, as, What is a miracle? It is not a breach of law, not any such interference as implies that God stands outside nature. The term "miracle" is a relative term, dependent on the limitations of human experience and man's intellectual grasp. God acts for moral ends in a way unknown to our experience, but still according to laws, which are only the methods of His working. The moral law is supreme, and on occasion, in deference to its claim, the natural order may give way to the moral. But the change is not against nature, but against our ordinary experience of nature. As a matter of fact, the natural and supernatural are not the harsh antitheses they have often been supposed to be. As in the Old Testament, are not both "of God"? Finally, as the result of emphasis on Divine Immanence, there has been a vitalizing of the life of faith in the devout soul, a genuine return to Pauline mysticism. The deepest spiritual religion of the age is intensely influenced by the consciousness of the immediate presence of God in the soul.

A second tendency of the age has been the emphasis laid on the idea of the Fatherhood of God. The element of Divine Love has been revived in the way of addition to the idea of Divine Sovereignty. This has resulted from the growth of the idea of humanity and from the increased study of the life and teachings of Christ. Calvinism tended to approach religion from the point of view of God's rights; to-day we come to it from the side of His character. The universal love of God is regarded as the central element of His character as revealed in Christ, and His Fatherhood as the very highest conception of His nature. But ideal Fatherhood involves the government of His family on the highest principles of righteousness. There is danger in dwelling exclusively on the kindly aspects of paternity. No one term can be an exclusive description of God. God is holy as well as kind. The idea of Fatherhood must be interpreted through the Sonship of Christ.

Further, there has been emphasis on the idea of service from love rather than fear, although there is grave danger of forgetting the real place of fear; on the unity of the world, the church, theology, and life; on the *ethical* conception of salvation as distinct from the physical and legal aspects of redemption. The aim is to combine all figures—ransom, sacrifice, substitution. There is fresh emphasis also on St Paul's deep words, "union with Christ." There has been emphasis on the doctrine of the second advent, and pre-eminently on the historical method in Biblical Criticism and in the study of Church History. Theology finally is becoming more and more Christo-centric as a result of the new concentration of attention on the person of Christ. Instead of

beginning with the Trinity we begin with the earthly manifestations of Christ, and ascend therefrom to the Trinity. We see in Christ the centre of the revelation of God's purpose and the goal of that purpose. Christ is Christianity.

It is certain that in every age the Christian faith must be a battle. In the immediate future the conflict will rage round the world and authority of Holy Writ, and the person of Christ as God Incarnate. Unless the church preach the deity of Christ, it has no message worth giving; that church will die that has no living faith in a living Christ who is God manifested in the flesh. But there are encouraging features. Serious attention is being given to the problems of religion. There is a recognition of Christ as Master and Lord even by those who do not yet admit His supernatural Person and claims. There is an earnest temper in the age which desires to reach the truth in all departments. There is a re-assertion of the spiritual side of nature, even at times in extravagant forms. Religion, philosophy and science seem to have a common point of view; the problem of the day is that of personality, which is really, soul. The new psychology regards the experiences of the spiritual man as worthy of reverent investigation.

A period of construction will doubtless follow the period of testing analysis and criticism. In this century the church will have the difficult task of applying Christianity as a power to the life and conditions of society. "The twentieth century may be," as Prof. Orr says, "an era of Christian ethic even more than of Christian theology." The exhaustless resources of God the Almighty are at our disposal; the history of the Christian Church preaches a lesson of hope and courage; human needs still seek relief. To all men, restful and weary of heart, we offer the unfailing satisfaction—the good news of a great heart of Divine love, which has suffered in order to save and which pierces the darkness of the grave into the light of the world to come.

J. Herbert Cranston, '05.

BROWNING'S "PIPPA PASSES."

THIS is one of the simplest and sweetest of Browning's dramas. The action centres around Pippa, a little Italian girl engaged in silk winding in the mills of Asolo. She has a holiday on New Year's Day and we watch her as at various times she passes before our eyes. She is a light-hearted, innocent little creature, contented with her lot and happy in the possession of a clear conscience and a quiet trust in God. As she awakes this New Years morning she muses as to how she shall spend the day so as to gain most happiness from it. She wishes to enjoy to the full, this, her one holiday, nor will she "squander a wavelet" of it, not "one unit of her twelve hours' treasure."

With never a touch of envy, she thinks of those more fortunately situated than herself, especially four couples, the happiest four in Asolo. These are Ottima, the wife of the wealthy Luca, unfaithful to him, and to-day with Sebald, her paramour; Jules, who to-day leads his happy bride, Phebe, to his home; Luigi, sitting in the turret with his mother; best of all Monsignor the Bishop, rich in the love of God. She indulges her fancies about the happy ones as she sits alone in her chamber, but she sadly errs when she imagines these as so happy, for to-day brings to each a great crisis in life. Sebald and Ottima have murdered Luca; Jules, the student, has been deceived by his fellow students who have led him to marry an ignorant young girl, a frail model, by persuading him that she is a pure and cultured maiden; Luigi is hesitating whether to join a patriotic conspiracy, and the Bishop is being tempted to dishonesty in dealing with the estate of his dead brother. The dramatic nature of the situation is heightened when we see that in these four crises, it is the songs that Pippa sings which influence the troubled ones to choose the right.

"Pippa Passes" evinces Browning's skill as a dramatist; it is not merely a poem made up of a succession of speeches, it is dramatic in spirit as well as form. Browning has the faculty

of making his characters live before us, not as personified abstractions, but as men and women of flesh and blood who move before us as in real life, with their points of weakness and of strength, their errors and their failings. The situations, also, in which these persons appear, are powerfully and skilfully wrought out. In the four scenes we watch the various characters, each in the throes of a great moral struggle ; victory wavers, first to the side of the right and then to the side of the wrong; the battle is fiercely fought, but at length evil seems to have gained the day; the light is nearly quenched, and just then there is heard the sweet, clear song of Pippa, as, unconscious of the crisis, she passes by. There is something in the song that rouses the tempted one again to the contest and gives new inspiration and hope in place of indecision and despair ; the better nature is awakened, suddenly the whole aspect of the case changes and the good is triumphant.

The most powerful scene in the drama is the first, when Ottima and Sebald are found together in a shrubhouse. It is early morning, through the eastern window the sun is seen rising blood-red, the guilty lovers are speaking of their crime of the night before when they murdered Luca, the husband of Ottima. Now they have time to think of their deed. Conscience, the dread Nemesis, is not absent, and Sebald begins to feel the pangs of remorse. Like Macbeth who found himself constantly confronted by his guilt in the murder of Duncan, Sebald cannot tear his thoughts away from the remembrance of his crime. It oppresses him; he feels smothered. The air, murky and foul, seems to carry the scent of blood to him, his deed stands before him in its naked horror, he cannot drive it from his thoughts.

Ottima is not so moved. Made reckless through her crime she tries by all her arts to turn Sebald back from the path of right and honor which he is about to enter. As the serpent ensnares its prey by its glittering beauty, so by her seductive wiles Ottima seeks to fascinate her lover and win him for herself. She reminds him of their love for each other, guilty though it be, and pictures before him in deep feeling their meetings in the past. As he recalls those memorable days Sebald pauses, in imagination he lives them over again and tastes their sweetness. The intoxication of love lays hold upon him, he silences the storm in his heart and turns to a life of sin once more. Rising to his feet he exclaims

to Ottima, "I crown thee my queen, my spirit's arbitress, magnificent in sin." But as he utters the words, the music of a song floats through the room, and Pippa is seen passing along through the street :

> " The year's at the spring
> And day's at the morn ;
> Morning's at seven ;
> The hillside's dew pearled :
> The lark's on the wing ;
> The snail's on the thorn ;
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world."

Still Ottima is unaffected, but there rises in the mind of Sebald the contrast between the pure innocence of the little girl as displayed by her song and the sinfulness of the woman at his side. A chord long silent in his heart is heard again, a lost pulse of feeling stirs within him, and, horrified at his deed, he repels Ottima. By this action she too is now awakened to a sense of her sin and together they fall on their knees in penitence, saved by the song of Pippa. Meanwhile the girl, all unsuspecting the change she has wrought, passes down the street.

And all day long Pippa goes about the streets of Asolo, singing merrily, not knowing that her steps are guided by a higher power, a power which is using her songs to turn the scale in the great crisis of many lives. Through her singing Jules is led to follow the path of honor rather than that of selfishness. Luigi is inspired to act the part of the patriot, and the Bishop conquers in his temptation to dishonesty.

In the songs of Pippa, in which the whole poem centres, we trace clearly the workmanship of Browning. In fact, in all his writings there is seen the impress of his strong personality. The situations he delineates are numerous and greatly varied, but all reflect the great thoughts of the poet. Into all his poems he has infused his own spirit of optimism and joy ; everywhere we meet the great fundamental beliefs which were his strength and inspiration. In a great symphony there are always a few themes which recur again and again through the composition ; here is a full harmony, loud and strong, and there is a melody, quiet and subdued. So in the poetry of Robert Browning, the themes of love,

of hope, of optimism, are heard everywhere; in "Abt Vogler" as a deep harmony, based "broad on the roots of things," in "Saul" as a burst of divine music of revelation, in "Prospice!" as a trumpet peal of triumph, while in "Pippa Passes" the same themes occur in sweet, simple melodies, striking in their simplicity, delightful in their sweetness.

The character of Pippa wins us by its innocence and guilelessness; she seems to belong to a different realm from the scenes about her. As she passes by the abodes of sin and wrong, her song comes as a message from another world, fresh as the morning air in the sultry rooms, clear as the note of a bird above the sounds of strife and turmoil, bright as a sunbeam shining into lives darkened by error and vice. But Pippa is unaware of the transformation she is effecting. In her innocence of heart she attributes to all the same gladness and goodness that she herself feels. Her belief that:

> "God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world."

is the natural result of the fact that she realizes in her own life the joy and trust that spring from such a belief. Joyful and trustful, these are the words that best describe Pippa. She is but a little girl, untroubled by weighty questionings or doubts, but resting secure in a belief in a loving God above, she lives her life cheerfully and trustfully.

Her songs are gems of music which gain added beauty from the contrast in which they appear. There is no deep thought in them, there is not meant to be, but there is a freshness and a brightness that comes to us as welcome as a cooling breeze on a sultry summer day. They may be in the form of lyrics that tell of the goodness of life or the beauty of the world of nature, or in the form of ballads, stories of kings or lovers in the days of old, always they breathe hope and peace from the heart of the singer. And they instil the same feelings into the hearts of the listener, for their appeal is not by cold logic to reason, but by chaste imagery of the good and beautiful in God, in nature and in man. They call forth a response from the best feelings of those who have forgotten that God exists and is kind, that nature is good and is beautiful, that man has a duty to be true and noble and a privilege of finding joy in so living.

In the wide range of his writings, Robert Browning has sounded many noble notes. He has sung in strong, loud measure of immortality, he has brought together the seeming discords of life into a harmony of optimism, he has woven exquisite variation around the great theme of supremacy of love in the world, he has merited the praise given him as one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century. But these are not his only characteristics; there is also an intensely human side to Browning which we have too often forgotten. As we read of Pippa, the little Italian girl, we recognize in the writer a child-like trust in God, an unfeigned love of simple things, and a full, deep sympathy with those whom this world is pleased to call "ordinary persons."

The message of Browning in "Pippa Passes" is that there are no "ordinary persons" in this world. Ottima and Jules, Luigi and Monsignor are prominent in the eyes of the people of Asolo, but on that bright New Year's Day the service of Pippa, the little singing girl, has far exceeded theirs. There is a God above who constantly adjusts the balance and corrects the world's false judgments of worth; the strength of Pippa is in a trust in this God. And as she sits alone in her room that night, there comes to her lips a snatch of that song, the truth of which has been so strongly proved that very day:

> "All service ranks the same with God—
> With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
> Are we: there is no last nor first."

D. A. McGregor.

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EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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Editorial Notes.

This number of The Monthly is issued under the auspices of the Class of '05 in Arts and Theology. The idea of such a number originated with the members of the class in Arts, to whose originality, enterprise and college spirit the undergraduate life of the University owes more than one valuable suggestion of policy. The class in Theology heartily co-operated with the Arts class, and thereby have made this issue the production of the University as a whole. It is but fair to say that the major portion of the work and responsibility for this Graduating Number fell upon Messrs. W. J. Grigg, B.A., and J. H. Cranston, B.A., to whose capable and untiring efforts the success of the undertaking is largely due. On behalf of The Monthly we thank these two gentlemen, the other members of the committee, and the classes in Arts and Theology, for their service, and congratulate them on the high quality of their editorial work. They have established a precedent that we hope other classes may follow, and have set up a standard of excellence worthy of emulation.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: J. HERBERT CRANSTON, '05.

McMASTER!

Here's to the ivy-mantled Hall,
  Here's to its ancient ghost,
Here's to the girls, God bless 'em all,
  Here's to us all—a toast!

Here's to the times we had, I ween,
  Here's to the "'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"
Here's success to the black and green,
  Here's to our Alma Ma!

E. W. C., '05.

THE editor of this department herewith publicly thanks the members of the reportorial staff for their able and efficient services during the past year. It has been the aim of the editor and his assistants to give the College news in a comprehensive yet bright and readable style. Whether we have succeeded remains for the reader to say. While we feel considerable regret at laying down the reins of power, and at severing our close connection with the publication of this journal, we do so with complacency, knowing that the work will fall into the hands of one so well fitted, Harry R. Nobles, '06. We feel sure that under him this department, and the other departments of THE MONTHLY under their respective editors, will be kept up to their present standard, if not surpassed.

THE examinations have come and gone, and with their going the weary student heaves a great sigh of relief. They began on April 14th and continued to the morning of the 29th—a fortnight of cram and worry. "Stars"—those inevitable harbingers of sorrow—have come to some of us, but the majority of us are happy in the result. We may have just scraped over the line with "low" thirds, but we have passed, and are perhaps just as happy as if we had been among those favored few who took "firsts" all round.

L'ENVOI.

(Adapted from Kipling.)

When Nought-Five's last meeting is ended, and the dust has settled down ;
When the President's brow has banished that worried-looking frown,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till Somewhere we hold a reunion, and the scrap will begin anew.

And those who are there will be happy—they shall sit in a spirit chair;
They shall fight o'er a phantom motion in speeches beyond compare ;
They shall find real kickers to kick with, with a most unlimited gall ;
They'll debate for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all.

And never a "buzzer" shall stop them, and never a "prof." shall blame ;
And no one shall look for reason, and no one shall talk for fame ;
But each for the joy of a wrangle, and each in his spirit chair,
Shall scrap for aye if he wants to, in the realm of the Otherwhere !

W. J. G., '05.

Class '04 has issued a very handsome "Class Letter." It is illustrated with cuts of Chancellor Wallace and the late Charles G. Beck, B.A. F. C. Mabee, M.A., has had charge of the production, and he is deserving of congratulation.

The following appointments have been made by the Athletic Association for 1905-06 :—Rugby captain, J. B. Pengelly, '06 ; association captain, W. L. McKinnon, '06 ; hockey captain, R. W. Young, '07 ; track captain, G. E. Tomkinson, B.A.

There are many changes in contemplation, and some actually decided upon. Among the former is a new science building of three stories, and among the latter the appointment of a new lecturer in history, Mr. E. Oliver, a Ph.D. of Columbia University, N.Y., and a graduate of Toronto University ; the lengthening of the College term by some three weeks, and the appointment (yet to be made at the time of writing) of a new Chancellor, a professor in Physics, and a professor in Systematic Theology.

"Inglewood," '05, indignantly writes that the editor of this department was wrong in stating that class '07 held the record for an adjourned class meeting at 2 hours, 20 minutes. He states, and our recollection is that he is correct, that class '05 had one adjourned meeting lasting 5 hours, 35 minutes.

Lack of space forbids us to make any extended reference to the resignation of Chancellor Wallace. During his ten years at McMaster he has greatly endeared himself to the hearts of the students, and it is with sincere regret that we are compelled to assent to his departure. We wish him every possible success in his new field of labor, in Lowell, Mass., where he goes to become a pastor.

The special Philosophy class of '05, as a token of appreciation, on Wednesday, May 3rd; presented Professor TenBroeke with their photos and a gold-headed cane. The Professor was much moved by this expression of their affection for him.

Prizes and Scholarships.—The following is the list of those who won prizes and scholarships:—Fourth year—Crawford scholarship—E. R. Fitch. Third year—Shenstone scholarship in classics—D. W. Campbell. Frank Sanderson scholarship in mathematics—E. Carey Fox. Second year—Campbell scholarship in classics—James Robertson. Harry L. Stark scholarship in mathematics—Stuart J. Bates. First year—A. C. Pratt scholarship—C. A. Curtis. Elmore Harris prize in Latin—Miss M. R. Vansickle. Elmore Harris prize in Greek—Miss M. R. Vansickle. John Firstbrook prize in French—Miss Bessie Pugsley. James Ryrie Prize in German—N. S. McKechnie.

Alumni Association.—At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected:—President, Rev. J. C. Sycamore, M.A.; first vice-president, A. T. McNeill, B.A.; second vice-president, Miss Isabel Munro, B.A.; third vice-president, Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.Th.: fourth vice-president, A. J. Thomson, B.A.; secretary-treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A.; recording secretary, G. H. Campbell, M.A.

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